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W. J. Rolfe

HARPER'S LIBRARY EDITION

SHAKESPEARE'S
COMPLETE WORKS

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, Litt. D.

VOL. I.

TITUS ANDRONICUS
KING HENRY VI. PART I.

ILLUSTRATED



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SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY
OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS



PREFACE.

It was my purpose to omit *Titus Andronicus* from this edition of Shakespeare, and I include it now only in deference to the advice of many friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Most of them agree with me that Shakespeare probably had little to do with writing the play; and one eminent critic—an Englishman, not an Irishman—has suggested that I print the entire text in small type, like the non-Shakespearian portions of *Timon* and *Pericles*. It seems to me, however, very like a “bull” to print a play as nominally Shakespeare’s while allowing him no possible share in its authorship. I prefer to put it all in the ordinary type, to allow the advocates of its authenticity their full say in its behalf (as I have done in the Introduction), and to leave the student or reader to decide for himself, if he can, how much of it is Shakespeare’s.

The text is given without expurgation.



VIEW OF THE APPIAN WAY.

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ROMAN HIGHWAY ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.



THE PONTINE MARSHES.

INTRODUCTION
TO
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE earliest known edition of *Titus Andronicus* is a quarto published in 1600, with the following title-page (as given in the Cambridge ed.):

The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus* |

A

Andronicus. | As it hath sundry times beene playde by the
| Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the | Earl of
Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberlaine
theyr | Seruants. | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for Ed-
ward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the
little | North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun.
1600.

A second quarto was published in 1611, the title-page being as follows:

The | most lamen- | table Tragedie | of *Titus Andronicus.*
| *As it hath sundry | times beene plaide by the Kings |* Maies-
ties Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed for Eedward White, and
are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little North dore
of | Pauls, at the signe of the | Gun. 1611.

“This edition was printed from that of 1600, from which it varies only by some printer’s errors and a few conjectural alterations.

“The 1st folio text was printed from a copy of the 2d quarto, which perhaps was in the library of the theatre, and had some MS. alterations and additions made to the stage-directions. Here, as elsewhere, the printer of the folio has been very careless as to metre. It is remarkable that the folio contains a whole scene (iii. 2) not found in the quartos, but agreeing too closely in style with the main portion of the play to allow of the supposition that it is due to a different author. The scene may have been supplied to the players’ copy of the 2d quarto from a manuscript in their possession.

“In the Registers of the Stationers’ Company are the following entries with regard to a book called ‘Titus Andronicus,’ but it is more than doubtful whether any of them refer to the editions of the play of that name which have come down to us. It will be seen that the entry under the date, 19 April, 1602, speaks of a transference of copyright from Thomas Millington to Thomas Pavier, but as both the ex-

tant editions of the play, printed respectively in 1600 and 1611, were published by Edward White, the entry can have reference to neither of these :

6 February, 1593.

John Danter. Entered for his cotype under hands of bothe the wardens a booke intituled, A Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus. vj^d.

1602. 19 April.

Tho. Pavier. Entred for his copies by assignm^t from Thomas Millington these bookes folowing ; salvo jure cuiuscumque—
viz.

A booke called Thomas of Reading. vj^d.

The first and second pts of Henry the vi^t. ij bookes. xij^d.

A booke called Titus and Andronic'. vj^d.

Under the date, 14 Dec. 1624, among a list of 'Ballades' is mentioned 'Titus and Andronmus.' Again, on 8 Novemb. 1630, is an entry assigning to Ric. Cotes from Mr. Bird 'all his estate right title and interest in the Copies hereafter menconed,' and in the list which follows is 'Titus and Andronicus.' On 4 Aug. 1626, Thomas Pavier had assigned his right in *Titus Andronicus* to Edw. Brewster and Rob. Birde, so that apparently the same book is spoken of here as in the entry under the date 19 April, 1602. This being the case, it is difficult to account for the fact that a book which in 1602 was the property of Thomas Millington should in 1600 have been printed for Edward White, and that, after the transference of the copyright from Millington to Pavier, a second edition of the same book should have been printed in 1611 for the same Edward White. No edition with Millington's name on the title has yet been found.

"Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, p. 464 (ed. 1691) says of *Titus Andronicus*, 'This play was first printed 4^o. Lond. 1594. and acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their Servants.' Whether or not this is the same as 'titus and ondronicus' mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 33, ed. Collier) as acted for the first

time on the 23 Jan. 1593, it is impossible to say" (Camb. ed.).

Halliwell-Phillipps (*Outlines of the Life of S.* 2d ed. p. 72) assumes that Henslowe's play is the one ascribed to Shakespeare. He says: "In the winter-season of 1593-4, Shakespeare's earliest tragedy, which was unfortunately based on a repulsive tale, was brought out by the Earl of Sussex's actors, who were then performing, after a tour in the provinces, at one of the Surrey theatres. They were either hired by, or playing under some financial arrangement with, Henslowe, who, after the representation of a number of revivals, ventured upon the production of a drama on the story of Titus Andronicus, the only new play introduced during the season. This tragedy, having been successfully produced* before a large audience on January the 23d, 1594, was shortly afterwards entered on the books of the Stationers' Company and published by Danter. It was also performed, almost if not quite simultaneously, by the servants of the Earls of Derby and Pembroke." †

Fleay gives this brief summary of critical opinion concern-

* This may be inferred from the number of representations, its timely publication, and from several early notices. Ben Jonson, writing in 1614, thus refers to its popularity: "hee that will sweare Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best playes, yet shall passe unexcepted at heere as a man whose judgement shewes it is constant and hath stood still these five and twentie or thirty yeeres" (Ind. to *Bartholomew Fair*). Jonson hardly means here to convey the idea of a precise date, but merely that both the dramas to which he alludes were then very old plays. . . . In an inventory of the theatrical costume at the Rose Theatre in March, 1598-9, mention is made of "the More's lymes," which Malone suspects "were the limbs of Aaron the Moor in *Titus Andronicus*," who in the original play was probably tortured on the stage.

† This appears from the earlier issue of 1594, recorded by Langbaine [see above] as "acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their servants." That Langbaine has written Essex by error for Sussex is evident from the title-page of the edition of 1600 and from the half-title on the first page of that of 1611.

ing the play (*Manual*, p. 44): "In 1687 there was a tradition reported by Ravenscroft that this play was only touched by Shakespeare. Theobald, Johnson, Farmer, Steevens, Drake, Singer, Dyce, Hallam, H. Coleridge, W. S. Walker, reject it entirely. Malone, Ingleby, Staunton, think it was touched up by him. Capell, Collier, Knight, Gervinus, Ulrici, and many Germans, think it to be Shakespeare's; R. G. White, that it is a joint work of Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare."* He adds his own opinion that the play "is not Shakespeare's; it is built on the Marlowe blank-verse system, which Shakespeare in his early work opposed; and did not belong to Shakespeare's company till 1600."

Verplanck, whom we quote at length below, agrees with Knight.

Stokes (*Chron. Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, p. 3) says: "That Shakespeare had some connection with a play upon the subject seems to be placed beyond doubt by the mention of Meres, and by the insertion in the 1st folio; but if the play as given in that edition be the one which is connected with our poet's name—as indeed seems probable from a consideration of several passages in it (see Mr. H. B. Wheatley, *New. Shaks. Soc. Trans.* 1874, pp. 126-129)—then the classical allusions, the peculiar words, etc., compel us to adopt Ravenscroft's tradition that it is only an old play revised by Shakespeare. In what year this revision took place it is very difficult to say; of course, it must have been before 1598, when Meres mentions it, and therefore before the Pembroke and other companies were merged into the

* After giving "the evidence in the case," White asks if it does not "warrant the opinion that *Titus Andronicus* was written, about 1587-89, by Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare together for the Earl of Pembroke's and perhaps other companies, and that (popular as we know it was) the Lord Chamberlain's Servants afterwards secured it, as well as the services of the youngest of its authors, exclusively for themselves, and that he subjected it to the same revision which, under like circumstances, he gave to the earlier versions of *King Henry VI.*"

Lord Chamberlain's company, at which time Mr. Fleay thinks several old plays (*Titus Andronicus* being one) passed into the hands of the corps to which Shakespeare belonged. The adaptation was probably early in his dramatic career, though Jonson's reference in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair* must surely be to the old play."

Furnivall ("Leopold" ed. p. xxii.) says: "To me, as to Hallam and many others, the play declares as plainly as play can speak, 'I am not Shakspeare's: my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not, and never were, his.' I accept the tradition that Ravenscroft reports when he revived and altered the play in 1687, that it was brought to Shakspeare to be touched up and prepared for the stage."

Hudson ("Harvard" ed. vol. xiii. p. 4) says: "Nearly all the best critics, from Theobald downwards, are agreed that very little of this play was written by Shakespeare. And such is decidedly my own judgment now, though some thirty years ago, in 'my salad days,' I wrote and printed otherwise. . . . The question, by whom the main body of the play was written, is not so easily answered, and perhaps is hardly worth a detailed investigation. . . . I agree substantially with Mr. White and Mr. Fleay as to Marlowe's share in the workmanship."

Dowden says (*Primer*, p. 61): "The importance of this tragedy lies in the fact that, if Shakspeare wrote it, we find him as a young man carried away by the influence of a *Sturm und Drang* (storm and stress) movement similar to that which urged Schiller to write his *Robbers*. *Titus Andronicus* belongs essentially to the pre-Shaksperian group of bloody tragedies, of which Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* is the most conspicuous example. If it is of Shaksperian authorship, it may be viewed as representing the years of crude and violent youth before he had found his true self; his second tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, as representing the years of transition; and *Hamlet*, the period of maturity and adult

power." He adds that if Henslowe's *Titus and Andronicus* is the present play and was then new, it is certainly not by our poet. "It is impossible to believe that in 1594, when Shakspeare had written his *Venus and Adonis* and his *Lucrece*, he could have dealt so coarsely with details of outrage and unnatural cruelty as does the author of this tragedy." He considers that "the opinion best supported by internal evidence and by the weight of critical authority" is that which regards the play as belonging to the period (1589, or earlier) to which Jonson's allusion would carry it back, and as having been only "touched by Shakspeare."

For ourself we cannot believe that Shakespeare had any larger share in the composition of the play than Ravenscroft allows him. The bits which Mr. Wheatley assigns to him are the following: i. 1. 9 ("Romans, friends, followers," etc., echoed by Mark Antony in *J. C.* iii. 2. 75), ii. 1. 82, 83 ("She is a woman," etc., like *Rich. III.* i. 2. 228, 229 and *1 Hen. VI.* v. 3. 78, 79), i. 1. 70-76, 117-119 (cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 183 fol.), i. 1. 141, 142, ii. 2. 1-6, ii. 3. 10-15, iii. 1. 82-86, 91-97, iv. 4. 81-86, v. 2. 21-27, and v. 3. 160-168. These may well be Shakespeare's, and possibly other passages that rise above the general level of the play. It may at first seem strange that his name should have come to be associated with a work in which we find so few traces of his hand; but he may have improved the old play in other ways than by rewriting any considerable portion of it—by omissions, re-arrangement of scenes, and the like—and its great popularity in the revised form may have led to its being commonly known as "Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*" (in distinction from the earlier version, whosoever it may have been), until at length it got to be generally regarded as one of his original productions.

The verdict of the editors and critics is so nearly unanimous against the authenticity of the play that the burden of proof clearly rests with the other side; and as we are will-

ing to allow them the fullest and best presentation of their case that has yet been made, we give below the arguments of Knight and Verplanck almost without abridgment.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

Theobald says: "The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of; not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol." When Danter registered the "Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus" on the 6th of February, 1593 (see p. 11 above), he entered also "by warrant from Mr. Woodcock, the ballad thereof;" and some have thought that this ballad was the basis of the play. If, however, it be the ballad given in Percy's *Reliques* (reprinted in our *Notes* below), it is quite as likely that the poem was founded on the play.* The story seems to have been a popular one. It is mentioned in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*; and there is an allusion to it in *A Knack to Know a Knave*, a comedy printed in 1594.

In Henslowe's *Diary*, besides the play mentioned above as brought out in the winter of 1593-4, there is record of a "tittus and Vespasia" acted "by Lord Strange's men" on the 11th of April, 1591; and in a "tragedy of Titus Andronicus" acted in Germany about the year 1600 by English players, a Vespasian is one of the principal characters. Mr. Albert Cohn (*Shakespeare in Germany*, 1865) assumes that "this Vespasian, like all the other characters of the German piece, was taken from the original *Titus Andronicus*, and

* "Throughout the ballad there is evident effort to compress all the incidents of the story within as brief a relation as possible; and this is not the style of a ballad written for the ballad's sake" (W.).

thus we should have to acknowledge *Titus and Vespasian* as the original on which Shakespeare's play was founded." Henslowe marks the 1591 play as "ne," or new, and it was often performed between that time and 1593. The *Titus Andronicus* then brought out, and also marked "ne," may have been a recast of the former piece.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Knight's "*Pictorial Shakspeare*."*]

The external evidence that bears upon the authorship of *Titus Andronicus* is of two kinds:

1. The testimony which assigns the play to Shakspeare, wholly, or in part.
2. The testimony which fixes the period of its original production.

The *direct* testimony of the first kind is unimpeachable: Francis Meres, a contemporary, and probably a friend of Shakspeare—a man intimately acquainted with the literary history of his day—not writing even in the later period of Shakspeare's life, but as early as 1598—compares, for tragedy, the excellence of Shakspeare among the English, with Seneca among the Latins, and says, witness, "for tragedy, his *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*."

The *indirect* testimony is nearly as important. The play is printed in the first folio edition of the poet's collected works—an edition published within seven years after his death by his intimate friends and "fellows:" and that edition contains an entire scene not found in either of the previous quarto editions which have come down to us. That edition does not contain a single other play upon which a doubt of the authorship has been raised; for even those who deny the entire authorship of *Henry VI.* to Shakspeare, have no doubt as to the partial authorship.

* *Doubtful Plays*, etc. (2d ed. 1867), p. 46 fol.

Against this testimony of the editors of the first folio, that Shakspeare was the author of *Titus Andronicus*, there is only one fact to be opposed—that his name is not on the title-page of either of the quarto editions, although those editions show us that it was acted by the company to which Shakspeare belonged. But neither was the name of Shakspeare affixed to the first editions of *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *Henry IV.*, Part I. ; nor to the first three editions of *Romeo and Juliet*; nor to *Henry V.* These similar facts, therefore, leave the testimony of Hemings and Condell unimpeached.

But the evidence of Meres that Shakspeare was the author of *Titus Andronicus*, in the same sense in which he assigns him the authorship of *Romeo and Juliet*—that of being the sole author—is supposed to be shaken by the testimony of a writer who came nearly a century after Meres. Malone says—“On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet’s plays admitted this into their volume cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. ‘I have been told’ (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687), ‘by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his [Shakspeare’s], but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters.’” A few lines further on Malone quotes Langbaine, who refers to this tradition; and he therefore ought to have told us what Langbaine says with regard to Ravenscroft’s assertion. We will supply the deficiency. Langbaine first notices an early edition of *Titus Andronicus*, now lost, printed in 1594; he adds—“T was

about the time of the Popish Plot revived and altered by Mr. Ravenscroft." Ravenscroft was a living author when Langbaine published his *Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, in 1691; and the writer of that account says, with a freedom that is seldom now adopted except in anonymous criticism—"Though he would be thought to imitate the silk-worm, that spins its web from its own bowels; yet I shall make him appear like the leech, that lives upon the blood of men." This is introductory to an account of those plays which Ravenscroft claimed as his own. But, under the head of Shakspeare, Langbaine says that Ravenscroft boasts, in his preface to *Titus*, "That he thinks it a greater theft to rob the dead of their praise than the living of their money;" and Langbaine goes on to show that Ravenscroft's practice "agrees not with his protestation," by quoting some remarks of Shadwell upon plagiaries, who insinuates that Ravenscroft got up the story that Shakspeare only gave some master-touches to *Titus Andronicus*, to exalt his own merit in having altered it. The play was revived "about the time of the Popish Plot"—1678. It was first printed in 1687, with this Preface. But Ravenscroft then *suppresses* the original Prologue; and Langbaine, with a quiet sarcasm, says—"I will here furnish him *with part of his Prologue*, which he has *lost*; and, if he desire it, send him the whole:

‘To-day the poet does not fear your rage,
Shakespear, by him reviv'd, now treads the stage:
 Under his sacred laurels he sits down,
 Safe from the blast of any critic's frown.
 Like other poets, he'll not proudly scorn
 To own that he but winnow'd *Shakespear's* corn;
 So far he was from robbing him of 's treasure,
 That he did add his own to make full measure.’”

Malone, we think, was bound to have given us all this—if the subject, of which he affects to make light, was worth the production of any evidence. We believe that, with this com-

mentary, the tradition of Edward Ravenscroft will not outweigh the living testimony of Francis Meres.

We now come to the second point—the testimony which fixes the date of the original production of *Titus Andronicus*. There are two modes of viewing this portion of the evidence; and we first present it with the interpretation which deduces from it that the tragedy was *not* written by Shakspeare.

Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, first acted in 1614, says—“He that will swear *Feronimo*, or *Andronicus*, are the best plays *yet*, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well.” Percy offers the following comment upon this passage, in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*:—“There is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson’s *Bartholomew Fair*, in 1614, as one that had been then exhibited ‘five-and-twenty or thirty years;’ which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, when Shakespeare was but twenty-five: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces.” It is scarcely necessary to point out, that with the views we have uniformly entertained as to the commencement of Shakspeare’s career as a dramatic author, the proof against his authorship of *Titus Andronicus* thus brought forward by Percy is to us amongst the most convincing reasons for not hastily adopting the opinion that he was not its author. The external evidence of the authorship, and the external evidence of the date of the authorship, entirely coincide: each supports the other. The continuation of the argument derived from the early date of the play naturally runs into

the internal evidence of its authenticity. The fact of its early date is indisputable; and here, for the present, we leave it.

We can scarcely subscribe to Mr. Hallam's strong opinion, given with reference to this question of the authorship of *Titus Andronicus*, that, "in criticism of all kinds, we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony, when *res ipsa per se vociferatur* to the contrary." The *res ipsa* may be looked upon through very different media by different minds: *testimony*, when it is clear, and free from the suspicion of an interested bias, although it appear to militate against conclusions that, however strong, are not infallible, because they depend upon very nice analysis and comparison, must be received, more or less, and *cannot* be doggedly resisted. Mr. Hallam says, "*Titus Andronicus* is now, by common consent, denied to be, in *any* sense, a production of Shakspeare." Who are the interpreters of the "common consent?" Theobald, Johnson, Farmer, Steevens, Malone, M. Mason. These critics are wholly of one school; and we admit that they represent the "common consent" of their own school of English literature upon this point—till within a few years the only school. But there is another school of criticism, which maintains that *Titus Andronicus* is, in *every* sense, a production of Shakspeare. The German critics, from W. Schlegel to Ulrici, agree to reject the "common consent" of the English critics. The subject, therefore, cannot be hastily dismissed; the external testimony cannot be doggedly resisted. But, in entering upon the examination of this question with the best care we can bestow, we consider that it possesses an importance much higher than belongs to the proof, or disproof, from the internal evidence, that this painful tragedy was written by Shakspeare. The question is not an isolated one. It requires to be treated with a constant reference to the state of the early English drama—the probable tendencies of the poet's own mind at the period of his

first dramatic productions—the circumstances amidst which he was placed with reference to his audiences—the struggle which he must have undergone to reconcile the contending principles of the practical and the ideal, the popular and the true—the tentative process by which he must have advanced to his immeasurable superiority over every contemporary. It is easy to place *Titus Andronicus* by the side of *Hamlet*, and to say—the one is a low work of art, the other a work of the highest art. It is easy to say that the versification of *Titus Andronicus* is not the versification of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. It is easy to say that Titus raves and denounces without moving terror or pity; but that Lear tears up the whole heart, and lays bare all the hidden springs of thought and passion that elevate madness into sublimity. But this, we venture to think, is not just criticism. We may be tempted, perhaps, to refine too much in rejecting all such sweeping comparisons; but what we have first to trace is relation, and not likeness;—if we find likeness in a single “trick and line,” we may indeed add it to the evidence of relation. But relation may be established even out of dissimilarity. No one who has deeply contemplated the progress of the great intellects of the world, and has traced the doubts, and fears, and throes, and desperate plunges of genius, can hesitate to believe that excellence in art is to be attained by the same process through which we may hope to reach excellence in morals—by contest, and purification—until habitual confidence and repose succeed to convulsive exertions and distracting aims. He that would rank amongst the heroes must have fought the good fight. *Energy* of all kinds has to work out its own subjection to principles, without which it can never become *power*. In the course of this struggle what it produces may be essentially unlike to the fruits of its after-peacefulness:—for the good has to be reached through the evil—the true through the false—the universal through the partial. The passage

we subjoin is from Franz Horn: and we think that it demands a respectful consideration:

“A mediocre, poor, and tame nature *finds itself* easily. It soon arrives, when it endeavours earnestly, at a knowledge of what it can accomplish, and what it cannot. Its poetical tones are single and gentle spring-breathings; with which we are well pleased, but which pass over us almost trackless. A very different combat has the higher and richer nature to maintain with itself; and the more splendid the peace, and the brighter the clearness, which it reaches through this combat, the more monstrous the fight which must have been incessantly maintained.

“Let us consider the richest and most powerful poetic nature that the world has ever yet seen; let us consider Shakspeare, *as boy and youth*, in his circumscribed external situation—without one discriminating friend, without a patron, without a teacher—without the possession of ancient or modern languages—in his loneliness at Stratford, following an uncongenial employment; and then, in the strange whirl of the so-called great world of London, contending for long years with unfavourable circumstances—in wearisome intercourse with this great world, which is, however, often found to be little;—but also with nature, with himself, and with God:—What materials for the deepest contemplation! This rich nature, thus circumstanced, desires to explain the enigma of the human being and the surrounding world. But it is not yet disclosed to himself. Ought he to wait for this ripe time before he ventures to dramatize? Let us not demand anything superhuman: for, through the expression of error in song, will he find what accelerates the truth; and well for him that he has no other sins to answer for than poetical ones, which later in life he has atoned for by the most glorious excellences!

“The elegiac tone of his juvenile poems allows us to imagine very deep passions in the youthful Shakspeare. But

this single tone was not long sufficient for him. He soon desired, from that stage 'which signifies the world' (an expression that Schiller might properly have invented for Shakspeare), to speak aloud what the world seemed to him—to him, the youth who was not yet able thoroughly to penetrate this seeming. Can there be here a want of colossal errors? Not merely single errors. No: we should have a whole drama which is diseased at its very root—which rests upon one single monstrous error. Such a drama is this *Titus*. The poet had here nothing less in his mind than to give us a grand Doomsday-drama. But what, as a man, was possible to him in *Lear*, the youth could not accomplish. He gives us a torn-to-pieces world, about which Fate wanders like a bloodthirsty lion—or as a more refined and more cruel tiger, tearing mankind, good and evil alike, and blindly treading down every flower of joy. Nevertheless a better feeling reminds him that some repose must be given; but he is not sufficiently confident of this, and what he does in this regard is of little power. The personages of the piece are not merely heathens, but most of them embittered and blind in their heathenism; and only some single aspirations of something better can arise from a few of the best among them—aspirations which are breathed so gently as scarcely to be heard amidst the cries of desperation from the bloody waves that roar almost deafeningly."

The eloquent critic adds, in a note—"Is it not as if there sounded through the whole piece a comfortless complaint of the incomprehensible and hard lot of all earthly? Is it not as if we heard the poet speaking with Faust—"All the miseries of mankind seize upon me?" Or, with his own *Hamlet*:

'How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O, fie! 't is an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.'

And now, let us bethink ourselves, in opposition to this terrible feeling, of the sweet blessed peacefulness which speaks from out all the poet's more matured dramas ; for instance, from the inexhaustibly joyful-minded *As You Like It*. Such a contest followed by such a victory !”

It is scarcely necessary to point out that this argument of the German critic is founded upon the simple and intelligible belief that Shakspeare is, in *every* sense of the word, the author of *Titus Andronicus*. Here is no attempt to compromise the question, by the common English babble that “Shakspeare may have written a few lines in this play, or given some assistance to the author in revising it.” This is Malone's opinion, founded upon Ravenscroft's idle tradition ; and in his posthumous edition, by Boswell, “those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspeare may be traced are marked with inverted commas.” This was the system which Malone pursued with *Henry VI.* ; and it was founded upon a most egregious fallacy. . . . It is not with us a question whether the passages which Malone has marked exhibit, or not, the critic's poetical taste : the passages could not have been written except by the man, whoever he be, who conceived the action and the characterization. Take the single example of the character of Tamora. She is the presiding genius of the piece : and in her we see, as we believe, the outbreak of that wonderful conception of the union of powerful intellect and moral depravity which Shakspeare was afterwards to make manifest with such consummate wisdom. Strong passions, ready wit, perfect self-possession, and a sort of oriental imagination, take Tamora out of the class of ordinary women. It is in her mouth that we find, for the most part, what readers of Malone's school would call the poetical language of the play. We will select a few specimens (act ii. scene 3) :

“ The birds chant melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
 Let us sit down."

Again, in the same scene :

"A barren detested vale, you see, it is :
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.
 Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly."

In act iv. scene 4 :

"King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
 Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby ;
 Knowing that, with the shadow of his wing,
 He can at pleasure stint their melody."

And, lastly, where the lines are associated with the high imaginative conception of the speaker, that she was to personate Revenge :

"Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :
 I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light."

The first two of these passages are marked by Malone as the additions of Shakspeare to the work of an inferior poet

If we had adopted Malone's theory we should have marked the two other passages ; and have gone even further in our selection of the poetical lines spoken by Tamora. But we hold that the lines could not have been produced, according to Malone's theory, even by Shakspeare. Poetry, and especially dramatic poetry, is not to be regarded as a bit of joiner's work—or, if you please, as an affair of jewelling and enamelling. The lines which we have quoted may not be amongst Shakspeare's highest things ; but they could not have been produced except under the excitement of the full swing of his dramatic power—bright touches dashed in at the very hour when the whole design was growing into shape upon the canvas, and the form of Tamora was becoming alive with colour and expression. To imagine that the great passages of a drama are produced like "a copy of verses," under any other influence than the large and general inspiration which creates the whole drama, is, we believe, utterly to mistake the essential nature of dramatic poetry. It would be equally just to say that the nice but well-defined traits of character, which stand out from the physical horrors of this play, when it is carefully studied, were superadded by Shakspeare to the coarser delineations of some other man. Aaron, the Moor, in his general conception is an unmitigated villain—something alien from humanity—a fiend, and therefore only to be detested. But Shakspeare, by that insight which, however imperfectly developed, must have distinguished his earliest efforts, brings Aaron into the circle of humanity ; and then he is a thing which moves us, and his punishment is poetical justice. One touch does this—his affection for his child :

"Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp."

Did Shakspeare put in these lines, and the previous ones which evolve the same feeling, under the system of a cool editorial mending of a second man's work? The system may do for an article; but a play is another thing. Did Shakspeare put these lines into the mouth of Lucius, when he calls to his son to weep over the body of Titus?

“Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
 To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
 In that respect then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
 Because kind nature doth require it so.”

Malone has not marked these; they are too simple to be included in his poetical gems. But are they not full to overflowing of those deep thoughts of human love which the great poet of the affections has sent into so many welcoming hearts? Malone marks with his commas the address to the tribunes at the beginning of the third act. The lines are lofty and rhetorical; and a poet who had undertaken to make set speeches to another man's characters might perhaps have added these. Dryden and Tate did this service for Shakspeare himself. But Malone does not mark *one* line which has no rhetoric in it, and does not *look* like poetry. The old man has given his hand to the treacherous Aaron, that he may save the lives of his sons: but the messenger brings him the heads of those sons. It is for Marcus and Lucius to burst into passion. The father, for some space, speaks not; and then he speaks but one line:

“When will this fearful slumber have an end?”

Did Shakspeare make this line to order? The poet who wrote the line conceived the whole situation, and he could not have conceived the situation unless the whole dramatic

movement had equally been his conception. Such things must be wrought out of the red-heat of the whole material—not filled up out of cold fragments. . . .

Horn has a very just remark on the language of *Titus Andronicus*: “Foremost we may recognize with praise the almost never-wearying power of the language, wherein no *shift* is ever used. We know too well how often, in many French and German tragedies, the princes and princesses satisfy themselves to silence with a necessary *Hélas! Oh Ciel! O Schicksal!* (O Fate!) and similar cheap outcries; but Shakspeare is quite another man, who, for every degree of pain, knew how to give the right tone and the right colour. In the bloody sea of this drama, in which men can scarcely keep themselves afloat, this, without doubt, must have been peculiarly difficult.” We regard this decided language, this absence of stage conventionalities, as one of the results of the power which the poet possessed of distinctly conceiving his situations with reference to his characters. The *Ohs!* and *Ahs!* and *Heavens!* of the English stage, as well as the *O Ciel!* of the French, are a consequence of feebleness, exhibiting itself in commonplaces. The greater number of the *old* English dramatists, to do them justice, had the same power as the author of *Titus Andronicus* of grappling with words which they thought fitting to the situations. But their besetting sin was in the constant use of that “huffing, braggart, puffed” language, which Shakspeare never employs in the dramas which all agree to call his, and of which there is a very sparing portion even in *Titus Andronicus*. The temptation to employ it must have been great indeed; for when, in every scene, the fearful energies of the action

“On horror’s head horrors accumulate,”

it must have required no common forbearance, and therefore no common power, to prescribe that the words of the actors should not

“*Outface* the brow of bragging horror.”

The son of Tamora is to be killed ; as he is led away she exclaims :

“Oh ! cruel, irreligious piety !

Titus kills Mutius : the young man’s brother earnestly says :

“My lord, you are unjust.”

When Tamora prescribes their terrible wickedness to her sons, Lavinia remonstrates :

“O ! Tamora, thou bear’st a woman’s face.”

When Marcus encounters his mutilated niece there is much poetry, but no raving. When woe upon woe is heaped upon Titus we have no imprecations :

“For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ’d with a wilderness of sea ;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.”

In one situation, after Titus has lost his hand, Marcus says :

“Oh ! brother, speak with possibilities,
 And do not break into these deep extremes.”

What are the deep extremes ? The unhappy man has scarcely risen into metaphor, much less into braggardism :

“O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
 If any power pities wretched tears,
 To that I call.—What, wilt thou kneel with me ? [*To Lavinia.*
 Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers
 Or with our sighs we’ll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.”

And in his very crowning agony we hear only :

“Why, I have not another tear to shed.”

It has been said, “There is not a shade of difference be-

tween the two Moors, Eleazar and Aaron."* Eleazar is a character in *Lust's Dominion*, incorrectly attributed to Marlowe. Trace the cool, determined, sarcastic, remorseless villain, Aaron, through these blood-spilling scenes, and see if he speaks in "King Cambyses' vein," as Eleazar speaks in the following lines :

"Now, Tragedy, thou minion of the night,
 Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I'll sing
 Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones—
 The proudest instrument the world affords ;
 When thou in crimson jollity shall bathe
 Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
 Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
 To thee that never blushest, though thy cheeks
 Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
 I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
 My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
 The volume of all wounds that wound from me ;
 Mine is the Stage, thine the Tragedy."

But enough of this. It appears to us manifest that, although the author of *Titus Andronicus* did choose—in common with the best and the most popular of those who wrote for the early stage, but contrary to his after-practice—a subject which should present to his comparatively rude audiences the excitement of a succession of physical horrors, he was so far under the control of his higher judgment, that, avoiding their practice, he steadily abstained from making his "verses jet on the stages in tragical buskins ; every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bow bell, daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun."†

It is easy to understand how Shakspeare, at the period when he first entered upon those labours which were to build up a glorious fabric out of materials that had been

* C. A. Brown's *Autobiographical Poems of Shakspeare*.

† Greene, 1588.

previously used for the basest purposes,—without models,—at first, perhaps, not voluntarily choosing his task, but taking the business that lay before him so as to command popular success,—ignorant, to a great degree, of the height and depth of his own intellectual resources,—not seeing, or dimly seeing, how poetry and philosophy were to elevate and purify the common staple of the coarse drama about him,—it is easy to conceive how a story of fearful bloodshed should force itself upon him as a thing that he could work into something better than the dumb show and fiery words of his predecessors and contemporaries. It was in after-years that he had to create the tragedy of passion. Lamb has beautifully described Webster, as almost alone having the power “to move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit.” Lamb adds, “writers of inferior genius mistake quantity for quality.” The remark is quite true; when examples of the higher tragedy are accessible, and when the people have learnt better than to require the grosser stimulant. Before Webster had written *The Duchess of Malfi*, and *Vittoria Corombona*, Shakspeare had produced *Lear* and *Othello*. But there were writers, *not* of inferior genius, who had committed the same mistake as the author of *Titus Andronicus*—who use blood as they would “the paint of the property man in the theatre.” Need we mention other names than Marlowe and Kyd? The “old *Feronimo*,” as Ben Jonson calls it,—perhaps the most popular play of the early stage, and, in many respects, a work of great power,—thus concludes, with a sort of Chorus spoken by a ghost :

“Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
 When blood and sorrow finish my desires.
 Horatio murder'd in his father's bower;
 Vile Serberine by Pedringano slain;

False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device ;
 Fair Isabella by herself misdone ;
 Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stabb'd ;
 The duke of Castille, and his wicked son,
 Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
 By Belimperia fallen, as Dido fell ;
 And good Hieronimo slain by himself :
 Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul."

Here is murder enough to match even *Andronicus*. This slaughtering work was accompanied with another peculiarity of the unformed drama—the dumb show. Words were sometimes scarcely necessary for the exposition of the story ; and when they were, no great care was taken that they should be very appropriate or beautiful in themselves. Thomas Heywood, himself a prodigious manufacturer of plays in a more advanced period, writing as late as 1612, seems to look upon these semi-pageants, full of what the actors call "bustle," as the wonderful things of the modern stage : "To see, as I have seen, Hercules, in his own shape, hunting the boar, knocking down the bull, taming the hart, fighting with Hydra, murdering Geryon, slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, pashing the lion, squeezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chains, and, lastly, on his high pyramides writing *Nil ultra*—Oh, these were sights to make an Alexander."* With a stage that presented attractions like these to the multitude, is it wonderful that the boy Shakspeare should have written a Tragedy of Horrors ?

But Shakspeare, it is maintained, has given us no other tragedy constructed upon the principle of *Titus Andronicus*. Are we quite sure ? Do we know what the first *Hamlet* was ? We have one sketch, which may be most instructively compared with the finished performance ; but it has been conjectured, and we think with perfect propriety, that the *Hamlet* which was on the stage in 1589, and then sneered at by

* *An Apology for Actors.*

Nash, "has perished, and that the quarto of 1603 gives us the work in an intermediate state between the rude youthful sketch and the perfected *Hamlet*, which was published in 1604."* When we compare the quarto of 1603 with the perfected play, we have the rare opportunity, as we have formerly stated, "of studying the growth not only of our great poet's command over language—not only of his dramatical skill—but of the higher qualities of his intellect, his profound philosophy, his wonderful penetration into what is most hidden and obscure in men's characters and motives." All the *action* of the perfect *Hamlet* is to be found in the sketch published in 1603; but the profundity of the character is not all there—very far from it. We have little of the thoughtful philosophy, of the morbid feelings, of Hamlet. But let us imagine an earlier sketch, where that wonderful creation of Hamlet's character may have been still more unformed; where the poet may have simply proposed to exhibit in the young man a desire for revenge, combined with irresolution—perhaps even actual madness. Make Hamlet a common dramatic character, instead of one of the subtlest of metaphysical problems, and what is the tragedy? A tragedy of blood. It offends us not now, softened as it is, and almost hidden, in the atmosphere of poetry and philosophy which surrounds it. But look at it merely with reference to the *action*; and of what materials is it made? A ghost described; a ghost appearing; the play within a play, and that a play of murder; Polonius killed; the ghost again; Ophelia mad and self-destroyed; the struggle at the grave between Hamlet and Laertes; the queen poisoned; Laertes killed with a poisoned rapier; the king killed by Hamlet; and, last of all, Hamlet's death. No wonder Fortinbras exclaims:

"This quarry cries on havoc."

Again, take another early tragedy, of which we may well

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxi. p. 475.

believe that there was an earlier sketch than that published in 1597—*Romeo and Juliet*. We may say of the delicious poetry, as Romeo says of Juliet's beauty, that it makes the charnel-house "a feasting presence full of light." But imagine a *Romeo and Juliet* conceived in the immaturity of the young Shakspeare's power—a tale of love, but surrounded with horror. There is enough for the excitement of an un-instructed audience: the contest between the houses; Mercutio killed; Tybalt killed; the apparent death of Juliet; Paris killed in the churchyard; Romeo swallowing poison; Juliet stabbing herself. The marvel is, that the surpassing power of the poet should make us forget that *Romeo and Juliet* can present such an aspect. All the changes which we know Shakspeare made in *Hamlet*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, were to work out the peculiar theory of his mature judgment—that the terrible should be held, as it were, in solution by the beautiful, so as to produce a tragic consistent with pleasurable emotion. Herein he goes far beyond Webster. His art is a higher art.

[From Verplanck's "Shakespeare."*]

A great majority of the English Shakespearian editors, commentators, and critics, including some of the very highest names in literature, have concurred in rejecting this bloody and repulsive tragedy as wholly unworthy of Shakspeare, and therefore erroneously ascribed to him. Yet the external evidence of his authorship of the piece is exceedingly strong—indeed stronger than that for one half of his unquestioned works. It was repeatedly printed during the author's life; † the first time (as appears from the Stationers' Register and Langbaine's authority,—no copy being now

* *The Illustrated Shakspeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. iii. p. 5 of *Titus Andronicus*.

† Verplanck apparently forgets that no edition bearing Shakspeare's name as author is known to have appeared during his life.—*Ed.*

known to be in existence) in 1593 or 1594, by J. Danter, who was also, in 1597, the publisher of *Romeo and Juliet*, in its original form. It was again reprinted in a quarto pamphlet in 1600 and in 1611. It was finally published in the first folio in 1623, and placed without question amongst the tragedies, between *Coriolanus* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The editors of this first collection of Shakespeare's "Comedies, and Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true originall copies," announced to their readers, in their preface, "the care and paine" they had taken so to publish "his writings, that where before you were abused with diverse stolen and surreptitious copies maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthe of injurious impostors; even these are now offered to view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them." It is then difficult to believe that editors who thus professed to reject even imperfect copies of genuine plays, should have admitted without doubt a whole play in which their author had no hand. Nor can we suppose them likely to be mistaken in such a matter, when we recollect that these editors were Heminge and Condell, long the managers of a theatrical company which had represented this very play, and to whom its author could not well have been unknown; who were, moreover, for years Shakespeare's associates in theatrical concerns, and his personal friends, and who, in connection with the great original actor of *Othello* and *Richard, Hamlet* and *Lear*, are remembered by the poet in his will, by a bequest "to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, to buy them rings."

These editors had besides given no slight proof of their care and fidelity on this point, by rejecting at least fourteen other plays ascribed by rumor, or by the unauthorized use of his name, to Shakespeare, and a part of which were afterwards added to their collection by the less scrupulous publishers of the folios of 1664 and of 1685.

Titus Andronicus is moreover unhesitatingly ascribed to Shakespeare by his contemporary Francis Meres, in the "Comparative discourse of our English Poets, with the Greek, Latine, and Italian Poets," contained in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. The list of Shakespeare's works there given by Meres has always been regarded as the best authority for the chronology of all the great poet's works mentioned in it, and it contains the title of no other piece that ever has been questioned as of doubtful authenticity. Meres is said by Schlegel to have been personally acquainted with the poet, and "so very intimately, that the latter read to him his sonnets before they were printed." I do not know on what authority he states this fact so strongly; yet it is remarkable that, in 1598, eleven years before Shakespeare's sonnets were printed, Meres had said "the sweete wittie soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared sonnets among his private friends." It is besides certain, on other authority, that Meres, at the date of his publication, was intimately connected with Drayton, and he was very familiar with the literature and literary affairs of his day.

Now all this chain of positive evidence applies, not merely to an obscure play unknown in its day, but to a piece which, with all its faults, suited the taste of the times, was several times reprinted, and was often acted, and that by different theatrical companies, one of which was that with which Shakespeare was himself connected. It would be without example, that the author of such a piece should have been content for years to have seen his work ascribed to another.

Indeed, we find no trace of any doubt on the subject, until 1687, nearly a century after the first edition, when Ravenscroft, who altered *Titus Andronicus* to make it apply to a temporary political purpose, asserted that he had "been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be

acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters." But Ravenscroft's tradition comes in a most suspicious shape, as he had some years before spoken of the piece as unquestionably and entirely Shakespeare's.

Thus it would really seem on the first view of the question, that it would be as extravagant an opinion to deny this play to be Shakespeare's, as it would be to reject the joint testimony of the editor of Sheridan's works, of his fellow managers in Covent Garden, and of the contemporary critics to the authenticity of any of his dramas, on account of its alleged or real inferiority to the other productions of that brilliant and irregular mind.

But all this external and collateral proof of authenticity is thrown aside by a host of critics, and this without any plausible attempt to explain how the error arose, and why it prevailed so generally and so long. Their argument rests almost entirely upon the manifest inferiority of this play of accumulated physical horrors, to its alleged author's other tragedies, and its difference from their style and versification, so great as to be judged incompatible with their proceeding from the same author. Thus Johnson observes, that "all the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience, yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing."

Mr. Hallam, a still higher authority in taste and in knowledge of the elder English literature, pronounces, with a dog-

matism quite unusual in his candid and guarded, as well as sure-sighted criticism, that "*Titus Andronicus* is now by common consent denied to be, in any sense, a production of Shakespeare's; very few passages, I should think not one, resemble his manner." He allows, indeed, the credit due to Meres's ordinary accuracy in his enumeration, but adds: "In criticism of all kinds, we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony when *res ipsa vociferatur* to the contrary."

To these critics of the nobler class may be added the names of Malone, Steevens, Boswell, Seymour, and a host of others, including, I believe, all the commentating editors, except Capell, until within the last ten years. Some few of them, as Theobald and Perry, qualify this rejection by supposing that Shakespeare had added "a few fine touches" to the work of an inferior hand.

For myself, I cannot but think that Mr. Hallam's rejection of all external testimony on such a point, as being incompetent to oppose the internal indications of taste, talent, and style, is in itself unphilosophical, and in contradiction to the experience of literary history. There may be such an internal evidence showing that a work could not have been written in a particular age or language. This may be too strong to be shaken by other proof. The evidence of differing taste, talent, or style, is quite another matter. On the ground taken by Mr. Hallam, Walter Scott's last novel, showing no want of learning and of labor, would be ejected from his works on account of its fatal inferiority to all his other prose and verse, had his biographers chosen, from any reasons of delicacy, to veil from us the melancholy cause of its inferiority, in the broken spirits and flagging intellect of its admirable author.

We might enumerate several of Dryden's works which would hardly stand this test of authenticity; but it will be enough to mention his deplorable and detestable tragedy of *Amboyna*, written in the meridian of his faculties, yet as

bloody and revolting as *Andronicus*, and far more gross, and this without any redeeming touch of genius or feeling.

More especially is this rule to be sparingly applied to the juvenile efforts of men of genius. We know from a sneer of Ben Jonson's at the critics who "will swear that *Feronymo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet," that these plays had been popular for twenty-five or thirty years in 1614, which throws the authorship of *Andronicus* back to the time when Shakespeare was scarcely more than one-and-twenty, if he was not still a minor. We have had in our own times the "*Hours of Idleness*, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor," published in the noble poet's twentieth year. Lord Byron's education and precocious acquaintance with the world had given him far greater advantages for early literary exploit than Shakespeare could have possibly enjoyed; yet it is no exaggeration of the merits of *Andronicus* to say that, with all its defects, it approximates more to its author's after excellence than the commonplace mediocrity of Byron's juvenile efforts to any of the works by which his subsequent fame was won. Swift's poor *Pindaric Odes*, written after he had attained manhood, might be denied to be his, for the same or similar reasons, as differing in every respect, of degree and kind, from the talent and taste he afterwards exhibited—as too extravagant and absurd to have been written by the author of the transparent prose, strong sense, and sarcastic wit of *Gulliver*; and equally incompatible with the mind of the inventor of that agreeable variety of English verse, in its lightest, easiest, simplest dress,

"which he was born to introduce;
Refined it first, and showed its use."

Critics have vied with one another in loading this play with epithets of contempt; and indeed, as compared with the higher products of dramatic poetry, it has little to recommend it. But in itself, and for its times, it was very far from

giving the indication of an unpoetical or undramatic mind. One proof of this is, that it was long a popular favorite on the stage. It is full of defects, but these are precisely such as a youthful aspirant, in an age of authorship, would be most likely to exhibit—such as the subjection to the taste of the day, good or bad, and the absence of that dramatic truth and reality which some experience of human passion, and observation of life and manners, can alone give the power to produce.

This tragedy of coarse horror was in the fashion and taste of the times, and accordingly stands in the same relation to the other popular dramas of the age that the juvenile attempts of Swift and Byron do to the poetry of their day which had excited their ambition. But it differs from their early writings in this, that while they fall very much below their models, this tragedy is at least equal to the once admired tragedies of Peele and Kyd, and if inferior in degree of power, yet not of an inferior class to the scenes of Marlowe and Green, the models of dramatic art and genius of their times. Theatrical audiences had not yet been taught to be thrilled “with grateful terror” without the presence of physical suffering; and the author of *Andronicus* made them, in Macbeth’s phrase, “sup full with horrors.” He gave them stage effect and interest such as they liked, stately declamation, with some passages of truer feeling, and others of pleasing imagery. It is not in human nature that a boy author should be able to develop and portray the emotions and passions of Lear or of Iago. It was much that he could raise them dimly before “his mind’s eye,” and give some imperfect outline and foreshadowing of them in Aaron and *Andronicus*. He who could do all this in youth and inexperience, might, when he had found his own strength, do much more. The boy author of *Titus Andronicus* might well have written *Lear* twenty years after.

The little resemblance of diction and versification of this

play to after works may also be ascribed to the same cause. We do not need the experience or the authority of Dryden to prove that the mastery of "the numbers of his mother tongue" is one of those gifts which "nature never gives the young."

The young poet, born in an age and country having a cultivated poetic literature, good or bad, must, until he has formed his own ear by practice, and thus too by practice made his language take the impress and colour of his own mind, echo and repeat the tune of his instructors. This may be observed in Shakespeare's earlier comedies: and to my ear many lines and passages of *Andronicus*,—such as the speech of Tamora in act ii. scene 2, "The birds chant melodies in every bush," etc., etc., and in this same scene the lines in the mouth of the same personage, "A barren detested vale, you see it is," recall the rhythm and taste of much of the poetry of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The matchless freedom of dramatic dialogue and emotion, and of lyrical movement—the grand organ swell of contemplative harmony, were all to be afterwards acquired by repeated trial and continued practice. The versification and melody of *Titus Andronicus* are nearer to those of Shakespeare's two or three earlier comedies than those are to the solemn harmony of Prospero's majestic morality.

Nor can I find in this play any proof of the scholar-like familiarity with Greek and Roman literature that Steevens asserts it to contain, and therefore to be as much above Shakespeare's reach in learning as beneath him in genius. This lauded scholarship does not go beyond such slight schoolboy familiarity with the more popular Latin poets read in schools, and with its mythology, and some hackneyed scraps of quotation such as the poet has often shown elsewhere. The neglect of all accuracy of history, and of its costumes, the confusion of ancient Rome with modern and Christian habits, are more analogous to Shakespeare's own

irregular acquirements than to the manner of a regularly trained scholar. Mr. Hallam has said of the undisputed Roman tragedies, that "it is manifest that in these Roman character and still more Roman manners are not exhibited with the precision of the scholar"—a criticism from which few scholars will dissent as to the manners, though few will agree with it as to "Roman character." But if this be true in any extent of the historical dramas composed in the fullness of the poet's knowledge and talent, we shall find the same sort of defects in *Titus Andronicus*, and carried to a greater excess. The story is put together without any historical basis, or any congruity with any period of Roman history. The Tribune of the people is represented as an efficient popular magistrate, while there is an elective yet despotic emperor. The personages are Pagans, appealing to "Apollo, Pallas, Juno, or Mercury," while at the beginning of the play we find a wedding according to the Catholic ritual, with "priest and holy water," and tapers "burning bright;" and at the end an allusion to a Christian funeral, with "burial and mournful weeds and mournful bell;" to say nothing of Aaron's sneer at "Popish ceremonies," or of the "ruined monastery" in the plain near Rome.

For all these reasons, I am so far from rejecting this play as spurious, that I regard it as a valuable and curious evidence of the history of its author's intellectual progress. . . .





THE TIBER.

TITUS
ANDRONICUS



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

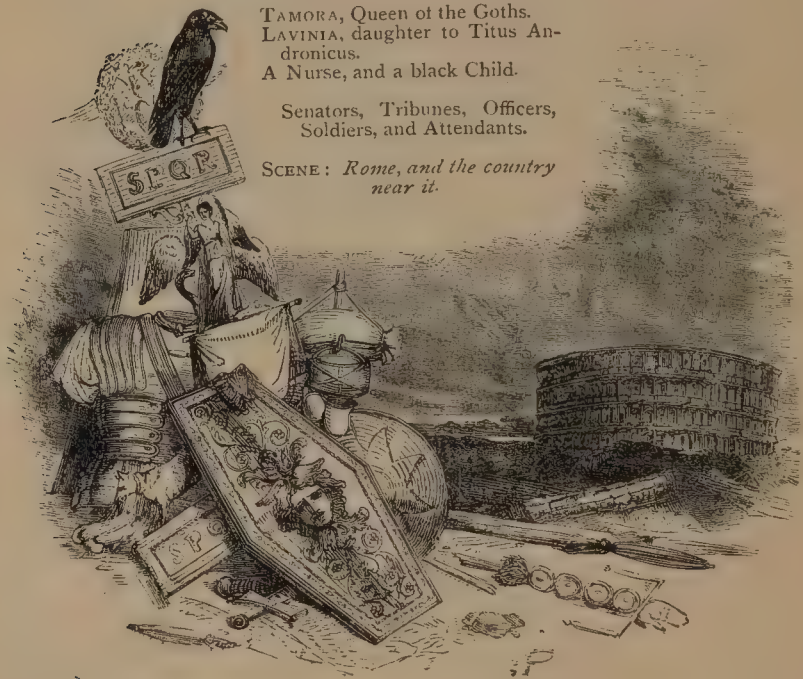
SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome.
BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.
LUCIUS,
QUINTUS, } sons to Titus.
MARTIUS, }
MUTIUS, }
YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the Tribune.
SEMPRONIUS, } kinsmen to Titus.
CAIUS, }
VALENTINE, }
ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
ALARBUS, } sons to Tamora.
DEMETRIUS, }
CHIRON, }
AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome, and the country near it.*





ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, SATURNINUS and his Followers; and, from the other side, BASSIANUS and his Followers; with drum and colours.

Saturninus. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms,
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;

Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bassianus. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my
right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, 10
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the Crown.

Marcus. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand 20
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms. 30
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride; five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.

Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed, 40
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
 That you withdraw you and abate your strength ;
 Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Saturninus. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
 thoughts!

Bassianus. Marcus Andronicus, so do I affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, 50
 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
 And to my fortunes and the people's favour
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*]

Saturninus. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
 right,

I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person and the cause.—

[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me 60
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—
 Open the gates, and let me in.

Bassianus. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*]

Enter a Captain.

Captain. Romans, make way ; the good Andronicus,
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
 Successful in the battles that he fights,

With honour and with fortune is return'd
 From where he circumscribed with his sword,
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Titus. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds! 70
 I.o, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught
 Returns with precious lading to the bay
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears,
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
 Thou great defender of this Capitol,
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that King Priam had, 80
 Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
 These that survive let Rome reward with love;
 These that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors:
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
 Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.—

[*The tomb is opened.*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont, 90
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!—
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,

Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more!

Lucius. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
 Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthy prison of their bones;
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

100

Titus. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tamora. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son;
 And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my son to be as dear to me!
 Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs and return,
 Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O, if to fight for king and commonweal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.

110

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood!
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful;
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
 Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

120

Titus. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
 Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice;
 To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him! and make a fire straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius,
with Alarbus.*

Tamora. O cruel, irreligious piety! 130

Chiron. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Demetrius. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd, but hope withal

The selfsame gods that arm'd the queen of Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths—

When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen— 140

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their
swords bloody.*

Lucius. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites; Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,

And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,

And with loud larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so; and let Andronicus

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.—

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons; 150

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

Lavinia. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long!
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ; 160
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Titus. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

*Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes ; re-enter
SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS, attended.*

Marcus. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome! 170

Titus. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marcus. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords ;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons ;
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on helpless Rome.

Titus. A better head her glorious body fits
 Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
 What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?—
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully,
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country.
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world;
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

190

200

Marcus. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Saturninus. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Titus. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Saturninus. Romans, do me right!—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor!—
 Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Lucius. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Titus. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

210

Bassianus. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do till I die:
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
 I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
 Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Titus. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
 I ask your voices and your suffrages;
 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,

220

And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Titus. Tribunes, I thank you ; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal.
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say ' Long live our emperor !'

Marcus. With voices and applause of every sort, 230
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say ' Long live our Emperor Saturnine !'

[*A long flourish till they come down.*]

Saturninus. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness ;
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress, 240
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Titus. It doth, my worthy lord, and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace ;
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord : 250
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Saturninus. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts

Rome shall record ;—and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Titus. [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an
emperor ;

To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers. 260

Saturninus. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ? 270

Lavinia. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Saturninus. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. — Romans, let us
go.

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.—
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[*Flourish.* *Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*

Bassianus. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing Lavinia.*

Titus. How, sir ! are you in earnest then, my lord ?

Bassianus. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marcus. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice ; 280
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Lucius. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Titus. Traitors, avaunt !—Where is the emperor's guard ?—
Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surpris'd !

Saturninus. Surpris'd ! by whom ?

Bassianus. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*]

Mutius. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*]

Titus. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mutius. My lord, you pass not here.

Titus. What, villain boy! ²⁹⁶
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabbing Mutius.*]

Mutius. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. My lord, you are unjust, and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine ;
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Lucius. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

Saturninus. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock. ³⁰⁰
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Titus. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Saturninus. But go thy ways ; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword. ³¹⁰
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Titus. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Saturninus. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome. 320
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near
And tapers burn so bright and everything
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tamora. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths, 330
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Saturninus. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accom-
pany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered ;
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt all but Titus.*]

Titus. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs? 340

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Marcus. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Titus. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Lucius. But let us give him burial, as becomes ;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Titus. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood, 350
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame, none basely slain in brawls ;
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marcus. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quintus. }
Martius. } And shall, or him we will accompany.

Titus. And shall ! what villain was it spake that word ?

Quintus. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Titus. What, would you bury him in my despite ? 361

Marcus. No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

Titus. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one ;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Martius. He is not with himself ; let us withdraw.

Quintus. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.*]

Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quintus. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Titus. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed. 372

Marcus. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Lucius. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marcus. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
 The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
 That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son
 Did graciously plead for his funerals ;
 Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
 Be barr'd his entrance here.

380

Titus. Rise, Marcus, rise.
 The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
 To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome !
 Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

Lucius. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
 Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;
 He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

390

Marcus. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
 How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
 Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

Titus. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is ;
 Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
 Is she not then beholding to the man
 That brought her for this high good turn so far ?
 Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON ; from the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*

Saturninus. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize ;
 God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride !

400

Bassianus. And you of yours, my lord ! I say no more,
 Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

Saturninus. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
 Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bassianus. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
 My true-betrothed love and now my wife ?

But let the laws of Rome determine all ;
 Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Saturninus. 'T is good, sir ; you are very short with us,
 But if we live we 'll be as sharp with you. 410

Bassianus. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
 Answer I must and shall do with my life.
 Only thus much I give your grace to know :
 By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
 That in the rescue of Lavinia
 With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
 In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath
 To be controll'd in that he frankly gave. 420
 Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
 That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
 A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Titus. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :
 'T is thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
 Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
 How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

Tamora. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
 Then hear me speak indifferently for all, 430
 And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Saturninus. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
 And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tamora. Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome forbend
 I should be author to dishonour you !
 But on mine honour dare I undertake
 For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
 Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.
 Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose, 440
 Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

[*Aside to Saturninus*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last ;
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.
 You are but newly planted in your throne ;
 Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
 And so supplant you for ingratitude,
 Which Rome reposes to be a heinous sin,
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
 I'll find a day to massacre them all 450
 And raze their faction and their family,
 The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
 And make them know what 't is to let a queen
 Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
 Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Saturninus. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

Titus. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord ; 460
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily,
 And must advise the emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
 For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
 My word and promise to the emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.— 470
 And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia ;—
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Lucius. We do, and vow to heaven and to his highness,
 That what we did was mildly as we might,
 Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Marcus. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

Saturninus. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends :
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ; 480
I will not be denied : sweet heart, look back.

Saturninus. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults ;
Stand up.—

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.— 490
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Titus. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace bonjour.

Saturninus. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*





ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills,
So Tamora ;
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
 Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made empress. 20
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
 This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwrack and his commonweal's.—
 Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.

Demetrius. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chiron. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30

'T is not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:

I am as able and as fit as thou
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aaron. [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep
 the peace.

Demetrius. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends? 40
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
 Till you know better how to handle it.

E

Chiron. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Demetrius. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aaron. [*Coming forward*]. Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge :

I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most concerns ;

50

Nor would your noble mother for much more

Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

Demetrius. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal

Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chiron. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform !

Aaron. Away, I say !

55

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous

It is to jet upon a prince's right ?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd

Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?

Young lords, beware ! an should the empress know

This discord's ground, the music would not please.

70

Chiron. I care not, I, knew she and all the world ;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Demetrius. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice ;

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aaron. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chiron. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love. 80

Aaron. To achieve her! how?

Demetrius. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know;
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aaron. [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. 90

Demetrius. Then why should he despair that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aaron. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chiron. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Demetrius. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aaron. Would you had hit it too!

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,

That both should speed? 100

Chiron. Faith, not me.

Demetrius. Nor me, so I were one.

Aaron. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:

'T is policy and stratagem must do
 That you affect ; and so must you resolve,
 That what you cannot as you would achieve,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.
 Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path. 110
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
 The forest walks are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented plots there are
 Fitted by kind for rape and villany.

Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words ;
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
 To villany and vengeance consecrate, 120

Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears.

'The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns ;
 There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye, 130
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chiron. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Demetrius. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, charm to calm these fits,
 Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.* •

SCENE II. *A Forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, etc., MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Titus. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green ;
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully ;
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

10

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
Madam, to you as many and as good.—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Saturninus. And you have rung it lustily, my lord ;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bassianus. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lavinia. I say, no ;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Saturninus. Come on, then ; horse and chariots let us
have,

And to our sport.—[*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marcus. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

20

Titus. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Demetrius. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A lonely Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aaron. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany ;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest [Hides the gold.]
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tamora. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad, 10
When everything doth make a gleeful boast ?
'The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise ; 20
And, after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,

Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
 Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
 Be unto us as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aaron. Madam, though Venus govern your desires, 30
 Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
 Even as an adder when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.

Now question me no more, we are espied ;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. 50

Tamora. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
 life !

Aaron. No more, great empress ; Bassianus comes :
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. [Exit.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bassianus. Who have we here ? Rome's royal empress,
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tamora. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

60

Lavinia. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

70

Bassianus. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lavinia. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love:
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

80

Bassianus. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lavinia. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.—
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

Tamora. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Demetrius. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

90

Tamora. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
 These two have tic'd me hither to this place :
 A barren detested vale, you see it is ;
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
 Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven :
 And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes, 100
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries
 As any mortal body hearing it
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death ;
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms 110
 That ever ear did hear to such effect ;
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Demetrius. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chiron. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lavinia. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora,
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tamora. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong. 121

Demetrius. Stay, madam ; here is more belongs to her ;
 First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.

This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope braves your mightiness ;
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chiron. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust. 130

Tamora. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
 Let not this wasp outlive ye, both to sting.

Chiron. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lavinia. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tamora. I will not hear her speak ; away with her !

Lavinia. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Demetrius. Listen, fair madam ; let it be your glory
 To see her tears, but be your heart to them 140
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lavinia. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?
 O, do not learn her wrath,—she taught it thee ;
 The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble ;
 Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
 Yet every mother breeds not sons alike :
 [*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chiron. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a
 bastard ?

Lavinia. 'T is true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark.
 Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now !— 150
 The lion mov'd with pity did endure
 To have his princely paws par'd all away ;
 Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tamora. I know not what it means ; away with her !

Lavinia. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160

Tamora. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lavinia. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long; 170
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tamora. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.

Lavinia. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

Demetrius. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lavinia. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chiron. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her
husband;

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then
exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*]

Tamora. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.—
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.

190
[Exit.

Re-enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aaron. Come on, my lords, the better foot before ;
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quintus. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Martius. And mine, I promise you ; were 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[Falls into the pit.

Quintus. What, art thou fallen ?—What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers ?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—

200

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Martius. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament !

Aaron. [Aside] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess

How these were they that made away his brother. [Exit.

Martius. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

210

Quintus. I am surprised with an uncouth fear ;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints ;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Martius. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quintus. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.

O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

220

Martius. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quintus. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?

Martius. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit ;
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

230

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quintus. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

240

Martius. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quintus. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me ; I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS with AARON.

Saturninus. Along with me ; I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Martius. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

250

Saturninus. My brother dead ! I know thou dost but jest.
He and his lady both are at the lodge

Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
 'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Martius. We know not where you left him all alive ;
 But, out, alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Re-enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS,
 and LUCIUS.*

Tamora. Where is my lord the king ?

Saturninus. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tamora. Where is thy brother Bassianus ? 261

Saturninus. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
 wound ;

Poor Bassianus here lies murthered.

Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
 The complot of this timeless tragedy,
 And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
 In pleasing smiles such murtherous tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturnine a letter.*]

Saturninus. [*Reads*] '*An if we miss to meet him hand-
 somely—*

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;

Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.'—

O Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murther'd Bassianus here.

Aaron. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. 280

Saturninus. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of
 bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison :
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tamora. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Titus. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,—

290

Saturninus. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter?—*Tamora*, was it you?

Tamora. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Titus. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Saturninus. Thou shalt not bail them; see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers: : 300
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tamora. Andronicus, I will entreat the king.
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Titus. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her
hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Demetrius. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chiron. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Demetrius. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chiron. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Demetrius. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.

Chiron. An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.

Demetrius. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Marcus. Who is this ? my niece, that flies away so fast !—
Cousin, a word ; where is your husband ?—

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands .

Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

As have thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say 't is so ?

O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him, to ease my mind !

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind :
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ; 40
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life !
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep, 50
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
O, could our mourning ease thy misery !

[*Exeunt.*





ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter Judges, Senators, and Tribunes, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Titus. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars whilst you securely slept,
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd,
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

10

[Lieth down; the Fudges, etc., pass by him, and Exeunt.]

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.—
 O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.—

20

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Lucius. O noble father, you lament in vain:
 The tribunes hear you not; no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Titus. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

30

Lucius. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Titus. Why, 't is no matter, man: if they did hear,
 They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
 They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
 And bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale:

40

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears and seem to weep with me ;
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones ;
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.—

[Rises

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death ;
 For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

50

Titus. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?
 Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
 But me and mine ; how happy art thou, then,
 From these devourers to be banished !
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Marcus. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep,
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break ;
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

60

Titus. Will it consume me ? let me see it, then.

Marcus. This was thy daughter.

Titus.

Why, Marcus, so she is.

Lucius. Ay me, this object kills me !

Titus. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
 Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?
 What fool hath added water to the sea,
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—

70

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
 And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life ;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use :
 Now all the service I require of them
 Is that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
 For hands, to do Rome service, is but vain.

80

Lucius. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Marcus. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

Lucius. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Marcus. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
 That hath received some unrecuring wound.

90

Titus. It was my deer, and he that wounded her
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead ;
 For now I stand as one upon a rock
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes :
 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

100

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madd'd me ; what shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so ?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,

Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee ;
 Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—
 Look, Marcus !—ah, son Lucius, look on her !
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

110

Marcus. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her
 husband ;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Titus. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;

120

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

130

Lucius. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,
 See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marcus. Patience, dear niece. — Good Titus, dry thine
 eyes.

Titus. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Lucius. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Titus. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs;
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king; he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Titus. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise!
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand.

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lucius. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marcus. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert!
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve

To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aaron. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marcus. My hand shall go.

Lucius. By heaven, it shall not go !

Titus. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Lucius. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, 185
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marcus. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Titus. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Lucius. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marcus. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Titus. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both :
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aaron. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so ; 190
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Titus. Now stay your strife ; what shall be is dispatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;
More hath it merited,—that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own. 200

Aaron. I go, Andronicus ; and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.—

[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*

Titus. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any power pities wretched tears, 209
To that I call!—[*To Lavinia*] What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marcus. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Titus. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marcus. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries, 220
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow?
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd; 230
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Messenger. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

For that good hand, thou sent'st the emperor.
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
 And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
 Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd ;
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes
 More than remembrance of my father's death.

240

[*Exit.*]

Marcus. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
 These miseries are more than may be borne.
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal ;
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Lucius. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

250

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*]

Marcus. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Titus. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Marcus. Now, farewell, flattery ! die, Andronicus !
 Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads,
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here ;
 Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now nô more will I control thy griefs :
 Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes :
 Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

260

Titus. Ha, ha, ha !

Marcus. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this hour.

Titus. Why, I have not another tear to shed ;
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watery eyes,

And make them blind with tributary tears : 270
 Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave ?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
 And threat me I shall never come to bliss
 Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.
 You heavy people, circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ; 280
 And in this hand the other will I bear.—
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things ;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.—
 As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight ;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there ;
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*]

Lucius. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
 The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !— 290
 Farewell, proud Rome ! till Lucius come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.—
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister !
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !
 But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. 300

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.

Titus. So, so ; now sit : and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours. —
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot ;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 13
Then thus I thump it down. —

[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears. 20

Marcus. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Titus. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote already ?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ?
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable ?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none. — 30
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,

As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.
 Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she says;
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
 She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I of these will wrest an alphabet
 And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

40

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments;
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marcus. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Titus. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears, 50
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marcus. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Titus. Out on thee, murtherer! thou kill'st my heart;
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny.
 A deed of death done on the innocent
 Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
 I see thou art not for my company.

Marcus. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Titus. But how, if that fly had a father and mother? 60
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
 Poor harmless fly,
 That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

Marcus. Pardon me, sir ; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

Titus. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;
Flattering myself as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah !

Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marcus. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances. 80

Titus. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me ;
I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle. [*Exeun.*





ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. Titus's Garden.*

Enter young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him, and the boy flies from her, with books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS.

Young Lucius. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me every where, I know not why.—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marcus. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Titus. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Young Lucius. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marcus. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs.

Titus. Fear her not, Lucius ; somewhat doth she mean.
 See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee : 10
 Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
 Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
 Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
 Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marcus. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee
 thus ?

Young Lucius. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
 Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :
 For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
 Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;
 And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20
 Ran mad for sorrow : that made me to fear ;
 Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :
 Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,—
 Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt ;
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marcus. Lucius, I will.

[*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which
 Lucius has let fall.*]

Titus. How now, Lavinia !—Marcus, what means this ? 30
 Some book there is that she desires to see.—
 Which is it, girl, of these ?—Open them, boy.—
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;
 Come, and take choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Marcus. I think she means that there was more than one
 Confederate in the fact ; ay, more there was,
 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge. 40

Titus. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Young Lucius. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;
My mother gave it me.

Marcus. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!

[*Helping her.*

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marcus. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes the leaves.

Titus. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl, 51
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Marcus. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60

Titus. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed ;
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marcus. Sit down, sweet niece ;—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here ;—look here, Lavinia :
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name 70
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with
feet and mouth.*

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—
 Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
 What God will have discover'd for revenge.
 Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
 That we may know the traitors and the truth!

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with
 her stumps, and writes.]*

Titus. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
 'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'

Marcus. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
 Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? 85

Titus. Magne dominator poli,
 Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marcus. O, calm thee, gentle lord, although I know
 There is enough written upon this earth
 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts
 And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
 My lord, kneel down with me;—Lavinia, kneel;—
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
 And swear with me—as, with the woful fere
 And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
 Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape— 90
 That we will prosecute by good advice
 Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Titus. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how.
 But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware;
 The dam will wake, and, if she wind you once,
 She's with the lion deeply still in league,
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
 And when he sleeps will she do what she list. 100
 You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by: the angry northern wind

Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson, then?—Boy, what say you?

Young Lucius. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marcus. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft 110
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Young Lucius. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Titus. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both.

Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Young Lucius. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
sire.

Titus. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.—
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house: 120
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir, and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius.*]

Marcus. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?—
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge.—
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON; from
the other side, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of
weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chiron. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Young Lucius. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus.—

[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Demetrius. Gramercy, lovely Lucius; what's the news?

Young Lucius. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd,
that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me

10

The goodliest weapons of his armoury

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well:

And so I leave you both,—[*Aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt young Lucius and Attendant.*]

Demetrius. What's here? A scroll, and written round
about?

Let's see:

[*Reads*] '*Integer vite, scelerisque purus,*

20

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'

Chiron. O, 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aaron. Ay, just, a verse in Horace; right, you have it.—

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well afoot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit;

30

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Demetrius. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aaron. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Demetrius. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

40

Chiron. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aaron. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chiron. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Demetrius. Come, let us go and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aaron. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given
us over. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

Demetrius. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

50

Demetrius. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in her arms.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords;

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aaron. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aaron. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nurse. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!—
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

60

Aaron. To whom?

Nurse. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

Aaron. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he
sent her?

Nurse. A devil.

Aaron. Why, then she is the devil's dam ; a joyful issue !

Nurse. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue :
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime ;
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point. 70

Aaron. Zounds, ye whore ! is black so base a hue ?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Demetrius. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aaron. That which thou canst not undo.

Chiron. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aaron. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Demetrius. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chiron. It shall not live. 80

Aaron. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

Aaron. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Demetrius. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.—
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*

Stay, murtherous villains ! will you kill your brother ?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got, 90

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir !

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !

Ye white-lim'd walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue ;

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in 'the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Demetrius. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aaron. My mistress is my mistress ; this myself,

The vigour and the picture of my youth :

This before all the world do I prefer ;

This maugre all the world will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Demetrius. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nurse. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chiron. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aaron. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears ;

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart !

Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer.

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,

As who should say, ' Old lad, I am thine own.'

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

Of that self blood that first gave life to you,

And from that womb where you imprison'd were

He is enfranchised and come to light.

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Demetrius. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aaron. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there ; now talk at pleasure of your safety. [*They sit.*

Demetrius. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aaron. Why, so, brave lords ! when we join in league,
I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child !

140

Nurse. Cornelia the midwife and myself ;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aaron. The empress, the midwife, and yourself ;
Two may keep counsel when the third 's away.
Go to the empress, tell her this I said. [*He kills the Nurse.*
Weke, weke ! so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Demetrius. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? wherefore didst
thou this ?

Aaron. O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip ? no, lords, no ;

150

And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman ;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold.
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords ; ye see I have given her physic,

160

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Demetrius. For this care of Tamora, 170
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron bearing off the
 Nurse's body.*]

Aaron. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies ;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence,
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts ;
 I 'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feast on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave, and bring you up 179
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them ;
 with him, MARCUS, young LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS,
 CAIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Titus. Come, Marcus, come ;—kinsmen, this is the way.—
 Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;
 Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.—
 Terras Astræa reliquit ;
 Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.—
 Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;
 Happily you may catch her in the sea ;
 Yet there 's as little justice as at land.—
 No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ; 180
 'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him this petition ;
 Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
 Ah, Rome ! Well, well ; I made thee miserable
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
 Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd ;
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

20

Marcus. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Publius. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
 By day and night to attend him carefully,
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

30

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Titus. Publius, how now ! how now, my masters !
 What, have you met with her ?

Publius. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word,
 If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall :
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
 He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

40

Titus. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
 No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size,

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
 Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear ;
 And, sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
 We will solicit heaven and move the gods 50
 To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.—
 Come, to this gear.—You are a good archer, Marcus ;

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

'*Ad Jovem,*' that 's for you : here, '*Ad Apollinem.*'
 '*Ad Martem,*' that 's for myself.—
 Here, boy, to Pallas ; here, to Mercury ;
 To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine ;
 You were as good to shoot against the wind.
 To it, boy!—Marcus, loose when I bid.—
 Of my word, I have written to effect ;
 There 's not a god left unsolicited. 60

Marcus. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court ;
 We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Titus. Now, masters, draw.—[*They shoot.*] O, well said,
 Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

Marcus. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;
 Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Titus. Ha, ha !

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?
 See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marcus. This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,
 The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock 71
 That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court ;
 And who should find them but the empress' villain ?
 She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
 But give them to his master for a present.

Titus. Why, there it goes ! God give his lordship joy !—

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come,—

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

79

Clown. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Titus. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Titus. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Titus. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

88

Clown. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there; God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marcus. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Titus. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

100

Titus. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor; By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.— Give me pen and ink.—Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Titus. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

112

Titus. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.—
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir; I will.

Titus. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords,
and others; SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand that
TITUS shot.*

Saturninus. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever
seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and, for the extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies

10

20

Shall be no shelter to these outrages ;
 But he and his shall know that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,
 He 'll so awake as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tamora. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, 30
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart ;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts.—[*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted 'Tamora to gloze with all.—
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out ; if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow ! wouldst thou speak with us ?

Clown. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial. 40

Tamora. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'T is he.—God and Saint Stephen give you godden ;
 I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons
 here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*]

Saturninus. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have ?

Tamora. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clown. Hanged ! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a
 neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Saturninus. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs ! 50

Shall I endure this monstrous villany ?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne ?—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!—
 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
 Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.—
 For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man,
 Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.—

60

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmilius. Arm, arm, my lord! Rome never had more
 cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus,
 Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Saturninus. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms.

70

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'T is he the common people love so much;

Myself hath often overheard them say,

When I have walked like a private man,

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tamora. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Saturninus. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,

And will revolt from me to succour him.

80

Tamora. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings

He can at pleasure stint their melody;

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit ; for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
 Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

Saturninus. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tamora. If Tamora entreat him, then he will :
 For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises ; that, were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
 [To *Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador ;
 Say that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Saturninus. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably ;
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmilius. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
 And temper him with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.—
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Saturninus. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*





ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS with an army of Goths, with drum and colours.

Lucius. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs ;

H

And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort, 15
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us ; we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Lucius. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his Child in his arms.

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd 20
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :
' Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor ; 30
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace !'—even thus he rates the babe,—
' For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Lucius. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand ;
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,
 And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
 Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
 'This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
 Why dost not speak ? what, deaf ? not a word ?—
 A halter, soldiers ! hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

40

Aaron. Touch not the boy ; he is of royal blood.

Lucius. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
 First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—
 Get me a ladder.

50

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*]

Aaron. Lucius, save the child,
 And bear it from me to the empress.
 If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
 That highly may advantage thee to hear ;
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I 'll speak no more but ' Vengeance rot you all !'

Lucius. Say on ; and if it please me which thou speak'st,
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

60

Aaron. An if it please thee ! why, assure thee, Lucius,
 'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
 For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd ;
 And this shall all be buried in my death,
 Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Lucius. Tell on thy mind ; I say thy child shall live.

Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

70

Lucius. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;
 That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aaron. What if I do not?—as, indeed, I do not ;
 Yet, for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
 Therefore I urge thy oath ; for that I know
 An idiot holds his bauble for a god
 And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
 To that I 'll urge him : therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
 To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up,
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

80

Lucius. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aaron. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Lucius. O most insatiate and luxurious woman !

Aaron. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

90

'T was her two sons that murther'd Bassianus ;
 They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her
 And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Lucius. O detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aaron. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and
 't was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Lucius. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aaron. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them ;
 That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set ;
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head.
 Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
 Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay ;
 I wrote the letter that thy father found

100

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confederate with the queen and her two sons ;
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? 110
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter ;
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads,
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
 And when I told the empress of this sport,
 She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
 And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. 120

1 *Goth.* What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aaron. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Lucius. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aaron. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse—
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
 As kill a man, or else devise his death,
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
 Accuse some innocent and forswear myself, 130
 Set deadly enmity between two friends,
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks,
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrow almost was forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
 'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things 140

As willingly as one would kill a fly,
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Lucius. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aaron. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Lucius. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more. 150

Enter a Goth.

3 *Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Lucius. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: what 's the news from Rome?

Æmilius. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd. 160

1 *Goth.* What says our general?

Lucius. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
 Unto my father and my uncle Marcus.
 And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.

Tamora. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
 I will encounter with Andronicus,
 And say I am Revenge, sent from below

To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.—
 Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
 To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
 Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
 And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
 Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
 That so my sad decrees may fly away,
 And all my study be to no effect?
 You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do
 See here in bloody lines I have set down,
 And what is written shall be executed.

10

Tamora. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Titus. No, not a word; how can I grace my talk,
 Wanting a hand to give it action?
 Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tamora. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with
 me.

20

Titus. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
 Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
 Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
 Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
 Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
 For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
 Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tamora. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
 Confer with me of murder and of death:
 There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,

30

No vast obscurity or misty vale,
 Where bloody murther or detested rape
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake. 40

Titus. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tamora. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Titus. Do me some service, ere I come to thee;
 Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murther stands;
 Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
 And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globe.
 Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet, 50
 To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
 And find out murtherers in their guilty caves;
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east;
 Until his very downfall in the sea;
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murther there.

Tamora. These are my ministers, and come with me. 60

Titus. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tamora. Rapine and Murther; therefore called so,
 'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Titus. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
 And you, the empress! but we worldly men
 Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
 And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*

Tamora. This closing with him fits his lunacy. 70

Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
 And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 Or, at the least, make them his enemies.—
 See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

80

Enter TITUS, below.

Titus. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee;
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house.—
 Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too.
 How like the empress and her sons you are!
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
 For well I wot the empress never wags
 But in her company there is a Moor;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil.
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

90

Tamora. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Demetrius. Show me a murtherer, I'll deal with him.

Chiron. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tamora. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
 And I will be revenged on them all.

Titus. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
 And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 Good Murther, stab him; he's a murtherer.—
 Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.—

100

Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
 There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
 Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee.
 I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;
 They have been violent to me and mine.

Tamora. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do. 110
 But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the empress and her sons,
 The emperor himself and all thy foes ;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
 What says Andronicus to this device? 120

Titus. Marcus, my brother ! 't is sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are ;
 Tell him the emperor and the empress too
 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
 This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

Marcus. This will I do, and soon return again.

130
 [*Exit.*

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Titus. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murther stay with me ;
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tamora. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys? will you
bide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, . 140
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Titus. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices,—
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam!

Demetrius. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tamora. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Titus. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

[*Exit Tamora.*]

Chiron. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Titus. Tut, I have work enough for you to do. 150

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

Publius. What is your will?

Titus. Know you these two?

Publius. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and De-
metrius.

Titus. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius.—
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour, 160
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*]

[*Publius, etc., lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*]

Chiron. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, with LAVINIA ; he bearing a knife, and she a basin.

Titus. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound.—
 Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
 But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
 O villains, Chiron and Demetrius ! 170
 Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
 This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
 You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
 Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
 My hand cut off and made a merry jest ;
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
 What would you say, if I should let you speak ?
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace. 180
 Hark, wretches ! how I mean to martyr you.
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
 The basin that receives your guilty blood.
 You know your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad ;
 Hark, villains ! I will grind your bones to dust
 And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste,
 And of the paste a coffin I will rear
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads, 190
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
 For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
 [*He cuts their throats.*]

Receive the blood : and when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.—
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
 So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

SCENE III. *Court of Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON prisoner.

Lucius. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

I Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Lucius. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
 For testimony of her foul proceedings :
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong ;
 I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart ! .

Lucius. Away, inhuman dog ! unhallow'd slave !—
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with ÆMILIUS, Tribunes,
 Senators, and others.

Saturninus. What, hath the firmament moe suns than one ?

Lucius. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marcus. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle ;
These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome ;
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Saturninus. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*]

Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA veiled, young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.

Titus. Welcome, my gracious lord ;— welcome, dread
queen ;—

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ;— welcome, Lucius ;—
And welcome, all : although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

Saturninus. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ? 30

Titus. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tamora. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Titus. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—
My lord the emperor, resolve me this :
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd ?

Saturninus. It was, Andronicus.

Titus. Your reason, mighty lord ? 40

Saturninus. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ; [*Kills Lavinia.*]
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

Saturninus. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Titus. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was, 50
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage; and it now is done.

Saturninus. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Titus. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?

Tamora. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Titus. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

Saturninus. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Titus. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie; 60
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Kills Tamora.*]

Saturninus. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*Kills Titus.*]

Lucius. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[*Kills Saturninus.* *A great tumult.* *Lucius, Marcus,*
and others go up into the balcony.]

Marcus. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again 70
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
 [To *Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our an-
 cestor, 80

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
 To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
 The story of that baleful burning night
 When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy;
 Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
 My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory, 90
 And break my utterance, even in the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Lucius. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
 And they it were that ravished our sister:
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded, 100
 Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out
 And sent her enemies unto the grave;
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies,
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend.
 I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood, 110

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
 Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just and full of truth.
 But, soft ! methinks I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me ;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marcus. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child !

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered, 120
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?
 Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now, 130
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house :
 Speak, Romans, speak ; and if you say we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmilius. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—
 Lucius, our emperor ; for well I know,
 The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140

Marcus. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor !—
 Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.— [*To Attendants.*
Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor!

Lucius. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe.
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task! 150
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marcus. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Lucius. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well; 161
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy:
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave; 170
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping!
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants with AARON.

Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes!

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Lucius. Set him breast deep in earth, and famish him ;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food. 180
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies ; this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aaron. Ah! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done ;
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul. 190

Lucius. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity. 200
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning ;
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinat. [*Exeunt.*





WALLS OF ROME—THE OSTIAN GATE.

NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



INTRODUCTION.

The following is the ballad referred to on p. 16 above :

TITUS ANDRONICUS'S COMPLAINT.

“ You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame full threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres ;
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

For when Rome's foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent ;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloody scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine
 Before we did return to Rome againe ;
 Of five and twenty sonnes I brought but three
 Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
 And did present my prisoners to the king,
 The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moore,
 Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
 Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife ;
 The Moore, with her two sonnes, did growe soe proud,
 That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The Moore so pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
 That she consented to him secretlye
 For to abuse her husband's marriage-bed,
 And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
 Consented with the Moore of bloody minde
 Against myselve, my kin, and all my friendes,
 In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
 Both care and grieffe began then to increase :
 Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright
 Which joy'd and pleased best my aged sight.

My deare Lavinia was betrothed then
 To Cæsar's sonne, a young and noble man :
 Who in a hunting, by the emperour's wife
 And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He, being slain, was cast in cruel wise
 Into a darksome den from light of skies :
 The cruel Moore did come that way as then
 With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed
 For to accuse them of the murderous deed ;
 And when my sonnes within the den were found,
 In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold ! what wounded most my mind,
 The empress's two sonnes of savage kind
 My daughter ravished without remorse,
 And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweet a flowre.
 Fearing this sweete should shortly turn to sowre,
 They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
 How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
 Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
 Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
 The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood.
 Staining the grassie ground with purple blood,
 That trickled from her stumpes and bloudlesse armes.
 Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
 With teares of blood I wet mine aged face :
 For my Lavinia I lamented more
 Than for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
 With grief mine aged heart began to breake ;
 We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
 Whereby those bloody tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
 She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand :—
 'The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse
 Are doers of this hateful wickednesse.'

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
 I curst the houre wherein I first was bred ;
 I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
 In cradle rockt had first been stroken lame.

The Moore, delighting still in villainy
 Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free,
 I should unto the king my right hand give,
 And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
 Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
 But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
 And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
 They sent to me my bootless hand againe,
 And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
 Which filled my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
 And with my tears writ in the dust my woe :
 I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
 And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The emperesse then, thinking that I was mad,
 Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad
 (She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they),
 To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines* a certaine space,
 Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
 Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
 And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
 Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran :
 And then I ground their bones to powder small,
 And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
 And at a banquet, served in stately wise,
 Before the emperesse set this loathsome meat ;
 So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselpe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
 The emperesse then I slewe with bloody knife,
 And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
 And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,
 Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
 Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.
 And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd."

* *Veines*—humours.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—In the folio the play is divided into acts, the first of which is headed "*Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*" In the quartos there is no division into acts or scenes.

4. *My successive title.* "My title to the succession" (Malone). Steevens quotes Raleigh: "The empire being elective, and not successive," etc.

5. *I am his.* The reading of the quartos; the folio has "I was the." The 4th folio reads: "I was the first-born son of him that last Wore," etc., which Pope adopts, changing "was" to "am." The Coll. MS. has "I am the first-born son of him, the last That wore," etc. For *wore* the quartos have "ware."

8. *Age.* "Seniority in point of age" (Boswell).

9. *Romans.* "As a matter of orthoepy, it is perhaps worthy of notice that throughout this play, and generally in English books printed before the middle of the 17th century, this word is spelled *Romaines* or *Romanes*. *Romaine* could hardly have been pronounced *roman*" (W.).

14. *Consecrate.* Cf. ii. i. 121 below. See also *Sonn.* 74. 6, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 134, etc.

15. *Contenance.* The Coll. MS. has "conscience"—a plausible emendation.

18. *Enter . . . aloft.* That is, in the balcony at the back of the Elizabethan stage, raised some eight or nine feet above the floor, with curtains in front of it, which could be drawn when necessary. This balcony served as window, gallery, upper chamber, tower or battlements of a castle, or any other place—even heaven itself—supposed to be above the level of the stage proper. It will be remembered that there was no movable painted scenery in those days.

19. *Empery.* Empire, imperial power; as in 201 below. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 226: "Ruling in large and ample empery," etc.

23. *Andronicus.* Throughout the play the accent is on the antepenult, not on the penult, where it properly belongs.

26. *The city.* Rowe reads "our city."

27. *Accited.* "Summoned; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 141:

"Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state."

47. *Affy.* Confide. In *T. of S.* iv. 4. 49 and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. i. 80 (the only other instances in S.) it is = betroth.

51. *My thoughts.* Rowe has "our thoughts."

59. *The cause.* The Coll. MS. reads "my cause."

62. *Open the gates,* etc. Capell fills out the line by "brazen gates," and the Coll. MS. by inserting "tribunes" after *gates*.

64. *Romans, make way.* Pope, Capell, and some others begin a new scene here.

68. *Where.* The quarto reading; "whence" in the folios.

70. *Thy mourning weeds.* Warb. changes *thy* to "my." Johnson says: "*Thy* is as well as *my*. We may suppose the Romans in a grate-

ful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits." For *weeds* = garments, cf. *M. N. D.* p. 149. See also ii. 1. 18, iii. 1. 43, and v. 3. 196 below.

71. *Fraught*. Freight. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 64: "the Phœnix and her fraught;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 449: "Swell, bosom, with thy fraught." We find *fraughtage* in the same sense in *C. of E.* iv. 1. 87 and *T. and C.* prol. 13. For the verb *fraught*, see *Temp.* i. 2. 13, *Cymb.* i. 1. 126, etc. S. does not use *freight* either as noun or as verb.

Her is the reading of the 4th folio; the other early eds. have "his."

73. *Anchorage*. Here = anchor. The word occurs nowhere else in S.*

74. *Bound*. Rowe omits the word.

77. *Thou, great defender*, etc. "Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred" (Johnson).

88. *Styx*. The infernal river is mentioned in *T. and C.* v. 4. 20 (cf. iii. 2. 10), and alluded to in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 45:

"Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night."

92. *Receptacle*. Accented on the first syllable; as in ii. 3. 235 below. See also *R. and J.* iv. 3. 39 and *Per.* iv. 6. 186 (the only other instances of the word in S.).

94. *Of mine hast thou*. The folio reading. The 1st quarto has "hast thou of mine."

98. *Ad manes fratrum*. To the departed spirits of the brothers. The quartos and 1st and 2d folios have "manus" for *manes*.

99. *Earthy*. The folios have "earthly."

100. *The shadows*. The Coll. MS. has "their shadows."

101. *Nor we disturb'd*, etc. "It was supposed by the ancients that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral" (Steevens).

106. *Passion*. Passionate grief; as in iii. 2. 48 below. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 118: "passion's solemn tears." See also *Ham.* p. 212. For *son* the folios have "sonnes" or "sons."

117. *Wilt thou draw near*, etc. See p. 15 above. Reed quotes *Edw. III.*, 1596:

"kings approach the nearest unto God
By giving life and safety unto men."

121. *Patient*. The only instance of the verb in S. Steevens quotes *Arden of Feversham*, 1592: "Patient yourself, we cannot help it now;" *Edw. I.*, 1599: "Patient your highness, 't is but mother's love;" and Warner, *Albion's England*, 1602: "Her, weeping ripe, he laughing bids to patient her awhile." See also the old play of *Ferrex and Porrex*: "Patient your grace, perhaps he liveth yet," etc.

122. *Their*. The folios have "the."

127. *Fire*. A dissyllable; as often. Gr. 480.

129. *Clean*. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 35: "clean from the purpose," etc.

* In these notes, as a matter of convenience, we count this play as Shakespeare's, though we believe that but little of it is really his.

131. *Scythia*. Cf. *Lear*, i. i. 118: "The barbarous Scythian," etc.
132. *Not*. The folios have "me," and "looks" or "looks" in 134.
138. *His tent*. The reading of all the early eds. changed to "her tent" by Theo. because, according to the old story, Hecuba decoyed Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other captive Trojan women were kept. Theo. supposed that the author of the play must have been indebted to the *Hecuba* of Euripides for the allusion; but, as Steevens suggests, he may have taken it from "the old story-book of the Trojan War or the old translation of Ovid (*Met.* xiii.)." He adds that the writer "may have been misled by the passage in Ovid, 'vadit ad artificem,' and therefore took it for granted that she found him in *his tent*."
141. *The bloody wrongs*. Rowe changes *the* to "her," and Capell conjectures "these." For *quit*=requite, see *Rich. II.* p. 208.
147. *Larums*. Commonly printed "'larums," but not in the early eds. here or elsewhere. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 173.
151. *Repose you here*. The early eds. add "in rest," which was probably an accidental insertion of the copyist or compositor. Pope was the first to strike it out.
154. *Grudges*. The folio reading. The 1st quarto has "drugges" (which may be right), and the 2d "grudgges."
164. *Fortunes*. The folios have "fortune."
165. *Reserv'd*. Changed by Hanmer to "preserv'd;" but *reserve* is sometimes =preserve. Cf. *Sonn.* p. 140.
168. *And fame's eternal date*. Warb. changed *And* to "In," in order to "make sense of this absurd wish." Johnson says: "To *outlive an eternal date* is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame."
170. *Triumph*. For the accent, cf. *T. of A.* p. 169.
177. *Solon's happiness*. Alluding, as Malone notes, to his saying that no man can be pronounced happy before his death. Cf. Ovid:
- "ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."
182. *Pulliam*. Robe (from Latin *pallium*); the only instance of the word in S. It may have been coined by the author, as Nares suggests.
185. *Candidatus*. An affected allusion to the origin of the word *candidate*.
189. *What*. Why; as often. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 160 (note on 53), or *Gr.* 253.
190. *Chosen*. The sensitive ear of Rowe could not tolerate this, so he changed it to "chose." The Coll. MS. has "acclamations" for *proclamations*, which is here metrically five syllables. This lengthening of a word is rare except at the end of a line. See *Gr.* 479, and cf. *M. for M.* p. 135 (note on 47).
192. *Abroad*. The 3d and 4th folios have "abroach."
201. *Obtain and ask*. A case of "hysteron-proteron," as it stands; but the extra foot in the line suggests possible corruption. The proposed emendations, however, are not worth noting.
214. *Friends*. The reading of 3d folio; "friend" in the earlier eds.

217. *People's tribunes.* The folios have "noble tribunes."
 219. *Friendly.* Often used adverbially. Cf. iv. 2. 40 below, and see A. Y. L. p. 183.
 221. *Gratulate.* Make glad. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 10: "To gratulate the gentle princes there," etc. Rowe gives the speech to *Marcus*.
 223. *Suit.* The quartos and 3d folio have "sute," the 1st and 2d folios "sure."
 226. *Titan's.* The sun's. Cf. ii. 4. 31 below, and see *R. and J.* p. 169.
 235. *Election.* A quadrisyllable. See on 190 above.
 237. *Gentleness.* Kindness.
 238. *For an onset.* For a beginning. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 94: "To give the onset to thy good advice."
 240. *Empress.* A trisyllable; as in 320, ii. 1. 20, ii. 3. 66, iv. 2. 143, etc. below, but not in the other plays. Cf. Gr. 477. See also on 348 below.
 242. *Pantheon.* The reading of 4th folio; the quartos and 1st folio have "Pathan," the 2d and 3d folios "Panthæon." In 333 below, all the early eds. except 4th folio have "Panthean."
 250. *Imperious.* The 2d quarto and folios have "imperiall." Cf. *Hann.* p. 264. See also iv. 4. 81 and v. 1. 6 below.
 252. *Thy feet.* The folios have "my feet."
 258. *Are you.* The 1st folio misprints "are your," and "make your" in 269 below.
 264. *Cheer.* Face. See *M. of V.* p. 152.
 269. *Can make, etc.* *Who can make, etc.* Gr. 244.
 271. *Sith.* Since. See *Cor.* p. 236 (note on *Sithence*), or Gr. 132. Cf. 323 below.
 Steevens remarks here: "It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose anew; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora [ii. 3. 66 fol.] is of so coarse a nature that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice."
 280. *Cuique.* The reading of 2d folio. The 1st quarto has "cuiquam," and the 2d quarto and 1st folio have "cuiquam."
Cuique is here a trisyllable. "*Cui* and *huic* were in the schools of Shakespeare's time pronounced as dissyllables, . . . and were supposed to be admissible in Latin verse composed after the Augustan models" (Walker).
 288. *Safe.* Pope reads "secure'"; but *door* may be a dissyllable, like *fire* in 127 above.
 291. Here the Camb. ed. has the following stage-direction: "*During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron go out, and re-enter above.*"
 301. *By leisure.* In no hurry. Elsewhere we have *at leisure* in this sense; as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 11 and *K. John*, v. 6. 27.
 304. *Make a stale.* Make a *stale*, or laughing-stock, of. Cf. 3 *Hen.*

VI. iii. 2. 260: "Had he none else to make a stale but me?" See also *C. of E.* p. 117. The quartos and 1st folio read "Was none in Rome to make a stale;" the later folios, "Was there none els in Rome to make a stale of." Walker conjectures "What, was there none in Rome to make a stale," etc.

309. *Piece*. Used in contempt; as (with a sort of quibble) in *T. and C.* iv. 1. 62. See our ed. p. 196. Steevens quotes Browne, *Brit. Pastorals*: "her husband, weaken'd piece," etc.

313. *Ruffle*. "To be noisy, disorderly, turbulent. A ruffler was a boisterous swaggerer" (Malone). Cf. *Mirroure for Magistrates*:

"To Britaine over seas from Rome went I,
To quaille the Picts, that ruffled in that ile."

See also *Lear*, p. 214.

316. *Phæbe*. The quartos and 1st folio have "Thebe." For *Phæbe* as applied to Diana, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 39 and *M. N. D.* i. 1. 209.

320. *Empress*. See on 240 above. Here the 2d quarto prints "Emperesse," and the 3d and 4th folios "Emperess."

325. *Stand*. Changed by Pope to "stands."

333. *Pantheon*. See on 242 above. Walker conjectures "the Pantheon," which would be in keeping with the pronunciation in 242.

338. *Bid*. "Invited" (Malone). Cf. v. 2. 193 below.

340. *Challenged*. Accused; as in *Macb.* iii. 4. 42:

"Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance."

348. *Brethren*. A trisyllable. Gr. 477. Cf. *children* in ii. 3. 115 below.

351. *Re-edified*. Restored or rebuilt. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 71:

"He d'id. my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified."

360. *Vouch it*. The first three folios have "vouch'd it," and Rowe reads "vouch't."

368. *He is not with himself*. "Much the same sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*" (Boswell). The folios omit *with*, and Hanmer reads "well himself."

372. *Speed*. Thrive. Delius conjectures "speak."

379. *Upon advice*. On reflection, or deliberation. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6:

"My lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring," etc.

See also *T. G. of V.* p. 139.

380. *Wise Laertes' son*. Ulysses. Theo. and Steevens see here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no English translation is known so early as the time of S. "In that piece, Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains." The folios omit *wise*.

381. *Funerals*. Cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 105: "His funerals shall not be in our camp;" and see our ed. p. 183.

391. *Dumps*. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 5. 129: "And doleful dumps the mind

oppress," etc. For *dump* as applied to mournful music, see *Much Ado*, p. 137.

396. *Beholding*. Beholden. See *M. of V.* p. 135.

398. *Yes*, etc. D., W., and H. give this line (which is not in the quartos) to *Marcus*. Malone was the first to suggest this change, which is plausible but not absolutely necessary. It is natural enough that Titus should answer his own question, which is merely a rhetorical interrogation.

399. *Play'd your prize*. "A technical term in the ancient fencing-school" (Steevens). In *M. of V.* iii. 2. 142 ("contending in a prize"), we find *prize*=contest, or competition.

416. *Opinion*. Public opinion, or reputation. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* p. 179.

420. *To be controll'd*. At being checked, or restrained. Cf. iii. 1. 260 below. Gr. 356.

430. *Indifferently*. Impartially. Cf. the adjective in *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 116 and *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 17.

433. *Put it up*. Put up with it. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 181; "nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered."

434. *Forfend*. Forbid. Cf. *Oth.* p. 206.

435. *Author to dishonour*. The cause of dishonouring. We find *author* applied even to things in this sense; as in *A. and C.* ii. 6. 138; "that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance," etc.

436. *Undertake*. Answer, vouch. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 163; "I will . . . undertake your ben venuto," etc.

440. *Suppose*. For the noun, cf. *T. of S.* v. 1. 120 and *T. and C.* i. 3. 11.

447. *You*. The 2d quarto and folios have "us."

449. *Entreats*. The noun occurs again in 483 below. It is not found elsewhere in *S.* except in the quarto of *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 225, where the folio has "entreaties."

453. *Sued*. A dissyllable.

462. *Incorporate*. For the form, cf. *V. and A.* 540, *J. C.* i. 3. 135, etc.

476. *Tendering*. Having regard to, or care for. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 32: "Tendering the precious safety of my prince;" and see our ed. p. 151.

485. *Stand up*. Pope (followed by D., W., and H.) omits these words, taking them to be a stage-direction, which is not improbable. In the early eds. they begin line 486. Capell was the first to make them a separate line.

488. *Part*. Depart. See *M. of V.* p. 145.

494. *Bonjour*. Good-morning (Fr.).

495. *Gramercy*. Great thanks (Fr. *grand merci*). Cf. iv. 2. 7 below. See also *M. of V.* ii. 2. 128, *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 108, etc.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—3. *Secure of*. Safe from. On *thunder's crack* cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 203: "the fire and cracks Of sulphurous roaring," etc.

4. *Above*. The 1st folio misprints "about."
7. *Glistering*. S. does not use *glitter*. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 145.
8. *Highest-peering*. Cf. *still-peering* in *A. W.* iii. 2. 113. The early eds. have "highest piercing" (or "piring").
10. *Wit*. The word is often used for "mental faculty, intellectual power of any kind" (Schmidt). Warb. (followed by Hammer and others) would change it here to "will;" but cf. 120 below. See also iv. 4. 35.
13. *Mount*. H. adopts Walker's conjecture of "soar."
14. *Pitch*. A technical term for the height to which a falcon soars. For the literal use, cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 11: "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch," etc.; and for the figurative, as here, *Rich. II.* i. 1. 109: "How high a pitch his resolution soars!" etc.
16. *Charming*. "He is adverting, not to the *beauty* of his eyes, but to the quality of *fascination* which the eye was once supposed to possess" (St.). Cf. *Cymb.* p. 169, note on *Two charming words*.
17. *Prometheus*. We have allusions to the story of Prometheus in *L. L.* iv. 3. 304, 351, and *Oth.* v. 2. 12. The Coll. MS. has "was" for *is*.
18. *Weeds*. Garments. Cf. i. 1. 70 above. For *servile* the 2d quarto and folios have "idle."
20. *Empress*. The quartos spell it "emperesse." See on i. 1. 240 and 320 above.
22. *Semiramis*. The Assyrian queen was proverbial for her voluptuousness as well as her cruelty. Cf. ii. 3. 118 below. See also *T. of S.* ind. 2. 41.
24. *Shipwrack*. The only spelling in the early eds. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 177, on *Wrack*.
26. *Want*. The reading of the 2d folio; "wants" in the earlier eds.
28. *Affected*. Loved. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 124.
29. *Thou dost overween*. Thou art arrogant or presumptuous; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 149: "Mowbray, you overween to take it so," etc. For the infinitive that follows, see on i. 1. 420 above.
30. *Braves*. Threats, bravado; as in *T. of S.* iii. 1. 15: "I will not bear these braves of thine," etc.
35. *Approve*. Prove; as often. Cf. *Mach.* p. 174.
37. *Clubs, clubs!* "The usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened" (Steevens). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 204.
38. *Unadvis'd*. Inconsiderate, rash. See *K. John*, p. 140. Cf. *well advised* in iv. 2. 10 below, and *advise thee* (=consider, bethink thyself) in iv. 2. 129.
39. *Dancing-rapier*. A sword worn only for ornament. See *A. W.* p. 146, note on 33. Steevens quotes Greene, *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*: "one of them carrying his cutting-sword of choller, the other his dancing-rapier of delight."
48. *Wot*. Know. Cf. iii. 1. 139 and v. 2. 87 below. The participle *wotting* occurs in *W. T.* iii. 2. 77.
49. *Million*. A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 190 and 235 above.
53. *Put up*. That is, "put up your swords" (*R. and J.* i. 1. 72, etc.).
Not I, etc. Warb. gave this speech to *Chiron* and the next to *Demetrius*, on the ground that it was the latter who had reproached the former.

55. *Those*. The 2d quarto and folios have "these."
62. *Brabble*. Brawl, quarrel. Cf. *T. N.* p. 162. For *petty*, the first three folios have "pretty."
64. *Jet upon*. To intrude upon, "treat with insolence" (Schmidt). The quartos have "iet," and the folios "set." Malone reads "jut." Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 205, note on *Jut*.
70. *This discord's ground*. There is a play upon the musical sense of *ground* (= "plain-song," or theme), for which see *Rich. III.* p. 218.
76. *Impatient*. A quadrisyllable. See on 49 above.
80. *Achieve*. Win. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 151, on *Achiev'd her mistress*. *Pro-pose* = look forward to, be ready to meet.
82. *She is a woman*, etc. Cf. *I Hen. VI.* v. 3. 77:
 "She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won:"
 and *Rich. III.* i. 2. 229:
 "Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
 Was ever woman in this humour won?"
85. *More water*, etc. There is a Scotch proverb, "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps;" and another, "It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf." *Shive* = slice. Steevens quotes Warner, *Albion's England*: "A sheeve of bread as brown as nut." Coll. notes that both proverbs are found in *The Cobbler of Canterbury*, 1590: "Thus the Prior and the Smithes wife contented and enjoying their harts desire, the poore Smith loved her not a whit the worse, neither did he suspect anything, for the blind eates many a flie, and much water runnes by the mill that the miller wots not on. . . . By this the Prior perceived, that the scull had cut a shive on his loafe."
89. *Have worn*. The later folios read "have yet worn." "Vulcanus" (adopted by H.) and "old Vulcan's" have also been proposed to eke out the measure. Malone made *worn* a dissyllable (cf. Gr. 485). *Vulcan's badge* is of course the "horns" of the cuckold.
97. *Would you had hit it too!* For the play upon *hit*, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 120, 123-126, *T. and C.* i. 2. 293, and *R. and J.* ii. 1. 33.
100. *Square*. Quarrel; as in 124 below. See *M. N. D.* p. 138.
101. *That both should speed*. Omitted in the folios.
103. *For that you jar*. For that which you are jarring about. Gr. 394.
105. *Affect*. Desire, aspire to.
110. *Than*. The early eds. have "this;" corrected by Rowe.
112. *Solemn*. Formal, arranged for the court. Cf. *A. W.* p. 169.
114. *Spacious*. A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 190 above.
116. *By kind*. "By nature" (Johnson). See *A. W.* p. 141, or *A. Y. L.* p. 190.
120. *Sacred*. It seems to us more in keeping with Aaron's character to consider this ironical than to explain it as a Latinism (=accursed), as Malone, H., and some others do.
121. *Consecrate*. Cf. i. 1. 14 above.
123. *File our engines*, etc. "That is, remove all impediments from our

designs by advice" (Steevens). The allusion is to the use of the file for smoothing the working parts of machinery.

127. *And ears.* The 2d quarto and folios have "of ears."

128. *Dreadful.* The Coll. MS. has "dreadless."

133. *Sit fas aut nefas.* Be it right or wrong; a common Latin phrase. The folios have "sy" or "si" for *sit*.

134. *These.* The 2d quarto and folios have "their."

135. *Per Styga,* etc. I am borne through the Styx, through the regions of the dead. H. says that "these scraps of Latin are taken, with slight changes, from some of Seneca's tragedies;" apparently following Steevens, who says he "believes" so. No one, so far as we are aware, has been able to trace this bit to its source, though it appears to be a quotation.

SCENE II.—I. *Grey.* Some critics (as Delius, Dyce, and H.) will have it that *grey* here, and in sundry other passages, means "blue;" but see *R. and J.* p. 169, note on *Grey-eyed*. Hanmer has "gay." Warb. explains *bright and grey* as "bright, and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *grey*, which foretold fair weather;" and Boswell adds the proverbial saying:

"An evening red and a morning grey
Are the signs of a fair coming day."

2. *Green.* The Coll. MS. has "wide," apparently to make a quatrain. It has also "round" and "sound" for *peal* and *noise*; and "and so will I" for *as it is ours*.

3. *Uncouple.* Set loose the hounds. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 112 and *V. and A.* 674. *Bay* is here =barking; the only instance of the *noun* in this sense in *S.*

9. *I have been troubled,* etc. This is like Shakespeare's fondness for presentiments; and the passage is probably his.

17. *Broad.* Omitted in the folios.

18. *Horse.* The contracted plural; as in 23 below. See Gr. 471, and cf. *Macb.* p. 204 (note on *Horses*).

24. *Run.* The quartos and 1st folio have "runnes."

SCENE III.—3. *Inherit.* Possess. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 146.

13. *Rolled.* The Coll. MS. has "coiled," which is of course the meaning. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 228: "Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank." See also *unroll* in 35 below.

15. *Chequer'd.* Steevens quotes Milton, *L'All.* 96: "Dancing in the chequer'd shade."

20. *Yelping.* The quartos have "yellowing," and Pope reads "yelling."

22. *The wandering prince.* That is, Æneas. See Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 165 fol.

23. *Happy.* Lucky, opportune. Cf. iv. 2. 32 below. See also *R. and J.* v. 3. 168: "O happy dagger!" etc.

31. *Dominator.* Ruler; an astrological word, like *predominant* (see *W. T.* p. 157), and *predominance* (see *Macb.* p. 203). Armado uses it affectedly in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 222. On *Saturn*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 286: "Sat-

urn and Venus this year in conjunction!" See also *Cymb.* ii. 5. 12. Collins quotes Greene, *Planetomachia*, 1585: "The star of Saturn is especially cooling," etc.

32. *Deadly-standing*. With deadly stare. The hyphen was inserted by Theo. Cf. *deadly-handed* in 2 *Hen.* VI. v. 2. 9.

36. *Execution*. Metrically six syllables. See on i. 1. 190 above. Cf. 50 below.

37. *Veneréal*. The only instance of the word in S.

39. *Hammering*. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 18: "Whereon this month I have been hammering," etc.

43. *Philomel*. Philomela, the daughter of Pandion, ravished by Tereus, who afterwards cut out her tongue that she might not expose him. See the allusions to the story in ii. 4. 43, iv. 1. 47 fol., and v. 2. 195 below. Cf. also *Cymb.* ii. 2. 46 and *R. of L.* 1128 fol.

47. *Fatal-plotted*. First hyphenated by Theo.

49. *Parcel*. Part; as in *Cor.* iv. 5. 231: "a parcel of their feast," etc. The word is sometimes = party (of persons). See *L. L. L.* p. 159.

50. *Dreads*. Pope reads "dread."

55. *Who*. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 30: "For who love I so much?" See Gr. 274.

56. *Her*. The 2d quarto and folios have "our."

62. *Presently*. Instantly. Cf. iv. 2. 166, iv. 4. 45, v. 1. 146, and v. 3. 59 below.

63. *Actæon's*. For other allusions to the Theban prince transformed to a stag by Diana, see *M. W.* ii. 1. 122 and iii. 2. 44. Capell changes *was* to "were."

64. *Drive upon*. Attack, or "rush pell-mell upon" (St.). Coll. (from his MS.) and H. read "dine upon," which W. well characterizes as "specious literalism." The 2d quarto and the folios have "his" for *thy*.

66. *Empress*. See on i. 1. 240 above.

68. *And to be doubted*. And it is to be suspected. Cf. *Ham.* pp. 187, 202.

72. *Swarth*. The folio reading; the quartos have "swartie" and "swarty." Capell reads "swart."

Cimmerian ("Cymerion" in the quartos and 1st folio) is not found elsewhere in S.

75. *Sequester'd*. Accented on the first syllable, like the noun *sequester* in *Oth.* iii. 4. 40. The verb in the only other instances in S. (*A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 33 and *T. and C.* iii. 3. 8) has the modern accent.

77. *Obscure*. Accented on the first syllable, because followed by an accented syllable. See *M. of V.* p. 144.

78. *Accompanied but with*. S. always has *with*, not *by*, with the passive of *accompany*. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 6, 2 *Hen.* IV. iv. 4. 52, *Rich.* III. iii. 5. 59, etc.

80. *Intercepted*. Rowe has "interrupted."

83. *Joy*. Enjoy; but not a contraction of that word. Cf. *Rich.* II. pp. 184, 221.

85. *Note*. The early eds. have "notice;" corrected by Pope.

86. *Noted long*. "He had yet been married but one night" (Johnson).

87. *Abus'd*. Deceived. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100: "the prince and Claudio mightily abused," etc.

88. *Have I*. The reading of 2d folio; "I have" in the earlier eds.

92. *Tic'd*. Enticed. It is commonly printed "'tic'd;" but see Wb.

93. *Barren detested*. Rowe reads "barren and detested," and Capell (followed by H.) "bare, detested."

101. *Urchins*. Hedgehogs. Cf. *Temp.* p. 119.

103. *As*. That. See Gr. 109. For *body*, the Coll. MS. has "barely."

104. *Should straight fall mad*, etc. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 3. 45 fol.

115. *Be ye not*. Capell omits *ye*, and Pope has "be ye not from henceforth." *Children* is a trisyllable; as in *C. of E.* v. 1. 360. Cf. *brethren* in i. 1. 347 above.

118. *Semiramis*. See on ii. 1. 22 above.

124. *Stood upon*. "Plumed herself, or presumed upon; as in Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608: 'This jest made them laugh more, and the rayther that shee stood upon her marriage, and disdained all the gallants there,' etc." (St.).

126. *And with that painted hope*, etc. The reading of the quartos and 1st folio, and probably corrupt ("obelized" in the Globe ed.). The 2d folio inserts "she" before *braves*. Warb. and Theo. change *hope* to "cope." Capell reads "And with that paint now braves," and Steevens conjectures "And with that painted, braves." The Coll. MS. has "And with that painted shape she braves your might." W. conjectures "faint" for *painted*. Johnson explains *painted hope* as "specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid." This is perhaps the best that can be done for the old text, and is at least as satisfactory as any of the proposed emendations.

131. *Ye desire*. The quartos and 1st folio have "we desire."

132. *Outlive ye, both*. The early eds. have "outlive us both," which Theo. (followed by most of the eds.) retains, with a comma after *outlive*; but that pointing makes an awkward break in the verse. The text is the reading of D. (not noted in the Camb. ed.), and is adopted by H.

133. *You*. Omitted by Pope.

136. *Woman's*. The quartos have "womans," the 1st folio "woman."

143. *Learn*. Changed by Pope to "teach;" but *learn* was often used in that sense. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 365: "For learning me your language." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 141.

144. *Suck'dst*. The early eds. have "suckst" or "suck'st." Cf. Gr. 340.

145. *Thy teat*. The Coll. MS. has "her teat."

148. *A bastard*. "Lavinia says nothing about Chiron's father; but his reply would justify the belief that Tamora had played false with a true Milesian. How was he to prove himself a *bastard* by being unlike *his mother*?" (W.)

152. *Paws*. The Coll. MS. has "claws," which H. adopts.

160. *Obdurate*. Accented on the second syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 145.

162. *Even*. A dissyllable. The 2d folio reads "am I now pitiless;" but that throws the emphatic *his* into an unaccented place in the measure.

166. *With her.* Omitted by Hanmer.
172. *Fond.* Foolish; the most common meaning in S. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 146.
173. *Present.* Instant. Cf. *presently* in 62 above.
191. *Spleenful.* "Hot, eager" (Schmidt); as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 128: "Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny," etc. Cf. *spleen* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 68, 448, *Rich. III.* v. 3. 50, etc. For *trull* (=drab, harlot), cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 28, *Cymb.* v. 5. 177, etc.
199. *Rude-growing.* Hyphenated by Pope.
207. *Give.* The early eds. read "have;" corrected by Steevens.
211. *Uncouth.* Strange, perplexing. The word is accented on the first syllable here, as in *R. of L.* 1598 and *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 6, the only other instances of it in S. See on 77 above.
212. *Chilling.* Rowe reads "killing."
214. *True-divining.* The hyphen was inserted by Theo.
222. *Embrewed.* Imbrued, soaked in blood.
223. *On a heap.* In a heap. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 101: "When I have laid proud Athens on a heap;" and see our ed. p. 159.
227. *A precious ring,* etc. "There is supposed to be a gem called a *carbuncle*, which emits not reflected but native light" (Johnson). Steevens quotes the *Gesta Romanorum*: "He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle in the hall that lighted all the house;" and Drayton, *Muses' Elysium*:
- "that admired, mighty stone,
The carbuncle that 's named,
Which from it such a flaming light
And radiancy ejecteth,
That in the very darkest night
The eye to it directeth."
- The *carbuncle* is mentioned in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 138, *Cor.* i. 4. 55, *Ham.* ii. 2. 485, and *Cymb.* v. 5. 189.
229. *Earthy.* The 2d quarto and the folios have "earthly."
231. *Pyramus.* The lover of Thisbe. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 12, 24, etc.
236. *Cocytus.* The only mention of the infernal river in S. The quartos and 1st folio have "Ocitus," and the 2d and 3d folios "Cocitus."
242. *Nor I.* Pope reads "And I." For the double negative, see Gr. 406.
243. *Loose.* Loose my hold. Rowe reads "lose," and Capell conjectures "loose 't."
255. *Chase.* Hunting-ground; the only instance of this meaning in S.
256. *Hour.* A dissyllable. See on i. 1. 127 and 288 above. For *him* the 1st quarto has "them," as both quartos do in the next line.
258. *Out, alas!* Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 37: "Out, alas! here comes my master;" *Oth.* v. 2. 119: "Out and alas!" etc.
260. *Griev'd.* Walker conjectures "gnaw'd."
265. *The complot.* The plot. Cf. v. 1. 65 and v. 2. 147 below. S. accents the word on either syllable, as suits the measure.
For *timeless* = untimely, see *R. and J.* p. 217.
274. *Decreed.* Resolved, determined. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 35: "I have decreed not to sing in my cage," etc.

279. *Should have murther'd.* Was to murder. Gr. 324. The early eds. all have "murthered," as also in 300 below.

285. *Torturing.* Spelled "tortering" in the quartos and earlier folios, as it was doubtless pronounced.

291. *Fault.* The early eds. have "faultes" or "faults;" corrected by Theo.

298. *Their.* The Coll. MS. (followed by Coll. and H.) has "this;" and in 301 "their" for *the*.

305. *Fear not.* Fear not for. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 122: "do not fear our person," etc. Gr. 200.

SCENE IV.—2. *Who't was that cut.* The Coll. MS. has "Who't was cut out." H. adopts Lettson's conjecture, "Who't was that cut it out," etc.

3. *Bewray.* Reveal, show; as in v. 1. 29 below. See *Lear*, p. 199.

5. *Scrowl.* The quartos have "scrowle," and the folios "scowle" or "scowl." *Scrowl* is regarded by Schmidt as "an unintelligible reading;" but it may possibly be equivalent to *scroll*, as some editors make it. Delius reads "scrawl."

6. *Sweet water.* Perfumed water. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 214.

9. *Case.* The early eds. have "cause;" corrected by Pope.

12. *Cousin.* Here =niece. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 143: "Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!" See *Ham.* p. 179. Hanmer and H. read "husband? Say." Keightley has "a word with you."

13. *If I do dream,* etc. "If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking" (Johnson).

14. *Some planet strike,* etc. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 162: "then no planets strike;" and see our ed. p. 177.

17. *Have lopp'd.* The early eds. all have "Hath" for *Have*, and that reading might perhaps stand. See *R. and J.* p. 140, note on *Doth*. Cf. Gr. 334. Capell changes *hands* to "hand."

21. *Have.* The early eds. have "halfe" or "half;" corrected by Theo.

24. *Rosed.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 323: "a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty."

27. *Detect him.* Expose him. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 143: "To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart," etc. For *him* the early eds. have "them;" corrected by Rowe.

30. *Three.* The early eds. have "theyr" or "their;" corrected by Hanmer.

31. *Titan's face.* See on i. 1. 226 above.

34. *Heart.* The reading of 3d folio; "hart" in the earlier eds. Walker conjectures "hurt." *Heart* may be = what is in the *heart*, or mind. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 33: "Tongue far from heart;" *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 14: "what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks," etc.

38. *Philomela, she.* See on ii. 3. 43 above. The 1st quarto has "Philomela, why she;" and the Camb. ed. reads "Philomel, why she."

40. *Mean.* Often = means. See *R. and J.* p. 189.

41. *Cousin, hast thou met.* The 2d quarto omits *cousin*; and the folio, to fill out the measure, reads "met withall." Such little points as this

show that the folio text was printed from the 2d quarto. Cf. p. 10 above.

49. *Which that sweet tongue hath made.* Hanmer (followed by H.) "pads out" the line thus: "Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made;" and the Coll. MS. reads "made in minstrelsy."

50. *Fell.* For the participle, cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 265 and *Lear*, iv. 6. 54. Hanmer "corrects" it to "fall'n."

51. *Cerberus.* The triple-headed dog of the infernal regions, alluded to also in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 593, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 182, and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 37. The reference here is to his being lulled to sleep by the music of Orpheus, *the Thracian poet.* Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 80, *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 3, etc.

54. *Hour's.* A dissyllable. Cf. ii. 3. 256 above.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—9. *Are not.* The quartos and 1st folio have "is not;" corrected in 2d folio.

10. *Two and twenty.* Lettsom figures out that this should be "one and twenty," which H. accordingly puts in the text.

12. *For these, these, tribunes.* The quartos and 1st folio omit the second *these*, which the 2d folio supplied. Malone reads "For these, good tribunes," and Coll. conjectures "O tribunes."

13. *Languor and.* The Coll. MS. has "anguish in." *Languor* is not found elsewhere in S. H. reads "cares" for *tears*.

17. *Urus.* The early eds. have "ruines" or "ruins;" corrected by Hanmer.

18. *His.* Rowe has "her."

23. *O gentle.* Rowe omits *O*. The Var. of 1821 has "gentle-aged-men," and some one has suggested "aged gentlemen."

36. *And bootless unto them.* The reading of the 1st quarto. The 2d quarto changes *And* to "All." The 1st folio (followed by the others) gives the passage thus:

"*Ti.* Why 't is no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pittie me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones."

Capell reads: "All bootless unto them, they would not pity me." D. conjectures "And bootless unto them since I complain." The Camb. ed. prints "And bootless unto them . . .," and the Globe "obelizes" the line as hopelessly corrupt.

40. *For that.* Because that. Cf. *for* in v. 1. 74 below; and see *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *For he is a Christian.*

43. *Weeds.* Garments. Cf. i. 1. 70 and ii. 1. 18 above.

45. *Soft as wax.* The folios have "as soft wax."

50. *Pronounc'd.* The quartos have "pronounst," the 1st and 2d folios "pronounc'st."

59. *Aged.* The 2d quarto and folios have "noble."

64. *Ay me*. H. and some others print "Ah me," which is found in the early eds. only in *R.* and *Œ.* v. 1. 10 (in *Id.* i. 1. 167, ii. 1. 10, ii. 2. 25, and iii. 2. 36, we find *Ay me*). Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 128.

66. *Speak, my Lavinia*. The reading of 2d folio; the earlier eds. omit *my*.

67. *Sight*. Theo. reads "spight" (= *spite*).

71. *Nilus*. The form is often used in *A.* and *C.*; as in i. 2. 49, i. 3. 69, ii. 7. 23, etc.

72. *I'll chop*. Steevens conjectured "or chop," because Titus, after chopping off one hand, would not be able to chop off the other! Cf. 77, 78 just below.

75. *Prayer*. A dissyllable, like *hour* in ii. 4. 54 above. Gr. 480.

80. *Is*. Changed by Rowe and H. to "are."

82. *Engine*. Instrument; as often. Cf. *V.* and *A.* 367: "Once more the engine of her thoughts began;" and see also *T. G. of V.* p. 140.

86. *Sweet varied*. Walker would read "sweet-varied."

90. *Unrecuring*. Incurable. Cf. *unrecalling* in *R.* of *L.* 993; and see Gr. 372. For *recure* = cure, see *Rich.* III. p. 220.

91. *Deer*. For the play on *dear*, cf. *V.* and *A.* 231, *M. W.* v. 5. 18, 123, *T.* of *S.* v. 2. 56, 1 *Hen.* IV. v. 4. 107, *Macb.* iv. 3. 206, etc.

92. *Kill'd me dead*. Cf. *Ham.* p. 226.

97. *His*. Its. Gr. 228.

101. *Spurn*. Thrust, hurt.

105. *Lively*. Living; as in *Sonn.* 67. 10, etc. Here *lively body* is opposed to the lifeless *picture*. St. quotes Massinger, *Fatal Dowry*, ii. 1:

"That his dear father might interment have,
See, the young son enter'd a lively grave!"

112. *Honey-dew*. The hyphen is not in the early eds. Cf. *Œ. C.* p. 148, note on *The honey-heavy dew of slumber*.

115. *Knows them*. The 2d quarto and folios have "knows him."

121. *Sign*. The folios have "signes" or "signs."

125. *As*. The early eds. all have "in;" corrected by Coll. from his MS. Rowe reads "like."

134. *Misery*. The folios have "miseries."

139. *Wol*. See on ii. 1. 86 above.

140. *Napkin*. Handkerchief; the only meaning in *S.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 190.

146. *With his*. The reading of the 4th folio; "with her" in the earlier eds.

149. *Limbo*. "The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools" (Reed). See *P. L.* iii. 495. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 261: "and talked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what;" *Hen.* VIII. v. 4. 67: "I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum;" and *C. of E.* iv. 2. 32: "No, he 's in Tartar Limbo, worse than hell." The word is still used as a cant term for prison.

160. *I'll send*, etc. Capell reads "I'll send the king my hand;" and the Coll. MS. "I'll send my hand to him."

170. *Castle*. Theo. reads "casque" and H. "casques" (the conjecture of Lettson). Walker suggests "crests." Schmidt explains thus: "Each hand of yours has been employed in defending Rome and in assailing and destroying the strongholds of enemies." The term *castle* appears to have been sometimes applied to a kind of close helmet, and some see that sense here as well as in *T. and C.* v. 2. 187 (cf. our ed. p. 209). Nares cites Holinshed: "Then suddenlie with a great noise of trumpets entered Sir Thomas Knevet in a castell of cole blacke."

186. *Use the axe*. Capell conjectures "use it."

192. *Hour*. A dissyllable, as in ii. 3. 256 and ii. 4. 54 above. Cf. *power* in 209 below.

210. *Wilt*. The quartos have "would." Capell conjectures "won't."

217. *Is not my sorrow*, etc. Walker conjectures "Are not my sorrows," etc.

225. *Coil*. Ado. See *M. N. D.* p. 168.

226. *Blow*. The reading of 2d folio; "flow" in earlier eds.

231. *For why*, etc. We follow the pointing of the early eds. See *T. G. of V.* p. 139. Capell has "For why?"

240. *That woe*, etc. *So that woe*, etc. Gr. 283.

245. *Some deal*. Somewhat; formerly printed as one word. Cf. Phaer, *Virgil*, 1600: "But for Æneas love with me somedeale I like she burne;" Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Dec.: "Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth," etc.

250. *Breathe*. The reading of 4th folio; the earlier eds. have "breath."

252. *Starved*. Benumbed with cold; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. i. 343: "I fear me you but warm the starved snake." Cf. *M. of V.* p. 158.

257. *Dear*. Hanmer reads "dire."

260. *Thy griefs*. The early eds. have "my griefs;" corrected by Theo. *Control* = restrain; as in v. i. 26 below.

261. *Rent*. The reading of all the early eds., generally changed to "rend," of which it is an old form. See *M. N. D.* p. 166.

262. *Gnawing*. Capell has "Gnaw."

282. *Employ'd in these things*. The folio reading; the quartos have "in these Armes." The Camb. editors say: "Perhaps the original MS. had as follows:

'And thou, Lavinia, shalt be imployd,
Bear thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth.'

The author or some other corrector, to soften what must have been ludicrous in representation, wrote 'Armes' above 'teeth' as a substitute for the latter. The printer of the 1st quarto took 'Armes' to belong to the first line, and conjecturally filled up the lacuna with 'in these,' making also an accidental alteration in the position of 'thou.' Then a corrector of the 2d quarto, from which the 1st folio was printed, made sense of the passage by substituting 'things' for 'Armes.'" Lettson conjectures that the original reading was "Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in this," and that "arms and things" were sophistications to produce something like sense." Even if the first line was originally as he suggests,

the "arms" may have got into it by being written above *teeth* as an emendation. The carrying of the hand by the *teeth* could hardly have survived a representation of the play on the stage. It was not only ludicrous, but unnecessary, for Lavinia could easily have carried the hand between her arms. A good conjectural reading would therefore be:

"Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in this;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy arms."

Capell changes *teeth* to "arms." W. adopts Dyce's conjecture, "employ'd in these aims."

287. *You do.* The Coll. MS. has "'t is true."
 292. *Leaves.* The early eds. have "loves;" corrected by Rowe.
 294. *Tofore.* Before; used by Armado in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 83.
 300. *Power.* Force, army; as very often, both in the singular and in the plural. Cf. iv. 4. 63 below; and see *J. C.* p. 168, note on *Are levying powers.*

SCENE II.—The whole of this scene is omitted in the quartos. Cf. p. 10 above.

4. *That sorrow-wreathen knot.* Illustrated and explained by *Temp.* i. 2. 224: "His arms in this sad knot."
 6. *Passionate.* Express *passionately*, or feelingly. Cf. *passion* in i. 1. 106 above. Spenser uses the verb in *F. Q.* i. 12. 16:

"Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate."

9. *Who, when my heart,* etc. For this "relative with a supplementary pronoun," which is common enough in Elizabethan writers, see Gr. 248, 249. Rowe (followed by H.) "corrects" it here by reading "And, when," etc.

12. *Map of woe.* Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 12: "Thou map of honour," etc.
 27. *Bid Æneas,* etc. Cf. v. 3. 80 fol. below.
 29. *O handle not,* etc. For the quibble, cf. *T. and C.* i. 1. 55: "Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand." Rowe reads "no talk of hands."

31. *Square.* Shape; as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 153: "As 't is with us that square our guess by shows," etc.

37. *No other drink but tears.* Malone quotes 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 75: "Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes;" and *V. and A.* 949: "Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?"

38. *Mash'd.* Equivalent to "mash'd" (the brewer's term), which some editors substitute. Cf. Wb.

44. *Of these.* From these. Gr. 166.
 45. *Still practice.* "Constant or continual practice" (Johnson). Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 229: "still use of grief makes wild grief tame."

48. *Passion.* See on i. 1. 106 above.
 54. *Kill'st my heart.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 92: "The king has killed his heart." See also *Rich. II.* v. 1. 100, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 149, etc.
 60. *But how,* etc. The folio prints "But?" and the Camb. ed. has "But!" as if repeating the *but* of the preceding line. For *father and*

mother? Capell reads "father, sir?" and Ritson conjectures "father, brother?" Some such change is suggested by the following *he* and *his*, but, as D. remarks, "there is little *sense* throughout this scene."

62. *Lamenting doings.* That is, lamentations. Hamner reads "laments and doings," and Theo. "lamenting dolings." "Dronings" has also been suggested for *doings*.

71. *Insult on.* Exult or triumph over. Elsewhere we have *insult over*; as in *Sonn.* 107. 12, *A. Y. L.* lii. 5. 36, etc.

76. *Yet, I think, we are not brought so low.* That is, we are not yet brought so low. Gr. 76. Pope reads "Yet still I think;" Capell, "Why, yet, I think;" and Steevens, "Yet I do think." W. conjectures "But yet I think," or "Yet do I think."

81. *Come, take away.* The 1st folio has "*An.* Come, take away;" the 2d, "And: Come take away;" and the 3d and 4th, "And, Come take away," thus continuing the speech to Marcus. Rowe omitted "And." Capell was the first to restore the true reading (Camb. ed.).

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—9. *Fear her not.* The folios have "Feare not," and Rowe "Fear thou not."

10. *See, Lucius,* etc. The early eds. add this speech to the preceding one. The correction was suggested by Walker. Capell (followed by many editors) gives only line 15 to Marcus.

11. *Somewhither.* Found nowhere else in S. The quartos and 1st folio have "Some whether;" the 2d folio "Some whither."

12. *Cornelia.* The mother of the Gracchi.

14. *Tully's Orator.* Cicero's *De Oratore*. Rowe has "Oratory," and Pope "oratory."

19. *Griefs.* The 1st quarto has "greeves;" and Rowe reads "grief."

20. *Hecuba.* She has been referred to, though not mentioned by name, in i. 1. 136 above.

21. *For sorrow.* The 2d quarto and the folios have "through sorrow."

36. *Reveal,* etc. After this line the folios insert "What booke?" as a separate line. W. retains this, with the remark that "Lavinia is searching among the books; and perhaps the line is mutilated."

37. *In sequence.* One after the other, alternately.

39. *Fact.* Deed; or crime, as some make it. See *Macb.* p. 225.

45. *Soft! see how busily,* etc. The early eds. have "Soft, so busily;" corrected by Rowe. Capell reads "Soft, soft! how busily," etc.

46. *What would she find?* The early eds. have "Helpe her, what would she finde?" but D. is probably right in taking "Helpe her" to be a stage-direction that accidentally got into the text. Capell prints it as a separate line.

47. *Philomel.* See on ii. 3. 43 above.

49. *Annoy.* For the noun, cf. *V. and A.* 497, 599, *R. of L.* 1109, 1370, *Sonn.* 8. 4, etc.

50. *Quotes.* Observes. See *Ham.* p. 201.
53. *Vast.* Sometimes used "of darkness and dark places not to be taken in at one view" (Schmidt). Cf. v. 2. 36 below. See also *R. of L.* 767, *Oth.* i. 3. 140, etc.
70. *When.* Omitted in the quartos and 1st folio. The Coll. MS. has "where."
78. *Stuprum.* Rape (Latin).
81. *Magne dominator poli,* etc. Great ruler of the skies, dost thou so tardily hear and see crimes committed? From Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 671; the correct reading being "Magne regnator deum," etc. The early eds. have "Magni;" corrected by Theo.
86. *Exclaims.* For the noun, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 2: "your exclaims;" and see our ed. p. 157.
89. *Fere.* Mate, husband. See *Per.* p. 129. The 4th folio has "peer."
91. *Junius Brutus.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1807 fol.
92. *By good advice.* By well-considered means. Coll. conjectures "device."
94. *Or die.* Theo. has "ere die."
95. *Knew how.* The Coll. MS. adds "to do it."
96. *Hunt.* Rowe reads "hurt."
97. *Wind.* Get wind of, scent. Cf. the noun in iv. 2. 133 below. See also *A. W.* iii. 6. 122: "this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind," etc. St. reads: "The dam will wake, an if she," etc.
101. *Let it alone.* The first quarto has "let alone."
103. *Gad.* Point. The only other instance of the word in S. is in *Lear*, i. 2. 26: "Upon the gad" (=suddenly).
105. *Sibyl's leaves.* Steevens quotes Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 75:
 "Foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
 Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis."
- A better reference would have been to *Æn.* iii. 444 fol.
124. *Compassion.* Pity; the only instance of the verb in S.
125. *Ecstasy.* Excitement. Cf. iv. 4. 21 below, where it is =madness. See also *Macb.* p. 211.
129. *Revenge, ye heavens.* The early eds. have "Revenge the heavens." Hamner reads "Revenge, O heavens," and Capell "Revenge thee, heaven." The text is the conjecture of Johnson.

SCENE II.—7. *Gramercy.* See on i. 1. 495 above.

8. *Decipher'd.* Detected; as in I *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 184:

"I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
 More rancorous spite," etc.

The line is omitted in the folios.

10. *Well advis'd.* In his right mind; as opposed to *mad.* Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 215: "Sleeping or waking? mad or well advis'd?" See also *Rich. III.* i. 3. 318, iv. 4. 518, etc.

16. *Appointed.* Equipped. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 190: "With well-appointed powers," etc.

20. *Integer vitæ,* etc. He who is pure in life and free from guilt needs not the javelins of the Moor nor the bow (Horace, *Carm.* i. 22).

24. *Just.* Just so; as in *M. for M.* iii. i. 68, *Much Ado*, ii. i. 29, etc. K. and V. point "Ay, just a verse in Horace;" that is, merely a verse, etc.

26. *Here's no sound jest!* If the text be right, this must be taken ironically, as Malone and St. explain it. Theo. changes *sound* to "fond" (=foolish), which is very plausible.

27. *Sends them.* The 2d quarto and folios have "sends the."

42. *At such a bay.* Thus in my power; a figure taken from the chase. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 128: "To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay;" and see our ed. p. 186.

43. *A charitable wish,* etc. Walker conjectures that this line belongs to Aaron, with the next.

44. *For to say.* See Gr. 152.

50. *Belike.* It is likely. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. i. 130, *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 55, etc. It is followed by *that* in *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 90.

65. *The devil's dam.* Cf. *K. John*, ii. i. 128, *Oth.* iv. i. 153, etc.

68. *Breeders.* The Coll. MS. has "burdens."

71. *Zounds.* The reading of all the quartos, for which the folios substitute "Out." Cf. *Oth.* p. 11, foot-note. Theo. reads "Out, out, you," and Capell "Out on you," etc.

72. *Blowse.* "A ruddy, fat-faced wench" (Schmidt). Cf. Wb. The word is found nowhere else in S. As generally defined it does not seem appropriate to a black baby, and W. suggests that it may have become "a familiar term of jocose endearment for a child."

85. *Brouch.* Spit. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. chor. 32: "Bringing rebellion broached on his sword."

93. *Enceladus.* One of the Giants of ancient fable. For *Typhon* (or Typhoeus), another of them, see *T. and C.* p. 172.

95. *Alcides.* Hercules. See *M. of V.* p. 138.

97. *Ye sanguine.* Hanmer reads "y' unsanguine."

98. *White-lim'd.* Whitewashed. The quartos have "white-limbde," and the folios "white-limb'd;" corrected by Pope and Theo.

101. *Ocean.* A trisyllable; as in iv. 3. 7 below. Cf. also *M. of V.* i. i. 8 and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. i. 50. Gr. 479.

104. *Empress.* A trisyllable; as in 143 below. See on i. i. 240 above. For *of age* the Coll. MS. has "a man."

110. *Maugre.* In spite of; found also in *T. N.* iii. i. 163 and *Lear*, v. 3. 131.

113. *Escape.* Sally, loose freak (Fr. *escapade*). See *Oth.* p. 165; and cf. *scape* in *W. T.* iii. 3. 73: "Sure, some scape; though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape." Wb. recognizes this sense under *scape*, but not under *escape*.

115. *Ignomy.* The quartos have "ignomie," the folios "ignominie" or "ignominy." For *ignomy*, which was a contracted form of *ignominy*, see I *Hen. IV.* p. 202.

118. *Enacts.* Actions; the only instance of the noun in S. For *close* =secret, cf. *Mach.* p. 223.

119. *Leer.* "Complexion" (Steevens). Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. i. 67: "a Rosalind of a better leer than you." Steevens quotes the old metrical romance

of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, MS.: "When he saugh the ladies so whyte of lere."

122. *Sensibly*. "As a sensible creature, endowed with the same feeling as you" (Schmidt).

123. *That self blood*. That same blood. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 33: "That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee," etc. Gr. 20.

129. *Advise thee*. Consider. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 102: "Advise you what you say," etc.

136. *When we join*, etc. The 2d folio has "when we all join." Abbott (Gr. 485) makes *lords* a dissyllable.

138. *The chafed boar*. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 203: "Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat;" and see our ed. p. 140, or *J. C.* p. 131.

139. *As Aaron*. The 1st and 2d folios misprint "at Aaron."

143. *Empress*. Cf. 104 above.

144. *Two may keep counsel*, etc. A proverb, quoted also in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 209: "Two may keep counsel, putting one away."

152. *Not far one Muli lives*, etc. The early eds. have "Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman." Rowe inserted "lives" after "Muliteus;" but Stevens was probably right in his conjecture that the proper name and the verb are blended in the un-Moorish "Muliteus." The Coll. MS. has "Not far hence, Muli lives."

155. *Pack*. Plot, conspire in a fraud. Cf. *T. of S.* v. i. 121: "Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all." See also *Much Ado*, p. 167.

162. *Hark ye, lords*. Theo. reads "my lords," and Capell "But hark ye, lords."

163. *Bestow her funeral*. Give her burial.

165. *No longer days*. No more time. The Coll. MS. has "make no long delays."

171. *Exeunt Demetrius*, etc. This is one of the many instances in which the actors had to attend to the removal of a body from the stage. See *Ham.* p. 242, note on 210.

173. *Dispose*. Dispose of; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 225: "The mariners say how thou hast dispos'd;" *C. of E.* i. 2. 73: "And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge," etc.

176. *Puts*. Theo. reads "put."

177. *Feed*. The Coll. MS. has "thrive;" and in the next line the early eds. have "feed" for *feast*, which is due to Hanmer. The Globe ed. "obelizes" the second *feed*.

SCENE III.—2. *Now let*. The quartos and 1st folio omit *now*, which the 2d folio supplied.

4. *Terras Astræa reliquit*. Astræa (the goddess of justice) left the earth (Ovid, *Met.* i. 150).

5. *Be you remember'd*. Cf. *R. of L.* 607:

"O be remember'd. no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away."

Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 184, note on *I am remember'd*.

7. *Ocean*. See on iv. 2. 101 above. Cf. *region* in 13 below.

8. For *catch* the 2d quarto and the folios have "finde" or "find."

- Happily*. "Haply" (the folio reading). See *T. N.* p. 158, or *Gr.* 42.
 9. *At land*. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 5, *A. and C.* ii. 6. 25, iii. 7. 54, iv. 5. 3, etc.
 26. *Distract*. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 42, *J. C.* iv. 3. 155, etc.
 27. *Lord*. The quartos and 1st folio have "lords;" corrected in 2d folio.
 30. *Careful*. D. and H. adopt Walker's conjecture of "easeful."
 33. *Wreak*. Revenge. Cf. iv. 4. 11 below, and *Cor.* iv. 5. 91:

"Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee," etc.

See also the verb in 51 below, and in *V. and A.* 1004.

36. *What*. Hanmer transfers the word to the end of the preceding line.

39. *So employ'd*. Hanmer has "now employ'd."

44. *Acheron*. The infernal river is here made a *burning lake*. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 357, *Macb.* iii. 5. 15, etc.

On the passage, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 203:

"Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks."

46. *Cyclops'*. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 511: "the Cyclops' hammers."

49. *Sith*. Since. See on i. 1. 271 above. The Coll. MS. has "sith no justice is;" and D. reads "sith there's justice nor in earth nor hell."

52. *Gear*. Affair, business. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 17: "To this gear the sooner the better," etc.

53. *Ad Jovem*. To Jupiter; as *Ad Apollinem*, To Apollo; and *Ad Martem*, To Mars.

55. *To Pallas*. Some eds. put this in quotation marks; also *to Mercury*, *to Saturn*, and *to Saturnine*.

56. *To Saturn, Caius*. The early eds. have "To Saturnine, to Caius;" corrected by Capell. Rowe (2d ed.) reads "To Saturn and to Coelus."

57. *You were as good*. You might as well. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 1. 111: "a' were as good crack a fusty nut," etc.

58. *Loose*. Let fly, shoot. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 207: "many arrows, loosed several ways," etc.

63. *Well said*. Well done; as often. See *Oth.* p. 174, or *R. and J.* p. 161.

64. *Virgo*. The zodiacal constellation, which, according to the old myth, represents *Astræa*, after she had left the earth. Cf. 4 above. Capell reads "she'll give it Pallas," and Johnson "give it to Pallas."

76. *His lordship*. The 2d quarto and the folios have "your lordship."

80. *O, the gibbet-maker!* Steevens supposed that the clown understood *Jupiter* as *Jew Peter*, but, as St. suggests, it is more likely that he took it to be *gibbeter*.

91. *Tribunal plebs*. The clown's blunder for *tribunus plebis*, or tribune of the people; as *emperial's* for *emperor's*.

92. *Take up*. That is, make up, settle. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 320: "I have his horse to take up the quarrel," etc.

111. *Bravely*. That is, *with a grace*, or in good style. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 83:

"Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel;" etc.

SCENE IV.—3. *Extent*. Maintenance; the only instance of this sense in S.

4. *Equal*. The quartos and 1st folio have "egall," a form found in the folio in *M. of V.* iii. 4. 13 also. In *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 213 the same ed. has "egally."

5. *You know, as know*. The early eds. have simply "you know;" corrected in the Camb. ed. Rowe reads "you know, as do," etc. *Mightful* is found nowhere else in S.

11. *Wreaks*. Resentments. See on iv. 3. 33 above. Hanmer reads "freaks."

18. *Injustice*. The quartos have "unjustice;" a form found nowhere else in the early eds.

21. *Ecstasies*. Insanity. See on iv. 1. 125 above.

24. *If she sleep*. The early eds. have "he" for *she*, and "as he" in the next line; corrected by Rowe.

25. *As she*. That she. Gr. 109. Cf. ii. 3. 103 above.

26. *Proud'st*. For contracted superlatives, of which we have already had several examples in the play, see Gr. 473.

32. *Comfort*. Capell reads "pity."

35. *High-witted*. Cunning, artful. See on ii. 1. 10 above.

Gloze. Wheedle, cajole, use flattery or deceit. Cf. *Per.* p. 132.

37. *Thy life-blood out*. And drawn thy life-blood out. The 2d folio has "ont" for *out*, and the 3d "on't." W. reads "My life-blood on't!" and the Coll. MS. has "the life-blood on't." Walker conjectures that a line has been lost, like "And through the bodies of thy children drawn." It is not improbable that there is some corruption in the text.

38. *Anchor*. The 2d quarto and the folios have "anchor's."

40. *Mistership*. Johnson reads "mistress-ship;" but *mistership* may be meant for a clownish blunder, like *emperial*.

42. *God-den*. Good-evening. See *R. and J.* p. 148, or *Hen. V.* p. 164. The 1st quarto has "godden," the 2d quarto and the folios (except the 4th, which has "good e'en") have "good den."

45. *Presently*. Immediately. See on ii. 3. 62 above.

48. *Up a neck*. The Coll. MS. has "my neck."

57. *Shape*. Form. Hanmer reads "share," and the Coll. MS. "have."

59. *Holp'st*. S. has *holp* for the past tense of *help* except in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 167 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 138, where we find *helped*; and it is used ten times for the participle, while *helped* occurs only four times.

61. *Enter EMILIUS*. The early eds. all have "Enter Nuntius Emillius" (or "Emilius").

63. *Power*. See on iii. 1. 300 above.

65. *Conduct*. Here accented on the second syllable. The later folios have "the conduct."

67. *In course of this revenge*. In carrying out this plan of revenge. Rowe reads "his revenge."

72. *Ay, now begin.* The quartos and 1st folio have "I now begins," or "I, now begins." *Ay* in the early eds. is always printed "I."

74. *Myself.* Usually first person; but cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 217: "Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case." See also *Much Ado*, v. 2. 89. Theo. reads "hath often overheard," and Hamner "have often overheard," etc.

76. *Wrongfully.* For adverbs used as adjectives in S. see Schmidt, p. 1418.

78. *Your city.* The folios have "our city."

81. *Imperious.* See on i. 1. 250 above; and cf. v. 1. 6 below.

85. *Wings.* K. reads "wing" for the sake of the rhyme, making 83-86 a quatrain. But the final -s was sometimes disregarded in rhymes. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 149, note on 88.

86. *Stint.* Check, stop. Cf. *Per.* iv. 4. 42: "and swears she'll never stint," etc.

91. *Honey-stalks.* "Clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die" (Johnson). Mason remarks that, though this may be true of cattle, it is not of *sheep*.

92. *Whenas.* When. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 142.

93. *Feed.* The folios have "Foode" or "Food."

96. *Smooth.* Flatter; as in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 48: "Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog." See also v. 2. 140 below.

100. *Before, be.* The quartos have "before to be," and the folios "before to;" corrected by Capell. Rowe has "before as."

103. *Even at, etc.* The line is omitted in the 2d quarto and the folios.

105. *Stand on hostage.* Insist on a hostage. The quartos and first three folios have "in hostage;" corrected in 4th folio.

109. *Temper.* Mould, dispose. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 64:

"Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend."

113. *Successantly.* A word not found elsewhere; changed by Rowe to "successfully," and by Capell to "incessantly" (=instantly). Schmidt is in doubt whether it means "successfully" or "following after another (namely, Æmilius, who had gone before)." Coll. conjectures "go thou instantly" or "go and plead incessantly."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—I. *Approv'd.* Tried, tested. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 394: "of approved valour," etc.

3. *Signify.* The early eds. have "signifies;" corrected by Rowe.

6. *Imperious.* Cf. iv. 4. 81 above.

7. *Scath.* Harm, injury. See *K. John*, p. 141.

9. *Slip.* Scion. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 142:

"For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood," etc.

12. *Ingrateful*. Used by S. oftener than *ungrateful*, which, however, occurs twice in the present play (iv. i. 111 and iv. 3. 17 above). Cf. *K. John*, p. 180.

13. *Be bold*. The 1st and 2d folios misprint "Behold."

17. *And as he saith*, etc. The quartos and 1st folio omit the prefix to this speech. The 2d folio inserts "*Omn.*" (= *Omnes*).

21. *Monastery*. The anachronism needs no comment. Cf. 76 below.

26. *Controll'd*. See on iii. i. 260 above.

28. *Bewray*. See on ii. 4. 3 above.

42. *The pearl*, etc. "An allusion to the old proverb, 'A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye'" (Malone). Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 2. 12: "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

44. *Wall-eyed*. Fierce-eyed. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 49: "wall-eyed wrath or staring rage."

46. *Not a word*. Keightley reads "What! not a word?"

53. *Get me a ladder*. In the early eds. this is given to Aaron; corrected by Pope (the conjecture of Theo.). K. follows the old text, and says: "He may mean, Execute me, but save the child!"

58. *Vengeance rot you all!* The Camb. ed. was the first to put these words in quotation-marks.

65. *Complots*. Cf. ii. 3. 265 above.

66. *Piteously*. "In a manner exciting pity" (Steevens). Cf. *pitifully* in *M. W.* iv. 2. 212: "he beat him most pitifully." H. adopts Heath's conjecture of "pitelessly," and Sr. reads "piteousless." The Coll. MS. has "despitefully," omitting *yet*.

67. *In my death*. The 2d quarto and the folios have "by my death."

74. *For*. Because; as in 158 below. See on iii. i. 40 above. *Religious* is a quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

88. *Luxurious*. Lustful; the only meaning in S. Cf. *Mach.* p. 239.

93. *Cut her hands*. The folios add "off."

94. *Detestable*. Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. *K. John*, p. 160, or *R. and J.* p. 208.

99. *Codding*. Lecherous; found nowhere else in S. We doubt whether it is connected with the provincial *cod*=pillow, as some of the commentators suppose. The word is not in Wb.

102. *At heid*. "An allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose" (Johnson).

104. *Train'd*. Lured, enticed. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* p. 198.

110. *Wherein . . . in it*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 139: "Wherein we play in," etc. Gr. 407.

113. *Extreme*. Accented on the first syllable because followed by a noun so accented. See on *obscure*, ii. 3. 77 above; and cf. *L. L. L.* p. 166.

114. *Pry'd me*. For the expletive use of *me*, see Gr. 220.

119. *Swooned*. The quartos and early folios have "sounded." Cf. *V. and A.* p. 195, note on *Swoonds*.

122. *Like a black dog*, etc. The proverb, "to blush like a black dog," is found in Ray's Collection. Walker quotes Withal, *Adagia*, p. 557: "*Faciem perfricuit*. Hee blusheth like a blacke dogge, he hath a brazen face."

132. *Break their necks.* Malone conjectures that we should add "and die," and Jackson "stray and break their necks." The Coll. MS. has "ofttimes break," and H. "fall and break." The Globe ed. "obelizes" the line.

133. *Set fire on.* The only instance of the phrase in S. *Set fire to* is not found in his works.

136. *Doors.* The quartos and 1st folio have "doore;" corrected in 2d folio.

137. *Sorrow . . . was.* The quartos and 1st folio have "sorrowes . . . was;" corrected in the 2d folio. Most editors read "sorrows . . . were," with Malone; but the correction in the text is simpler, and is favoured by 140 just below.

145. *Bring down the devil.* "It appears from this that Aaron had actually mounted the ladder and spoke from it in the old English fashion of Tyburn executions" (V.).

Presently. Immediately. See on ii. 3. 62 above.

158. *For.* Because. Cf. 74 above.

SCENE II.—2. *Encounter with.* Meet. Cf. I *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 46: "When ladies crave to be encounter'd with," etc.

9. *Enter TITUS, above.* The stage-direction in the early eds. is "*They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.*" From what follows it is evident that he came out into the balcony at the back of the stage. See on i. 1. 18 above. His *exit above* at 69 is not indicated in the early eds.; neither is his *entrance below* at 81, where he joins Tamora and her sons on the stage.

11. *Decrees.* Resolutions; as in *R. of L.* 1030, etc.

16. *I am come.* D. and H. read "I now am come."

18. *Action.* A trisyllable. Cf. *contemplation* in 9 above; and see on i. 1. 190, etc. The quartos read "give that accord," and Pope has "give it that accord."

22. *Witness these.* Theo. omits *witness*.

31. *Thy mind.* The 1st folio has "the mind," and "my foes" in the next line.

32. *Wreakful.* Resenting. See on *wreak* in iv. 3. 33 above.

45. *Stands.* Changed by Hanmer to "stand."

46. *Surance.* The reading of all the early eds. Hanmer and others print "surance."

49. *Globe.* The early eds. have "globes;" corrected by D.

50. *Provide thee.* Rowe and others omit *thee*.

51. *Hale.* Haul, draw. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 137.

52. *Murtherers.* The early eds. have "murder;" corrected by Capell. The quartos and 1st folio also have "cares" for *caves*; corrected in 2d folio.

53. *Loaden.* Used by S. six times, *laden* only four times (cf. i. 1. 36 above).

56. *Hyperion's.* The sun's. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 292, *T. and C.* ii. 3. 207, *Ham.* i. 2. 140, iii. 4. 56, etc. Here the quartos have "Epeons," the 1st folio "Eptons," and the 2d folio "Hiperions."

59. *Rapine.* Used several times here as = *Rape*. The word is found nowhere else in S.

61. *These*. The quartos and 1st folio have "them," the later folios "they;" corrected by D.
68. *Embracement*. Used by S. oftener than *embrace*.
70. *Closing with him*. Agreeing with him, humouring him.
77. *Out of hand*. Directly, at once; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 102, 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 63, etc.
80. *Ply*. The folios have "play." W. thinks that the allusion may be musical, and "play" the right reading.
87. *Wol*. See on ii. 1. 48 above.
90. *Convenient*. Fit, proper.
107. *Up and down*. Out and out, exactly. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 130.
132. *Business*. A trisyllable; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22, etc.
137. *Bide*. Rowe has "abide."
140. *Smooth*. See on iv. 4. 96 above.
- Speak him fair*. Conciliate or humour him. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 159 (note on 266), or *R. and J.* p. 183 (on 150).
147. *Complot*. See on ii. 3. 265 above.
162. *And stop*, etc. The line is omitted in the folios; restored to the text by Capell.
189. *Coffin*. The crust of a pie. Cf. *custard-coffin* in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 82; and see our ed. p. 163.
192. *Increase*. Produce; as in *Sonn.* 97. 6: "The teeming Autumn, big with rich increase," etc. On the passage, cf. Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, v. 241:

"It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth."

The 1st folio omits *own*.

195. *Philomel*. See on ii. 3. 43 above. *Progne*, or *Procne*, was the sister of Philomela and wife of Tereus, whose son Itys she slaughtered and served up for his father to eat.
200. *Temper*. Mix; as in *Cymb.* v. 5. 250: "To temper poisons for her," etc.
202. *Officious*. Ready to do service, active. Here the word is a quadrisyllable. See on *spacious*, ii. 1. 114 above.
203. *May*. The folios have "might."
204. *The Centaurs' feast*. That is, the marriage feast of Perithous and Hippodamia, at which the famous "battle with the Centaurs" (see *M. N. D.* v. 1. 44) took place.
206. *'Gainst*. The quartos have "against."

SCENE III.—1. *Uncle Marcus*, etc. Walker conjectures "Since, uncle Marcus, 't is," etc.

3. *And ours with thine*. "And our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may" (Malone).

17. *Moe*. The quarto reading; "more" in the folios. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

19. *Break the parle*. Open the parley (Johnson). Coll. thinks the meaning may be "break off your angry parley with the emperor." For *parle*, see *Hen. V.* p. 164.

33. *Beholding*. "Beholden" (Rowe's reading). See *M. of V.* p. 135.
35. *Resolve*. Answer, tell. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 2. 7: "What, master, read you? First resolve me that," etc.
38. *Enforc'd*. Forced, violated. Cf. *M. A. D.* iii. 1. 205: "Lamenting some enforced chastity," etc. But, as Steevens notes, Virginia died unviolated.
43. *And effectual*. Hammer omits *and*.
48. *Unkind*. Equivalent to *unnatural*. See *Lear*, p. 176, or *T. N.* p. 156.
50. *Virginus*. "There was a play upon the story of Virginius and his daughter long anterior to that of John Webster, so that audiences were well acquainted with the incidents before S. wrote" (Coll.).
52. *To do*, etc. The line is omitted in the folios.
55. *Thus*. Omitted in the 2d quarto and 1st folio.
73. *Lest Rome*, etc. The early eds. have "Let," etc.; corrected by Capell. The quartos give the remainder of this speech to a "*Roman Lord*," and the folios to a "*Goth*." Malone substituted "*Sen*." (= Senator). Capell continued the speech to Marcus, as in the text, and has been generally followed. The Camb. editors say: "The corruption was perhaps due to a copyist or printer, who, not seeing that *Let* was miswritten for *Lest*, yet felt that the words *Let Rome*, etc., were not suitable to Marcus, and gave them to a Roman lord at a guess. The editor of the 1st folio, or some corrector of the quarto from which he printed, thinking the words not suitable to a Roman, gave them to a Goth."
74. *Curtsy*. The quartos and early folios have "cursie," as in sundry other passages. See *Much Ado*, p. 159, and *M. of V.* p. 128.
77. *Chaps*. Wrinkles. Cf. *R. of L.* 1452: "Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd."
80. *Our ancestor*. That is, Æneas. See on ii. 3. 22 above.
85. *Sinon*. The Greek who persuaded the Trojans to take the wooden horse into their city. Cf. *R. of L.* 1521, 1529, 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 190, and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 61.
88. *Compact*. Composed. Cf. *V. and A.* 149: "Love is a spirit, all compact of fire," etc.
91. *My utterance*. The 2d quarto and the folios have "my very utterance." *Even* is of course a dissyllable; as in ii. 3. 162 above.
94. *A captain*. Walker conjectures "our captain," which may be right.
96. *Then*. The folios have "this."
99. *It were*. Hammer reads "they were," and Capell "it was."
100. *Faults*. D. reads "fault," which may be right.
101. *And basely cozen'd*. That is, and *he* basely cozened.
109. *I am the turned forth*. The reading of the 1st quarto (not "turn'd," as H. states). The 2d quarto has "And I am the turned forth;" the first three folios, "And I am turned forth;" and the 4th folio, "And I am turn'd forth."
119. *This child*. The 1st quarto has "the child."
124. *Damn'd as he is*. The early eds. have "And as he is;" emended by Theo. Cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 63: "Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her." See also 201 below.

125. *Cause*. The reading of the 4th folio; "course" in all earlier eds.
126. *Patience*. A trisyllable. Cf. *impatient* in ii. i. 76 above.
132. *Will*. Rowe reads "We'll;" and "out" for *forth* in the next line.
134. *Closure*. Close, end. Elsewhere (in *V. and A.* 782, *Sonn.* 48. 11, and *Rich. III.* iii. 3. 11) it is = enclosure.
137. *Come, come*. Capell reads "Come down, come down."
140. *Do cry*. Hanmer has "doth cry."
141. *Lucius, all hail*, etc. This line, as also 146 below, is made a part of Marcus's speech in all the early eds.; corrected by Capell. K. follows the old text, and remarks: "Marcus is the tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what 'the common voice' has required."
143. *Hale*. See on v. 2. 51 above.
144. *Slaughtering*. The Coll. MS. has "lingering," and Walker conjectures "direful-slaughtering."
146. *Rome's*. The early eds. have "to Rome's;" corrected by Rowe.
148. *Harms . . . wipe*. Rowe has "harm . . . drive." For the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281.
149. *Give me aim*. "Give room and scope to my thoughts; explained by the following *stand all aloof*" (Schmidt). W. conjectures "air" for *aim*.
150. *Task*. The Coll. MS. has "style," and "bier" for *trunk* in 152.
154. *Blood-stain'd*. The reading of the 3d folio; "blood-slaine" or "blood-slaine" in the earlier eds.
156. *Tear for tear*. Abbott (Gr. 480) makes the first *tear* a dissyllable. Rowe reads "Ay, tear for tear."
169. *Associate*. Accompany, join; as in *R. and J.* v. 2. 6: "One of our order, to associate me."
171. *And take leave of him*. The Coll. MS. has "all that he can have."
186. *Evils*. Rowe has "evil."
195. *Heinous*. The Coll. MS. has "ravenous;" and Rowe changes *tiger* to "tygress."
196. *Mourning*. The 2d quarto and the folios have "mournfull," "mournfull," or "mournful." For *mournful* in the next line, St. conjectures "solemn."
198. *Of prey*. The quartos have "to" for *of*.
199. *Beastly*. The folios have "beast-like."
200. *Shall have*. Hanmer reads "she shall have," For the ellipsis, cf. 101 above.
202. *By whom*. The folios have "From whom."
203. *To order*. Rowe reads "we'll order."
204. *Ruinate*. Cf. *R. of L.* 944: "To ruinate proud buildings," etc.

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1877-79, p. 190) thus :

"The period included in this Play is four days represented on the stage; with, possibly, two intervals.

Day I. Act I., Act II. sc. i.*

" 2. Act II. sc. ii.—iv., Act III. sc. i.

Interval.

" 3. Act III. sc. ii.

Interval.

" 4. Acts IV. and V."

LIST OF THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Saturninus : i. 1(105) ; ii. 2(5), 3(35) ; iv. 4(55) ; v. 3(9). Whole no. 209.

Bassianus : i. 1(48) ; ii. 2(1), 3(14). Whole no. 63.

Titus : i. 1(136) ; ii. 2(15), 3(9) ; iii. 1(190), 2(73) ; iv. 1(58), 3(76) ; v. 2(132), 3(29). Whole no. 718.

Marcus : i. 1(74) ; ii. 2(3), 4(47) ; iii. 1(41), 2(10) ; iv. 1(47), 3(19) ; v. 2(1), 3(61). Whole no. 303.

Lucius : i. 1(30) ; iii. 1(46) ; v. 1(41), 3(79). Whole no. 196.

Quintus : i. 1(4) ; iii. 3(24). Whole no. 28.

Martius : i. 1(2) ; ii. 3(29). Whole no. 31.

Mutius : i. 1(4). Whole no. 4.

Young Lucius : iii. 2(2) ; iv. 1(25), 2(13) ; v. 3(4). Whole no. 44.

Publius : iv. 3(9) ; v. 2(6). Whole no. 15.

Æmilius : iv. 4(8) ; v. 1(6), 3(7). Whole no. 21.

Demetrius : i. 1(10) ; ii. 1(33), 2(2), 3(13), 4(6) ; iv. 2(28) ; v. 2(2). Whole no. 94.

Chiron : i. 1(1) ; ii. 1(20), 3(10), 4(4) ; iv. 2(13) ; v. 2(4). Whole no. 52.

Aaron : ii. 1(89), 3(41) ; iii. 1(19) ; iv. 2(110) ; v. 1(86), 3(10). Whole no. 355.

Captain : i. 1(6). Whole no. 6.

Tribune : i. 1(3). Whole no. 3.

Clown : iv. 3(17), 4(7). Whole no. 24.

Messenger : iii. 1(7). Whole no. 7.

1st Goth : v. 1(11), 3(1). Whole no. 12.

2d Goth : v. 1(21). Whole no. 21.

3d Goth : v. 1(3). Whole no. 3.

* "Johnson is right in saying that 'this scene ought to continue the first Act.' The fact that in it Chiron and Demetrius are already quarrelling for the love of Lavinia is no sufficient reason for supposing any break in the course of the action: time, throughout the play, is almost annihilated. There is a sequence of events, but no probable time is allowed for between them."

Tamora : i. 1(66) ; ii. 3(85) ; iv. 4(43) ; v. 2(61), 3(2). Whole no. 257.

Lavinia : i. 1(10) ; ii. 2(2), 3(46). Whole no. 58.

Nurse : iv. 2(19). Whole no. 19.

"*All*" : i. 1(2) ; v. 3(2). Whole no. 4.

Alarbus is on the stage in i. 1, *Caius* in iv. 3, and *Valentine* in v. 2 ; but they do not speak.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows : i. 1(495) ; ii. 1(135), 2(26), 3(306), 4(57) ; iii. 1(301), 2(85) ; iv. 1(129), 2(180), 3(121), 4(113) ; v. 1(165), 2(206), 3(204). Whole number of lines in the play, 2523.



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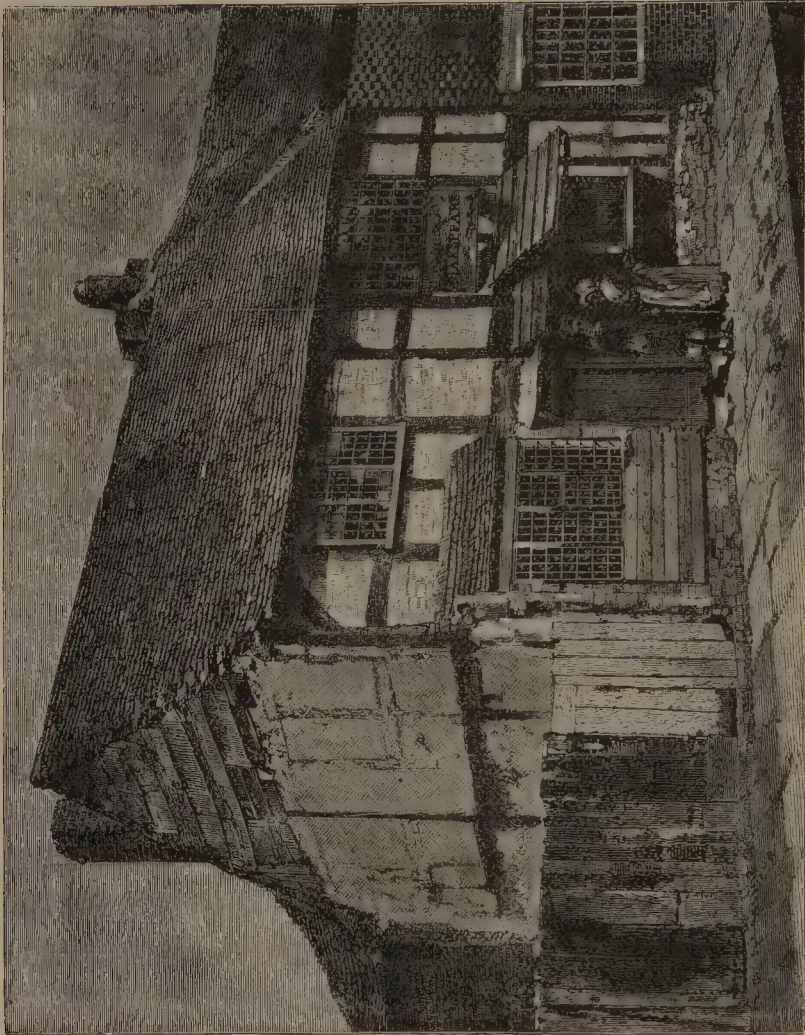
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THE CLOWN (ACT IV. SCENE 3)



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE (BEFORE ITS RESTORATION).





SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY
OF
KING HENRY VI. PART I.



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WESTMINSTER ABBEV (ACT I. SCENE I.).



HENRY VI. IN HIS YOUTH.

INTRODUCTION
TO THE
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THIS play was first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623; but it was probably written before 1592, and perhaps two or three years earlier. Its history and authorship have been much disputed; but we can give only an outline of the leading theories concerning it.

Personally, we agree in the main with Dowden, who says (*Primer*, p. 62):

“*King Henry VI., Part I.*, is almost certainly an old play,

by one or more authors, which, as we find it in the 1st folio, had received touches from the hand of Shakspeare. In Henslowe's Diary, a *Henry VI.* is said to have been acted March 3, 1591-92. It was extremely popular. Nash, in his *Pierce Pennilesse* (1592), alludes to the triumph on the stage of 'brave Talbot' over the French. But we have no reason for believing that the play which we possess was that mentioned by Henslowe or that alluded to by Nash.* Greene had, perhaps, a chief hand in this play, and he may have been assisted by Peele and Marlowe. There is a general agreement among critics in attributing to Shakspeare the scene (ii. 4.) in which the red and white roses are plucked as emblems of the rival parties in the state; perhaps the scene of the wooing of Margaret by Suffolk (v. 3. 45 fol.) if not written by Shakspeare was touched by him. The general spirit of the drama belongs to an older school than the Shaksperian, and it is a happiness not to have to ascribe to our greatest poet the crude and hateful handling of the character of Joan of Arc, excused though to some extent it may be by the concurrence of view in our old English chronicles."

Malone was "decisively of opinion that this play was not written by Shakespeare," and that it was not by the same author or authors as the other two parts of *Henry VI.*

Collier (2d ed.) considers that the single fact that the editors of the 1st folio printed the play "is sufficient to establish Shakespeare's claim to the authorship of it;" but he is inclined to the opinion that it was founded upon an earlier play.†

* On the other hand, we have no reason for doubting that it was the present play. Fleay (*Introd. to Sh. Study*, p. 30) says that it "certainly" was; but the question cannot be settled in that dogmatic way.

† At an earlier date (*Annals of the Stage*, vol. iii. p. 145) he had said: "It is plausibly conjectured that Shakespeare never touched the *First Part of Henry VI.* as it stands in his works, and it is merely the old play on the early events of that reign, which was most likely written about 1589."

Knight believes that all three parts of *Henry VI.* "are, in the strictest sense of the word, Shakspeare's own plays;" and that "their supposed inferiority to his other works, and their dissimilarities of style as compared with those works, are referable to other circumstances than that of their being the productions of an author or authors who preceded him."

Verplanck agrees with Knight in accepting the three plays as early works of Shakespeare. He says: "The dissimilarity of diction and rhythm only show that these plays were not written by Shakespeare after he had learned to use his native language and its verse as a master and creator, and had impressed upon them his own genius, when that genius had been matured and developed by meditation and repeated exercise. They show that, like other great authors and artists, he first used the instruments of his art as he found them, before he remodelled them for grander and more exquisite purposes. They prove, what we know from positive external evidence, that these plays could not have been written by the Shakespeare of 1608 or 1610, while they are such as he might well have written in 1590, in his twenty-fifth year. The classical reading is not more abundant than we find it in several of his earlier plays, as, for example, in *Love's Labour's Lost*. The historical discrepancies are precisely such as are common in all prolific and rapid writers. The use of Hall at one time, and Holinshed at another, would prove nothing; but the later plays show that though their author used the later historian, he had before used and consulted the older chronicler."*

White, in a long and able paper on the authorship of *Henry VI.*, sums up his views thus:

"If, therefore, we may conclude, that within two or three years of Shakespeare's arrival in London, that is, about 1587

* Malone had made a point of the author's use (especially in Parts II. and III.) of Hall as his authority instead of Holinshed, who is elsewhere, to quote Malone's phrase, "Shakespeare's historian."

or 1588, he was engaged to assist Marlowe, Greene, and perhaps Peele, in dramatizing the events of King Henry VI.'s reign for the Earl of Pembroke's servants, or on a venture;—that by the facility with which he wrote, as well as by the novelty and superiority of his style, he gradually got most of the work into his own hands, and at last, in the course of a year or two, achieved such a marked success in *The True Tragedy* (which seems to be chiefly his) as to provoke the envy and malice of one at least of his senior co-laborers, and be offered a share or more in the Blackfriars Theatre if he would write for that company exclusively;—and that after he had accepted this offer and had been for a short time a shareholder, he undertook to rewrite the three plays in the composition of which he had taken so remarkable, and, to him, so eventful, a part, and work them into a form in which he might not be unwilling to have them regarded as his own;—and that he accomplished this about 1591 with so great applause as to embitter still more the jealousy of the playwrights whom he had deposed, and thus gave occasion, if not reason, for a charge of plagiarism which soon was stilled by the death of both his co-laborers, and yet more by the fertility of his own surpassing genius,—we have arrived at a solution of the question which reconciles all the circumstances connected with it in a manner entirely accordant with the theatrical customs of Shakespeare's day and the probable exigencies of his early career. And we have had the pleasure of finding that the three parts of *King Henry VI.*, instead of being plays foisted upon us as his, either by his own want of probity, or the hardly less culpable indifference of his fellows and first editors, are doubly interesting as containing some of the earliest productions of his genius wrought into a contemporary monument of his initial triumph."

Dyce (2d ed.) believes that "the *First Part of King Henry VI.* was not written by Shakespeare in conjunction with

any other author or authors, but that it is a comparatively old drama, which he slightly altered and improved. . . . The fact of its being admitted into the folio may be regarded as a proof that he had touched it here and there."

Staunton, also, thinks that "in the present play the hand of the Great Master is only occasionally perceptible;" and that it is "probably an early play of some inferior author, which he partly remodelled."

Fleay (*Introd. to Sh. Study*, p. 30) says: "The greater part of it is certainly not Shakespeare's; the part containing the episode of Talbot's son (iv. 2, 7, v. 2) is evidently an insertion, and was probably written in 1592 by Shakespeare. The early part of the play (i. 1-iii. 3) was, I think, written by Peele (i. 3, iii. 1) and Marlowe (all the other scenes); ii. 4, 5 being probably of much later date, and inserted by Shakespeare. In the latter part of the play, iv. 2-7 and (?) v. 2 are, in my opinion (confirmed by Mr. Swinburne's) by Shakespeare; v. 1, 3*b* (line 45 to end), 4*b* (line 33 to end), by Peele; while iii. 4, iv. 1, v. 3*a*, 4*a*, 5, seem to be Marlowe altered, possibly by Dodge or Nash. The versification is very like the *Dido*, which was written by Marlowe and revised by Nash."*

Furnivall (*Introd. to Leopold Sh.* p. xxxviii.) says of 1 *Henry VI.*: "It is broken and choppy to an intolerable degree. The only part of it to be put down to Shakspeare is the Temple Garden scene of the red and white roses;† and that has nothing specially characteristic in it, though the proportion of extra-syllabled lines in it forbids us supposing it is

* Of the division of the play previously given in his *Shakespeare Manual* (p. 31), Fleay says that it was printed through a mistake and "is, of course, quite wrong." In the chapter contributed to Dr. Ingleby's *Sh. the Man and the Book, Part II.* 1881 (p. 133), the Shakespearian parts of the play are given as above, ii. 4, 5 being marked as "additions circa 1600."

† "The wooing of Margaret by Suffolk is not his, as its quick falling off into that 'cooling card,' etc., shows."

very early work. There must be at least three hands in the play, one of whom must have written—probably, only—the rhyme scenes of Talbot and his son. But poor as this play seems to us, we have Nash's evidence that it touched the Elizabethan audiences: 'How would it haue joy'd braue Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tomb, he should triumph agayne on the stage, and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at seuerall times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding' (*Pierce Penilesse*, p. 60, ed. 1842, Old Shak. Soc.). The characters of the clear-seeing Exeter, the noble Talbot—'great Alcides of the field . . . Lord Furnival, of Sheffield'—and his gallant young son, Salisbury, 'mirror of all martial men,' the generous Bedford, are the only ones that redeem the gloom of such cowards and cads as Somerset, such vain and foolish traitors as the Countess of Auvergne, the baseness of the Dauphin, and the abominable way in which Joan of Arc is treated by Frenchmen as well as English. Traditional as the witch-view of Joan of Arc was in Shakspeare's time, one is glad that Shakspeare did not set it forth to us."

Hudson ("Harvard" ed.) says: "I can but give it as my firm and settled judgment that the main body of the play is certainly Shakespeare's; nor do I perceive any clear and decisive reason for calling in another hand to account for any part of it." He thinks that it was probably written as early as 1589, when Shakespeare was only twenty-five years old; and that those who deny that he wrote the whole or parts of it are "radically at fault in allowing far too little for the probable difference between the boyhood and the manhood of Shakespeare's genius."

Clarke, in the introduction to the play, remarks: "That the main portion was Shakespeare's composition we cannot believe. . . . There is a stiltedness in the lines, a pompous

mouthiness in the speeches, a stiffness in the construction, pervading the major part of this play, that appear to us inconsistent with his manner, even in his earliest writing."

Coleridge, after quoting the opening speech of the play ("Hung be the heavens with black," etc.), says: "Read aloud any two or three passages in blank verse even from Shakspeare's earliest dramas, as *Love's Labour's Lost*, or *Romeo and Juliet*; and then read in the same way this speech, with especial attention to the metre; and if you do not feel the impossibility of the latter having been written by Shakspeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears,—for so has another animal,—but an ear you can not have, *me judice*."

Against the fact that the editors of the folio printed this play may be set the fact that they also printed *Titus Andronicus*, in which Shakspeare could have had little if any part, and also the fact that Meres, in 1598, though he mentions all the other English historical plays that Shakspeare had then written (see *M. N. D.* p. 9, or *C. of E.* p. 102), does not refer to *Henry VI*. It must be admitted, however, that the value of Meres's testimony is lessened by the fact that he *does* include *Titus Andronicus*. On the whole, the external evidence concerning the authorship of the present play is of little importance compared with the internal evidence.

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The play is founded on Holinshed's *Chronicles*, as the extracts given in the notes will show; but, as Fleay remarks, it "does not follow him so closely as the histories that are undoubtedly written by Shakspeare." In some instances, Hall's more detailed narrative appears to have been followed. K. remarks: "It was perfectly impossible that any writer who undertook to produce four dramas upon the subject of the wars of York and Lancaster should not have gone to Hall's *Chronicle* as an authority; for that book is

expressly on the subject of these wars. The original edition of 1548 bears this title: 'The Vnion of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, beeyng long in continual discension for the crowne of this noble realme, with all the actes done in bothe the tymes of the princes, bothe of the one linage and of the other, beginnyng at the tyme of Kyng Henry the fowerth, the first Aurthor of this deuision, and so successiuey proceadyng to the reigne of the high and prudent prince Kyng Henry the eight, the vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages.' . . . It was perfectly natural that he, for the most part, should follow Holinshed, which is a compilation from all the English historians; but, as Holinshed constantly refers to his authorities, and in the period of the civil wars particularly to Hall, it is manifest that for some of his details he would go to the book especially devoted to the subject, in which they were treated more fully than in the abridgment which he generally consulted. For example, in Holinshed's narrative of the pathetic interview between Talbot and his son, before they both fell at the battle of Chatillon, we have no dialogue between the father and son, but simply, 'Many words he used to persuade him to have saved his life.' In Hall we have the very words at length which the poet has paraphrased."

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Schlegel's "*Dramatic Literature*."*]

The dramas derived from the English history, ten in number, form one of the most valuable of Shakespeare's works, and partly the fruit of his maturest age. I say advisedly *one* of his works, for the poet evidently intended them to form one great whole. It is, as it were, an historical heroic poem in the dramatic form, of which the separate plays constitute

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 419 fol.

the rhapsodies. The principal features of the events are exhibited with such fidelity; their causes, and even their secret springs, are placed in such a clear light, that we may attain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression on the imagination which can never be effaced. But this series of dramas is intended as the vehicle of a much higher and much more general instruction; it furnishes examples of the political course of the world, applicable to all times. This mirror of kings should be the manual of young princes; from it they may learn the intrinsic dignity of their hereditary vocation, but they will also learn from it the difficulties of their situation, the dangers of usurpation, the inevitable fall of tyranny, which buries itself under its attempts to obtain a firmer foundation; lastly, the ruinous consequences of the weaknesses, errors, and crimes of kings, for whole nations, and many subsequent generations. Eight of these plays, from *Richard II.* to *Richard III.*, are linked together in an uninterrupted succession, and embrace a most eventful period of nearly a century of English history. The events portrayed in them not only follow one another, but they are linked together in the closest and most exact connection; and the cycle of revolts, parties, civil and foreign wars, which began with the deposition of Richard II., first ends with the accession of Henry VII. to the throne. The careless rule of the first of these monarchs, and his injudicious treatment of his own relations, drew upon him the rebellion of Bolingbroke; his dethronement, however, was, in point of form, altogether unjust, and in no case could Bolingbroke be considered the rightful heir to the crown. This shrewd founder of the House of Lancaster never as Henry IV. enjoyed in peace the fruits of his usurpation: his turbulent barons, the same who aided him in ascending the throne, allowed him not a moment's repose upon it. On the other hand, he was jealous of the brilliant qualities of his son,

and this distrust, more than any really low inclination, induced the Prince, that he might avoid every appearance of ambition, to give himself up to dissolute society. These two circumstances form the subject-matter of the two parts of *Henry IV.*; the enterprises of the discontented make up the serious, and the wild youthful frolics of the heir-apparent supply the comic scenes. When this warlike Prince ascended the throne under the name of Henry V., he was determined to assert his ambiguous title; he considered foreign conquests as the best means of guarding against internal disturbances, and this gave rise to the glorious, but more ruinous than profitable, war with France, which Shakspeare has celebrated in the drama of *Henry V.* The early death of this king, the long legal minority of Henry VI., and his perpetual minority in the art of government, brought the greatest troubles on England. The dissensions of the Regents, and the consequently wretched administration, occasioned the loss of the French conquests; and there arose a bold candidate for the crown, whose title was indisputable, if the prescription of three governments may not be assumed to confer legitimacy on usurpation. Such was the origin of the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, which desolated the kingdom for a number of years, and ended with the victory of the House of York. All this Shakspeare has represented in the three parts of *Henry VI.* Edward IV. shortened his life by excesses, and did not long enjoy the throne purchased at the expense of so many cruel deeds. His brother Richard, who had a great share in the elevation of the House of York, was not contented with the regency, and his ambition paved himself a way to the throne through treachery and violence; but his gloomy tyranny made him the object of the people's hatred, and at length drew on him the destruction which he merited. He was conquered by a descendant of the royal house unstained by the guilt of the civil wars, and what might seem defective in

his title was made good by the merit of freeing his country from a monster. With the accession of Henry VII. to the throne, a new epoch of English history begins: the curse seemed at length to be expiated, and the long series of usurpations, revolts, and civil wars, occasioned by the levity with which Richard II. sported away his crown, was now brought to a termination.

Such is the evident connection of these eight plays with each other, but they were not, however, composed in chronological order. According to appearance, the four last were first written; this is certain, indeed, with respect to the three parts of *Henry VI.* . . .

Shakspeare's choice fell first on this period of English history, so full of misery and horrors of every kind, because the pathetic is naturally more suitable than the characteristic to a young poet's mind. We do not yet find here the whole maturity of his genius, yet certainly its whole strength. Careless as to the apparent unconnectedness of contemporary events, he bestows little attention on preparation and development: all the figures follow in rapid succession, and announce themselves emphatically for what we ought to take them; from scenes where the effect is sufficiently agitating to form the catastrophe of a less extensive plan, the poet perpetually hurries us on to catastrophes still more dreadful. The First Part contains only the first forming of the parties of the White and Red Rose, under which blooming ensigns such bloody deeds were afterwards perpetrated; the varying results of the war in France principally fill the stage. The wonderful saviour of her country, Joan of Arc, is portrayed by Shakspeare with an Englishman's prejudices: yet he at first leaves it doubtful whether she has not in reality a heavenly mission; she appears in the pure glory of virgin heroism; by her supernatural eloquence (and this circumstance is of the poet's invention) she wins over the Duke of Burgundy to the French cause; afterwards, cor-

rupted by vanity and luxury, she has recourse to hellish fiends, and comes to a miserable end. To her is opposed Talbot, a rough iron warrior, who moves us the more powerfully, as, in the moment when he is threatened with inevitable death, all his care is tenderly directed to save his son, who performs his first deeds of arms under his eye. After Talbot has in vain sacrificed himself, and the Maid of Orleans has fallen into the hands of the English, the French provinces are completely lost by an impolitic marriage; and with this the piece ends. The conversation between the aged Mortimer in prison, and Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, contains an exposition of the claims of the latter to the throne: considered by itself it is a beautiful tragic elegy.

In the Second Part, the events more particularly prominent are the murder of the honest Protector, Gloster, and its consequences; the death of Cardinal Beaufort; the parting of the Queen from her favourite Suffolk, and his death by the hands of savage pirates; then the insurrection of Jack Cade under an assumed name, and at the instigation of the Duke of York. The short scene where Cardinal Beaufort, who is tormented by his conscience on account of the murder of Gloster, is visited on his death-bed by Henry VI. is sublime beyond all praise. Can any other poet be named who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity at the close of this life with such overpowering and awful effect? And yet it is not mere horror with which the mind is filled, but solemn emotion; a blessing and a curse stand side by side; the pious King is an image of the heavenly mercy which, even in the sinner's last moments, labours to enter into his soul. The adulterous passion of Queen Margaret and Suffolk is invested with tragical dignity, and all low and ignoble ideas carefully kept out of sight. Without attempting to gloss over the crime of which both are guilty, without seeking to remove our disapprobation of this criminal love,

he still, by the magic force of expression, contrives to excite in us a sympathy with their sorrow. In the insurrection of Cade he has delineated the conduct of a popular demagogue, the fearful ludicrousness of the anarchical tumult of the people, with such convincing truth that one would believe he was an eye-witness of many of the events of our age, which, from ignorance of history, have been considered as without example.

The civil war only begins in the *Second Part*; in the *Third* it is unfolded in its full destructive fury. The picture becomes gloomier and gloomier, and seems at last to be painted rather with blood than with colours. With horror we behold fury giving birth to fury, vengeance to vengeance, and see that when all the bonds of human society are violently torn asunder, even noble matrons became hardened to cruelty. The most bitter contempt is the portion of the unfortunate; no one affords to his enemy that pity which he will himself shortly stand in need of. With all party is family, country, and religion, the only spring of action. As York, whose ambition is coupled with noble qualities, prematurely perishes, the object of the whole contest is now either to support an imbecile king, or to place on the throne a luxurious monarch, who shortens the dear-bought possession by the gratification of an insatiable voluptuousness. For this the celebrated and magnanimous Warwick spends his chivalrous life; Clifford revenges the death of his father with blood-thirsty filial love; and Richard, for the elevation of his brother, practises those dark deeds by which he is soon after to pave the way to his own greatness. In the midst of the general misery, of which he has been the innocent cause, King Henry appears like the powerless image of a saint, in whose wonder-working influence no man any longer believes: he can but sigh and weep over the enormities which he witnesses. In his simplicity, however, the gift of prophecy is lent to this pious king: in the moment of his

death, at the close of this great tragedy, he prophesies a still more dreadful tragedy with which futurity is pregnant, as much distinguished for the poisonous wiles of cold-blooded wickedness as the former for deeds of savage fury.

[From Knight's "*Pictorial Shakspeare.*"*]

When we begin to study the *Henry VI.*, we find in the *First Part* that the action does not appear to progress to a catastrophe ; that the author lingers about the details, as one who was called upon to exhibit an entire series of events rather than the most dramatic portions of them ;—there are the alternations of success and loss, and loss and success, till we somewhat doubt to which side to assign the victory. The characters are firmly drawn, but without any very subtle distinctions,—and their sentiments and actions appear occasionally inconsistent, or at any rate not guided by a determined purpose in the writer. It is easy to perceive that this mode of dealing with a complicated subject was the most natural and obvious to be adopted by an unpractised poet, who was working without models. But although the effect may be, to a certain extent, undramatic, there is impressed upon the whole performance a wonderful air of truth. Much of this must have resulted from the extraordinary quality of the poet's mind, which could tear off all the flimsy conventional disguises of individual character, and penetrate the real moving principle of events with a rare acuteness, and a rarer impartiality. In our view, the whole portion of the *First Part of Henry VI.* which deals with the character and actions of Joan of Arc is a remarkable example of this power in Shakspeare. We find her described in the *Chronicles* under every form of vituperation,—a monstrous woman, a monster, a ramp, a devilish witch and satanical enchantress, an organ of the devil. She was the

* *Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare*, edited by Charles Knight (2d ed. London, 1867), vol. ii. of *Histories*, p. 471. (by permission).

main instrument through which England had lost France; and thus the people still hated her memory. She claimed to be invested with supernatural powers; and thus her name was not only execrated but feared. Neither the patriotism nor the superstition of Shakspeare's age would have endured that the Pucelle should have been dismissed from the scene without vengeance taken upon her imagined crimes; or that confession should not be made by her which would exculpate the authors of her death. Shakspeare has conducted her history up to the point when she is handed over to the stake. Other writers would have burnt her upon the scene, and the audience would have shouted with the same delight that they felt when the Barabas of Marlowe was thrown into the caldron. Shakspeare, following the historian, has made her utter a contradictory confession of one of the charges against her honour; but he has taken care to show that the brutality of her English persecutors forced from her an inconsistent avowal, if it did not suggest a false one, for the purpose of averting a cruel and instant death. In the treatment which she receives from York and Warwick, the poet has not exhibited one single circumstance that might excite sympathy for *them*. They are cold, and cruel, and insolent, because a defenceless creature whom they had dreaded is in their power. Her parting malediction has, as it appears to us, especial reference to the calamities which await the authors of her death:

"May never glorious sun reflex his beams
 Upon the country where you make abode!
 But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
 Environ you."

But in all the previous scenes Shakspeare has drawn the character of the Maid with an undisguised sympathy for her courage, her patriotism, her high intellect, and her enthusiasm. If she had been the defender of England, and not of France, the poet could not have invested her with higher attributes.

It is in her mouth that he puts his choicest thoughts and his most musical verse. It is she who says

“Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.”

It is she who solicits the alliance of Burgundy in a strain of impassioned eloquence which belongs to one fighting in a high cause with unconquerable trust, and winning over enemies by the firm resolves of a vigorous understanding and an unshaken will. The lines beginning

“Look on thy country, look on fertile France,”

might have given the tone to every thing that has been subsequently written in honour of the Maid. It was his accurate knowledge of the springs of character, which in so young a man appears almost intuitive, that made Shakspeare adopt this delineation of Joan of Arc. He knew that, with all the influence of her supernatural pretension, this extraordinary woman could not have swayed the destinies of kingdoms, and moulded princes and warriors to her will, unless she had been a person of very rare natural endowments. She was represented by the Chroniclers as a mere virago, a bold and shameless trull, a monster, a witch; because they adopted the vulgar view of her character—the view, in truth, of those to whom she was opposed. *They* were rough soldiers, with all the virtues and all the vices of their age; the creatures of brute force; the champions, indeed, of chivalry, but with the brand upon them of all the selfish passions with which the highest deeds of chivalry were too invariably associated. The wonderful thing about the *First Part of Henry VI.* is, that these men, who stood in the same relation of time to Shakspeare's age as the men of Anne do to ours, should have been painted with a pencil at once so vigorous and so true. The English Chroniclers, in all that regards the delineation of characters and manners, give us abundant

materials upon which we may form an estimate of actions, and motives, and instruments ; but they do not show us the instruments moving in their own forms of vitality ; they do not lay bare their motives ; and hence we have no real key to their actions. Froissart is, perhaps, the only contemporary writer who gives us real portraits of the men of mail. But Shakspeare marshalled them upon his stage, in all their rude might, their coarse ambition, their low jealousies, their factious hatreds, mixed up with their thirst for glory, their indomitable courage, their warm friendships, their tender natural affections, their love of country. They move over his scene, displaying alike their grandeur and their littleness. He arrays them, equally indifferent whether their faults or their excellences be most prominent. The "terrible Talbot" denounces his rival Fastolfe with a bitterness unworthy a companion in arms ; enters into a fierce war of words with the Pucelle, in which her power of understanding leaves him almost contemptible ; and fights onward from scene to scene as if there was nothing high in man except the power of warring against his fellows : but he weeps like a lover over the fruitless gallantry of his devoted son ; and he folds his dead boy in his rough arms, even as the mother, perishing with her child, takes the cold clay of the dear one to her bosom. This is the *truth* which Shakspeare substituted for the vague delineations of the old stage. These are the pictures of manners which he gave to the people, when other poets adopted the easier expedient of separating the imaginative from the vulgar view of human actions and passions, only by rejecting whatever was real. He gave to his audiences new characters and new manners, simply because he presented to them the characters and manners of the ages which he undertook to delineate. Other men were satisfied to find the new in what never had an existence.

[From Verplanck's "Shakespeare."*]

The pure Chronicle History was the third stage of the graver English drama, as it passed on from coarse rudeness to the noblest forms of poetic and historic tragedy. Its first stage was the ancient "miracle play," founded on scriptural narrative or popular sacred legends of saints and martyrs. Then succeeded the "moralities," or moral plays, which were poetical and dramatic allegories in dialogue, bearing upon the popular political or religious topics of the day, in which virtues and vices, church and state, follies, and parties and opinions, appeared as allegorical personages. Then, after the language had assumed nearly its present character, and English history had been made accessible to English readers by Hall and his fellow-chroniclers, came the proper dramatized "chronicle history." This was an inartificial dramatic representation of popular history following the order of time in the succession of events, sometimes with a mixture of the allegorical personages of the older plays, and often made to bear on similar political feelings of the times. Such was the original *King John* of Bishop Bale, one of the very earliest plays of this class. It was written by a Protestant reformer, and intended to excite popular feeling against the Church of Rome.

The proper chronicle history, or strict historical drama, appears to have still been very popular at the period when Shakespeare first became acquainted with the stage, although Marlowe, and Kyd, and Whetstone, had made the public familiar with tragedy in its more ambitious form of dramatic invention and splendid poetical decoration. Most of these histories were, like the *Famous Victories of Henry V.*, of a very humble order of talent, and apparently owed their long-continued popularity to the interest of their subjects, so

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. i. p. 5 of 1 *Hen. VI.*

intimately associated with the traditions, recollections, and national or local feelings of their audiences. Others, again, like the *King John* which immediately preceded Shakespeare's, and Marlowe's *Edward II.*, were executed with no contemptible spirit and talent. Some of them varied their graver scenes with coarse buffoon humour. But none of them rose much above the level of the mere dramatized historical narrative, or gave to the events which they represented the effect of dramatic unity, or the deeper feeling or sustained splendour of tragic poetry. The raising this dramatized chronicle to a higher stage of art, or, rather, the creation of English historical tragedy and tragi-comedy, was reserved for Shakespeare. He first, among his countrymen, gave to represented history the unity of a pervading interest, sentiment, and object; marking all the crowded succession of characters who had figured in the great events of his country's history with an individuality and life such as could be derived only from an intimate knowledge of general and living human nature, pouring over them and their deeds the light of moral instruction blended with the richest colours of fancy, and, at the same time, making the broadest humour and the most prolific mirthful invention the adjuncts and exponents of historical truth.

But the progress of the Poet's mind, in this as in other walks, though rapid was gradual; a fact which his critics seem constantly disposed to overlook. It was not until *Henry IV.*, *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*, and *King John* (whatever may have been the precise order of their succession), that he had acquired the full mastery of that poetic alchemy which could transmute every rude and coarse fragment of the chronicle narratives "into something rich and strange." These three plays, representing the feeble and disastrous reign of Henry VI., unquestionably preceded this period. They are expressly referred to in the concluding Chorus to *Henry V.* as having been often represented before that play was produced:

“Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown’d king
 Of France and England, did this king succeed;
 Whose state so many had the managing,
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and for their sake,
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take.”

They were first printed in their present form, as enlarged and connected in one continuous play of successive parts, in the folio of 1623. They all obviously belong to the old fashion of the chronicle drama, before the great Poet had familiarized himself and his contemporaries with the idea of impressing upon such materials the spirit and interest of the higher tragedy. They are annals thrown into action, and they differ from other contemporary writings of the same class, not in being of a higher aim and more artist-like conception of the whole, but merely in the superior spirit, vigour, and congruity of the parts. The incidents, in their long succession, are depicted naturally and vividly; the characters are every one of them marked with distinctness and consistency, and with a vivid and rapid power of portraiture, such as “the dogged York that reaches at the moon;” Suffolk’s “cloudy brow and stormy hate;” Beaufort’s “red sparkling eyes.” In Margaret we have a foreshadowing of Lady Macbeth finely contrasted with the meek and holy Henry, whose gentle lowliness of spirit is brought out with a prominence and beauty a good deal beyond what history alone would have suggested to the Poet; as even in the Lancastrian chronicles he appears unfitted for sovereignty, more from mere imbecility than from gentle virtues, unsuited to a station demanding “sterner stuff.” Occasionally, too, as in the Cardinal’s death, York’s last scene, and many of Henry’s speeches, appears a power of the pathetic and of the terrible, in which, however imperfectly developed, we cannot mistake the future author of *Lear* and *Macbeth*. It is on that account that, while from the absence of that overflow-

ing thought and quick-flashing fancy, which pervade the other histories, the paucity of those Shakespearian bold felicities of expression which fasten themselves upon the memory, and from the inferiority of the versification in freedom and melody, they can add nothing to the reputation of Shakespeare as a poet, they have nevertheless taken strong hold of the general mind, are familiar to all readers, and have certainly substituted their representations of the persons and incidents of the wars of York and Lancaster in popular opinion, alike to those of the sober narratives of the chroniclers, and of the philosophic inferences of modern historians. This is certainly no mean proof of the essential strength and spirit of these plays, however secondary their rank may be as poetic or dramatic compositions. Some portion of this popularity they indeed derive from their close connection with the more brilliant and original dramas which precede and follow them in the historic scenes. But though inferior to them, they are still evidently a portion, and not an unworthy one, of the same grand composition; they all having that congruity of character, that mutual enchainment of events, allusions, and opinions, which mark them all to have been kept in view together in the author's mind, as the several parts of one continuous plot, though not constituting a single dramatic whole.





ANGIERS.

FIRST PART
of
KING HENRY

VI

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



KING HENRY the Sixth.
 DUKE OF GLOSTER, uncle to the King, and Protector.
 DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
 THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.
 HENRY BEAUFORT, great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
 JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.
 EARL OF WARWICK.
 EARL OF SALISBURY.
 EARL OF SUFFOLK.
 LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
 JOHN TALBOT, his son.
 EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
 SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
 SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
 SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
 SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
 Mayor of London.
 WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.
 VERNON, of the White-Rose or York faction.
 BASSET, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.
 A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.
 REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
 DUKE OF ALENÇON.
 BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
 Governor of Paris.
 Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
 General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
 A French Sergeant. A Porter.
 An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.
 COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
 JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: *Partly in England and partly in France.*



TOWER HILL (SCENE III.)

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Westminster Abbey.*

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY the Fifth, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD, Regent of France; the DUKE OF GLOSTER, Protector; the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, etc.

Bedford. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!

C

King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long !
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Gloster. England ne'er had a king until his time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command ;
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams ; 10
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ;
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies
 Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech ;
 He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exeter. We mourn in black : why mourn we not in blood?
 Henry is dead and never shall revive ;
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
 And death's dishonourable victory 20
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
 By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Winchester. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be as was his sight. 30
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought ;
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Gloster. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen
 pray'd,
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd ;
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,
 Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.

Winchester. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector
 And lookest to command the prince and realm.
 Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God or religious churchmen may. 40

Gloster. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bedford. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in
peace!

Let's to the altar.—Heralds, wait on us.—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears, 50
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke!
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright ——

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture;
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bedford. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
corse?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Gloster. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exeter. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Messenger. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,— 70
That here you maintain several factions,

And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
 You are disputing of your generals.
 One would have lingering wars with little cost;
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
 A third thinks, without expense at all,
 By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
 Awake, awake, English nobility!
 Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

80

Exeter. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
 These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bedford. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.—
 Give me my steeled coat. I'll fight for France.—
 Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
 Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

Messenger. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
 France is revolted from the English quite,
 Except some petty towns of no import.
 The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims:
 The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
 Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
 The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

90

Exeter. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
 O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Gloster. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.—
 Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bedford. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
 An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
 Wherewith already France is overrun.

101

Enter another Messenger.

Messenger. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Winchester. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

Messenger. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord, 110
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued; 120
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up, 130
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.
He, being in the vaward, plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;

Enclosed were they with their enemies :
 A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
 Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
 Durst not presume to look once in the face.

140

Bedford. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
 For living idly here in pomp and ease,
 Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
 Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

Messenger. O, no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
 And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford ;
 Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bedford. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
 I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne ;
 His crown shall be the ransom of my friend ;
 Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
 Farewell, my masters ; to my task will I ;
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal.
 Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

150

Messenger. So you had need, for Orleans is besieg'd ;
 The English army is grown weak and faint :
 The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
 And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
 Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

160

Exeter. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
 Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
 Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bedford. I do remember it ; and here take my leave,
 To go about my preparation. [Exit.

Gloster. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
 To view the artillery and munition ;
 And then I will proclaim young Henry king [Exit.

Exeter. To Eltham will I, where the young king is, 170

Being ordain'd his special governor,
 And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.

Winchester. Each hath his place and function to attend:
 I am left out; for me nothing remains.
 But long I will not be Jack out of office:
 The king from Eltham I intend to steal
 And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, marching with drum and Soldiers.

Charles. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
 So in the earth, to this day is not known.
 Late did he shine upon the English side;
 Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
 What towns of any moment but we have?
 At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
 Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alençon. They want their porridge and their fat bull
 beeves;

Either they must be dieted like mules, 10
 And have their provender tied to their mouths,
 Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reignier. Let's raise the siege; why live we idly here?
 Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
 Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
 And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
 Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Charles. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
 Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
 Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
 When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [Exeunt.

Alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER.

Charles. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reignier. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alençon. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred 30
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Charles. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd
slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege. 31

Reignier. I think, by some odd gimmers or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alençon. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD of Orleans.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for
him.

Charles. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bastard. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand;
 A holy maid hither with me I bring,
 Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
 Ordained is to raise this tedious siege
 And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
 The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
 Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
 What 's past and what 's to come she can descry.
 Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
 For they are certain and unfallible.

50

Charles. Go, call her in.—[*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to
 try her skill,
 Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
 Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

60

Re-enter the BASTARD of Orleans, with JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reignier. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous
 feats?

Pucelle. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
 Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;
 I know thee well, though never seen before.
 Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me;
 In private will I talk with thee apart.—
 Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

70

Reignier. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucelle. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
 My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
 Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
 To shine on my contemptible estate.
 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
 God's mother deigned to appear to me,
 And in a vision full of majesty
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation

80

And free my country from calamity.
 Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success;
 In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me
 That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated;
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this,—thou shalt be fortunate
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Charles. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.
 Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make:
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
 And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
 Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Pucelle. I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword,
 Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
 The which at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's churchyard,
 Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Charles. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Pucelle. And while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.*]

Charles. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
 And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Pucelle. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Charles. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help me.
 Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
 Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
 Let me thy servant and not sovereign be;
 'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucelle. I must not yield to any rites of love,
 For my profession 's sacred from above.

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Charles. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reignier. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk,

Alençon. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech. 120

Reignier. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alençon. He may mean more than we poor men do know;
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reignier. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Pucelle. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Charles. What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Pucelle. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise;

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Charles. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alençon. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reignier. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;

Drive them from Orleans and be immortaliz'd.

Charles. Presently we'll try.—Come, let's away about it;

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *London. Before the Tower.*

Enter the DUKE OF GLOSTER, with his Servingmen in blue coats.

Gloster. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 't is Gloster that calls.

1 *Warder.* [*Within*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Servingman.* It is the noble Duke of Gloster.

2 *Warder.* [*Within*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Servingman.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Warder.* [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him;

We do no otherwise than we are will'd. 10

Gloster. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.—
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*Gloster's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*]

Woodvile. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Gloster. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Woodvile. Have patience, noble duke, I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment 20
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Gloster. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king.
Open the gates or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Servingmen. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates WINCHESTER and
his men in tawny coats.*

Winchester. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means
this?

Gloster. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut
out?

Winchester. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Gloster. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord,
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winchester. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a
foot:

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Gloster. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back;
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Winchester. Do what thou dar'st; I heard thee to thy
face.

Gloster. What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats!—Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Winchester. Gloster, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

Gloster. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloster's men beat out the Cardinal's men; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

Mayor. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Gloster. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.
Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, 60
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Winchester. Here 's Gloster, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Gloster. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife 70
But to make open proclamation.—

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Officer. All manner of men assembled here in arms this
day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and
command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your
several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use
any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of
death.

Gloster. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large. 80

Winchester. Gloster, we will meet, to thy cost, be sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.—
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Gloster. Mayor, farewell; thou dost but what thou mayst.

Winchester. Abominable Gloster, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally, Gloster and Winchester
with their Servingmen.*]

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, a Master-Gunner and his Boy.

Master-Gunner. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is be-
sieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

Master-Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd
by me.

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars

10

In yonder tower to overpeer the city
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.

Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[*Exit.*]

19

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

[*Exit.*]

Enter, on the turrets, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.

Salisbury. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Talbot. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchange'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far 30
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me;
Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salisbury. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Talbot. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me, 40
To be a public spectacle to all:

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread 50
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
That walk'd about me every minute while,

And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Salisbury. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans ;
Here, through this grate, I count each one 60
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.

Let us look in ; the sight will much delight thee.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions

Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gargrave. I think, at the north gate ; for there stand lords.

Glansdale. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Talbot. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.]

Salisbury. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners ! 70

Gargrave. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man !

Talbot. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd
us?—

Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak :

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!—

Accursed tower ! accursed fatal hand

That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy !

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame ;

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars ;

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up, 80

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury ? though thy speech doth fail.

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace ;

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
 Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.—
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort:
 Thou shalt not die whiles—

90

He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
 As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French.'—
 Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.—

[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
 Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd
 head;

100

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
 A holy prophetess new risen up,
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*

Talbot. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
 It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you;
 Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,

110

And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Same.*

Here an alarum again; and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN, and driveth him: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter TALBOT.

Talbot. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes.—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee.
Blood will I draw on thee,—thou art a witch,—
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucelle. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee.

[Here they fight.]

Talbot. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage, 10
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[They fight again.]

Pucelle. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come.
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.]

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;

Help Salisbury to make his testament:

This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[Exit.]

Talbot. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do. 20

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists;
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench

Are from their hives and houses driven away.
 They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs ;
 Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.— [*A short alarum.*
 Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :
 Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf, 30
 Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*

It will not be. Retire into your trenches ;
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
 In spite of us or aught that we could do.
 O, would I were to die with Salisbury !
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit Talbot. Alarum ; retreat ; flourish.*

SCENE VI. *The Same.*

Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

Pucelle. Advance our waving colours on the walls ;
 Rescued is Orleans from the English :
 Thus Joan La Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Charles. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
 How shall I honour thee for this success ?
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
 That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.—
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophethess !
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans ;
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state. 10

Reignier. Why ring not out the bells throughout the
 town?—

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alençon. All France will be replete with mirth and joy
 When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Charles. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won ;
 For which I will divide my crown with her,
 And all the priests and friars in my realm
 Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 20
 A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear
 Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was ;
 In memory of her when she is dead,
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious
 Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,
 Transported shall be at high festivals
 Before the kings and queens of France.
 No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
 Come in, and let us banquet royally, 30
 After this golden day of victory. [Flourish. Exeunt.]





THE TEMPLE GARDEN (SCENE IV.).

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before Orleans.*

Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels.

Sergeant. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant;
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 *Sentinel.* Sergeant, you shall.—[*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are
poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.

Talbot. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy are friends to us, 10
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
Embrace we then this opportunity
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bedford. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his
fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Burgundy. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle whom they term so pure? 20

Talbot. A maid, they say.

Bedford. A maid! and be so martial!

Burgundy. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun!

Talbot. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bedford. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Talbot. Not all together; better far, I guess, 30
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bedford. Agreed; I'll to yond corner.

Burgundy. And I to this.

Talbot. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.--
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Sentinel. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!

[*Cry: 'St. George,' 'A Talbot.'*]

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the BASTARD of Orleans, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.

Alençon. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

Bastard. Unready! ay, and glad we scap'd so well. 40

Reignier. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alençon. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bastard. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reignier. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alençon. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Bastard. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Charles. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame? 50
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucelle. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Charles. Duke of Alençon, this was your default, 60
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alençon. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bastard. Mine was secure.

Reignier. And so was mine, my lord.

Charles. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels;
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Pucelle. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way; 't is sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying 'A Talbot! a
Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Soldier. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

[Exit.

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others.

Bedford. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.

Talbot. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold

What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
 Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
 A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd;
 Upon the which, that every one may read,
 Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
 The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
 And what a terror he had been to France.
 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
 I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
 His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
 Nor any of his false confederates.

Bedford. 'T is thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
 Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
 They did amongst the troops of armed men
 Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Burgundy. Myself, as far as I could well discern
 For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
 Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
 Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
 That could not live asunder day or night.
 After that things are set in order here,
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
 Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
 So much applauded through the realm of France?

Talbot. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Messenger. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
 With modesty admiring thy renown,
 By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
 To visit her poor castle where she lies,
 That she may boast she hath beheld the man
 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Burgundy. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Talbot. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd.—
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bedford. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Talbot. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my
mind?

Captain. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Auvergne. The Court of the Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

Countess. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Porter. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Countess. The plot is laid; if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account;
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Messenger. Madam,

According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

Countess. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Messenger. Madam, it is.

Countess. Is this the scourge of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?

I see report is fabulous and false;

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,

A second Hector, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!

It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp

Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Talbot. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;

But since your ladyship is not at leisure,

I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Countess. What means he now?—Go ask him whither he goes.

Messenger. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Talbot. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Countess. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Talbot. Prisoner! to whom?

Countess. To me, blood-thirsty lord;

And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

For in my gallery thy picture hangs:

But now the substance shall endure the like;

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,

That hast by tyranny these many years

Wasted our country, slain our citizens,

And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Talbot. Ha, ha, ha!

Countess. Laughst thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Talbot. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Countess. Why, art not thou the man?

Talbot. I am indeed.

Countess. Then have I substance too.

Talbot. No, no, I am but shadow of myself; 50
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here,
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Countess. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Talbot. That will I show you presently. 60

[*Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter soldiers.*]

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Countess. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath; 70
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Talbot. Be not dismay'd, fair lady, nor misconstrue

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done hath not offended me ;
 Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only, with your patience, that we may
 Taste of your wine and see what cates you have ;
 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

8c

Countess. With all my heart, and think me honoured
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *London. The Temple Garden.*

Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK ;
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and another* Lawyer.

Plantagenet. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this
 silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suffolk. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud ;
 The garden here is more convenient.

Plantagenet. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth,
 Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suffolk. Faith, I have been a truant in the law
 And never yet could frame my will to it,
 And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Somerset. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between
 us.

10

Warwick. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
 Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
 Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
 Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
 Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
 I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment ;
 But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
 Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plantagenet. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance ;

The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out. 20

Somerset. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plantagenet. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me. 30

Somerset. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

Warwick. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suffolk. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.

Vernon. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he upon whose side 40
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Somerset. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected ;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plantagenet. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white-rose side.

Somerset. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red 50
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Vernon. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Somerset. Well, well, come on ; who else ?

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you ;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plantagenet. Now, Somerset, where is your argument ?

Somerset. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red. 60

Plantagenet. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses ;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Somerset. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plantagenet. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Somerset. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

Plantagenet. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood. 71

Somerset. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plantagenet. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suffolk. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plantagenet. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suffolk. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Somerset. Away, away, good William de la Pole ! 80
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

Warwick. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somers-
set ;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ?

Plantagenet. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Somerset. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, 90
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plantagenet. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself, 100
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension;
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Somerset. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plantagenet. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave 110
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suffolk. Go forward and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*]

Somerset. Have with thee, Pole.—Farewell, ambitious Rich-
ard. [*Exit.*]

Plantagenet. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure
it!

Warwick. This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;

And if thou be not then created York,
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
 Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
 And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
 Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
 Shall send between the red rose and the white
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

120

Plantagenet. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Vernon. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

130

Lawyer. And so will I.

Plantagenet. Thanks, gentle sir.—

Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say
 This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Tower of London.*

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair, and* Gaolers.

Mortimer. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
 Even like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay,
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,

10

As witting I no other comfort have.—

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ;

1 *Gaoler.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come ;

We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,

And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mortimer. Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfied.— 20

Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,

Before whose glory I was great in arms,

This loathsome sequestration have I had ;

And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,

Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.

But now the arbitrator of despairs,

Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries,

With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence. 30

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,

That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Gaoler.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mortimer. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come ?

Plantagenet. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mortimer. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.

O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,

That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.— 40

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,

Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd ?

Plantagenet. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm ;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.

This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me ;

Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue

And did upbraid me with my father's death :

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
 Else with the like I had requited him.
 Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
 In honour of a true Plantagenet
 And for alliance sake, declare the cause
 My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

50

Mortimer. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
 And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
 Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
 Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plantagenet. Discover more at large what cause that was,
 For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

60

Mortimer. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
 And death approach not ere my tale be done.
 Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
 Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
 The first-begotten and the lawful heir
 Of Edward king, the third of that descent,
 During whose reign the Percies of the north,
 Finding his usurpation most unjust,
 Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
 The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this
 Was, for that—young King Richard thus remov'd,
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
 I was the next by birth and parentage ;
 For by my mother I derived am
 From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
 To King Edward the Third, whereas he
 From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
 Being but fourth of that heroic line.
 But mark : as in this haughty great attempt
 They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
 I lost my liberty and they their lives.
 Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
 Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,

70

Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
 From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
 Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
 Again in pity of my hard distress
 Levied an army, weening to redeem
 And have install'd me in the diadem ;
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

90

Plantagenet. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mortimer. True ; and thou seest that I no issue have,
 And that my fainting words do warrant death.
 Thou art my heir ; the rest I wish thee gather :
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plantagenet. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me ;
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

100

Mortimer. With silence, nephew, be thou politic ;
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster
 And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence,
 As princes do their courts when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plantagenet. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age !

Mortimer. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer
 doth

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.

110

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;

Only give order for my funeral :

And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,

And prosperous be thy life in peace and war !

[Dies.

Plantagenet. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul !
 In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage
 And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
And what I do imagine let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

120

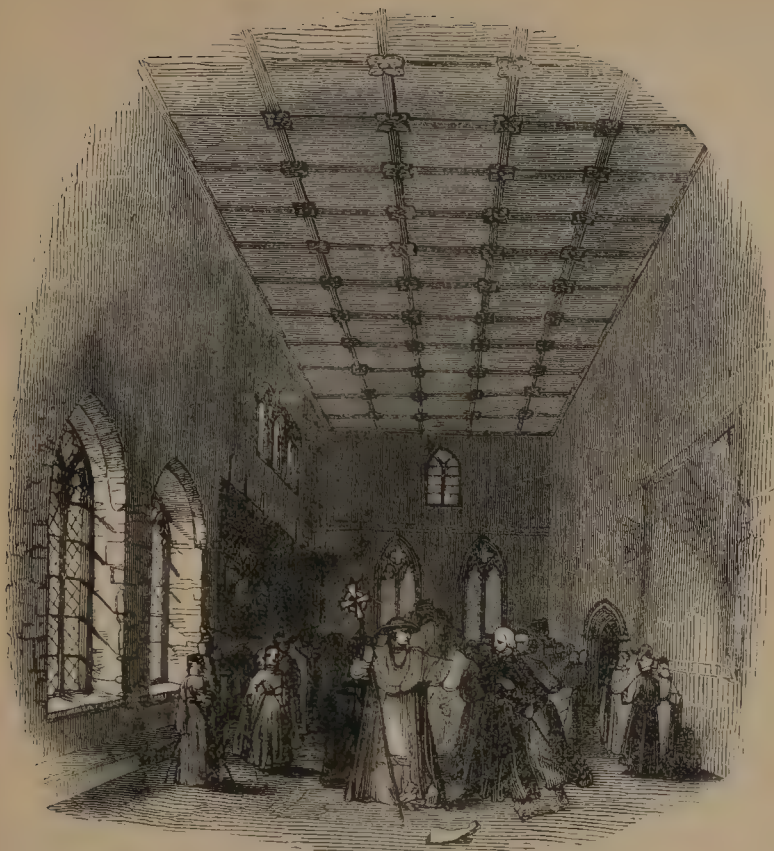
[Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress ;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

[Exit.]



ROUEN.



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament House.*

Flourish. Enter KING, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

Winchester. Com'st thou with deep-premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,

Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
 Do it without invention, suddenly ;
 As I with sudden and extemporal speech
 Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Gloster. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my
 patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.

Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
 Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
 No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession and degree;
 And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest,
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at London bridge as at the Tower?
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Winchester. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
 As he will have me, how am I so poor?
 Or how haps it I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
 And for dissension, who preferreth peace
 More than I do, except I be provok'd?
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
 It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
 It is, because no one should sway but he;

No one but he should be about the king;
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.
 But he shall know I am as good—

Gloster. As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Winchester. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
 But one imperious in another's throne?

Gloster. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Winchester. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Gloster. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
 And useth it to patronage his theft.

Winchester. Unreverent Gloster!

Gloster. Thou art reverent
 Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Winchester. Rome shall remedy this.

Warwick. Roam thither, then.

Somerset. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Warwick. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Somerset. Methinks my lord should be religious
 And know the office that belongs to such.

Warwick. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
 It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Somerset. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

Warwick. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
 Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plantagenet. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his
 tongue,

Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
 Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
 Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
 The special watchmen of our English weal,
 I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
 To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
 That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
 Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
 Civil dissension is a viperous worm
 That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

70

[*A noise within*, 'Down with the tawny coats!'
 What tumult 's this?

Warwick. An uproar, I dare warrant,
 Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again*, 'Stones! stones!'

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
 Pity the city of London, pity us!
 The bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,
 Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
 Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
 And banding themselves in contrary parts
 Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
 That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.
 Our windows are broke down in every street,
 And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

80

Enter Servingmen, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
 To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.—
 Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Servingman.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall
 to it with our teeth.

90

2 *Servingman.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Gloster. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
 And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Servingman.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
 Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,

Inferior to none but to his majesty ;
 And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
 So kind a father of the common weal,
 To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
 We and our wives and children all will fight 100
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 Servingman. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
 Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [Begin again.

Gloster. Stay, stay, I say !

And if you love me, as you say you do,
 Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul !—

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
 My sighs and tears and will not once relent ?
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?
 Or who should study to prefer a peace, 110
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

Warwick. Yield, my lord protector ;— yield, Winches-
 ter ;

Except you mean with obstinate repulse
 To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
 You see what mischief and what murder too
 Hath been enacted through your enmity ;
 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winchester. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Gloster. Compassion on the king commands me stoop,
 Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest 120
 Should ever get that privilege of me.

Warwick. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
 Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
 As by his smoothed brows it doth appear ;
 Why look you still so stern and tragical ?

Gloster. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fie, Uncle Beaufort ! I have heard you preach
 That malice was a great and grievous sin ;

And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same? 130

Warwick. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.—
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Winchester. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

Gloster. [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not. 140

Winchester. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Servingman.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Servingman.*

And so will I.

3 *Servingman.* And I will see what physic the tavern af-
fords. [*Exeunt Servingmen, Mayor, etc.*]

Warwick. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet 150
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Gloster. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick;—for, sweet
prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham Place I told your majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force;—
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

Warwick. Let Richard be restored to his blood; 160
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Winchester. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plantagenet. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

King. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot ;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done, 170
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plantagenet. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall !
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty !

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York !

Somerset. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of
York !

Gloster. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France. 180
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes ;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Gloster. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*]

Exeter. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love, 190
And will at last break out into a flame ;
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy
 Which in the time of Henry nam'd the Fifth
 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
 That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
 And Henry born at Windsor should lose all;
 Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
 His days may finish ere that hapless time.

200
 [Exit.]

SCENE II. *France. Before Rouen.*

Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, with four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.

Pucelle. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
 Through which our policy must make a breach.
 Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
 Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
 That come to gather money for their corn.
 If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

I Soldier. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city, 10
 And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
 Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.]

Watch. [Within] Qui est là?

Pucelle. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
 Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

Pucelle. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
 [Exeunt.]

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD of Orleans, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and forces.

Charles. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem,
 And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen!

Bastard. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants; 20
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reignier. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Pucelle. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [Exit.

Bastard. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands. 30

Charles. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reignier. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [Alarum. Exeunt.

An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion.

Talbot. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares, 39
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. [Exit.

An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD brought in sick in a chair.

*Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY without: within LA PUCELLE,
CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, on the walls.*

Pucelle. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Burgundy. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan!

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Charles. Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.

Bedford. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Pucelle. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair? 51

Talbot. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Pucelle. Are ye so hot, sir?—yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*The English whisper together in council.*]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker? 60

Talbot. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Pucelle. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Talbot. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alençon. Signior, no.

Talbot. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. 70

Pucelle. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*]

Talbot. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die;

And I, as sure as English Henry lives 80
 And as his father here was conqueror,
 As sure as in this late-betrayed town
 Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
 So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Burgundy. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Talbot. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
 The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place,
 Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bedford. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me; 90
 Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
 And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Burgundy. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bedford. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
 That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
 Came to the field and vanquished his foes.
 Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
 Because I ever found them as myself.

Talbot. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
 Then be it so.—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!— 100
 And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
 But gather we our forces out of hand
 And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.*]

*An alarm: excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE and a
 Captain.*

Captain. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fastolfe. Whither away! to save myself by flight;
 We are like to have the overthrow again.

Captain. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fastolfe.

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*]

Captain. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*]

Retreat: excursions. LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, and CHARLES
fly.

Bedford. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please, ¹¹⁰
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

An alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the rest.

Talbot. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Burgundy. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments. ¹²⁰

Talbot. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep.
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Burgundy. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Talbot. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget ¹³¹
The noble duke of Bedford late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen.
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that 's the end of human misery.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Plains near Rouen.*

Enter CHARLES, *the* BASTARD of Orleans, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and* forces.

Pucelle. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered;
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

10

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alençon. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucelle. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

20

Charles. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alençon. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Pucelle. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*]

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

30

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY and forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his;
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*]

Charles. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

Burgundy. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Pucelle. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Burgundy. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucelle. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France! 41
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Burgundy. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Pucelle. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lovely babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, 50
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.

O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Burgundy. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucelle. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny. 61

Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?

And was he not in England prisoner? 70

But when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.

See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord.

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burgundy. I am vanquished; these haughty words of
hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.— 80

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace;

My forces and my power of men are yours.—

So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucelle. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn
again!

Charles. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us
fresh.

Bastard. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alençon. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Charles. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers, 90
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Paris. The Palace.*

Enter the KING, GLOSTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER: VERNON, BASSET, and others. To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT.

Talbot. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
 Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
 I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
 To do my duty to my sovereign;
 In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
 To your obedience fifty fortresses,
 Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
 Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
 Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
 And with submissive loyalty of heart
 Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
 First to my God and next unto your grace. 10

[*Kneels.*]

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
 That hath so long been resident in France?

Gloster. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
 When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—
 I do remember how my father said
 A stouter champion never handled sword.
 Long since we were resolved of your truth,
 Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
 Yet never have you tasted our reward,
 Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
 Because till now we never saw your face.
 Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
 We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
 And in our coronation take your place. 20

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*]

Vernon. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,

Disgracing of these colours that I wear
 In honour of my noble lord of York,
 Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

30

Basset. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
 The envious barking of your saucy tongue
 Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vernon. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Basset. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Vernon. Hark ye, not so; in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Basset. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
 That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,
 Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
 But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
 I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
 When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

40

Vernon. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you,
 And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*





BOURDEAUX IN OUR DAY.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Paris. A Hall of State.*

Enter the KING, GLOSTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Gloster. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Winchester. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Gloster. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him,

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
 And none your foes but such as shall pretend
 Malicious practices against his state ;
 This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fastolfe. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
 To haste unto your coronation, 10
 A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
 Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Talbot. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee !
 I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
 To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [Plucking it off.]
 Which I have done, because unworthily
 Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
 Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :
 This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
 When but in all I was six thousand strong 20
 And that the French were almost ten to one,
 Before we met or that a stroke was given,
 Like to a trusty squire did run away :
 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
 Myself and divers gentlemen beside
 Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Gloster. To say the truth, this fact was infamous 30
 And ill beseeming any common man,
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Talbot. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
 Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

But always resolute in most extremes.
 He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Profaning this most honourable order,
 And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

40

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
 Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight;
 Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit Fastolfe.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
 Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Gloster. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his
 style?

50

No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'
 Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
 Or doth this churlish superscription
 Pretend some alteration in good will?
 What's here? [*Reads*] '*I have, upon especial cause,
 Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,
 Together with the pitiful complaints
 Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
 Forsaken your pernicious faction
 And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.*'—

60

O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
 That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
 There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Gloster. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Gloster. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
 And give him chastisement for this abuse.—

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

70

Talbot. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength and march unto him straight;
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Talbot. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Vernon. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

Basset. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince. 80

Somerset. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him.

King Henry. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to
speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Vernon. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Basset. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

King Henry. What is that wrong whereof you both com-
plain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Basset. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue, 90

Upbraided me about the rose I wear;

Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

When stubbornly he did repugn the truth

About a certain question in the law

Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him,

With other vile and ignominious terms;

In confutation of which rude reproach

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,

I crave the benefit of law of arms. 100

Vernon. And that is my petition, noble lord:

For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
 To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
 Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him ;
 And he first took exceptions at this badge,
 Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
 Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Somerset. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
 Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. 110

King Henry. Good Lord, what madness rules in brain-
 sick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause
 Such factious emulations shall arise!—
 Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
 Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
 And then your highness shall command a peace.

Somerset. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;
 Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerset. 120

Vernon. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Basset. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Gloster. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
 And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
 Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
 With this immodest clamorous outrage
 To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
 And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
 To bear with their perverse objections ;
 Much less to take occasion from their mouths 130
 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.
 Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exeter. It grieves his highness.—Good my lords, be friends.

King Henry. Come hither, you that would be combatants.
 Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
 And you, my lords, remember where we are ;
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
 If they perceive dissension in our looks,
 And that within ourselves we disagree, 140
 How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel !
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certified
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France !
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years, and let us not forego
 That for a trifle that was bought with blood ! 150
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red rose.*
 That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset than York ;
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
 Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade
 Than I am able to instruct or teach ;
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160
 So let us still continue peace and love.—
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France ;—
 And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot :
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest
 After some respite will return to Calais ; 170

From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick,
Exeter, and Vernon.*]

Warwick. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

Warwick. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not,
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest; 180
Other affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt all but Exeter.*]

Exeter. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites, 190
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'T is much when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, with trump and drum.

Talbot. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft.
English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,

Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
 And thus he would: Open your city gates,
 Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects,
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire,
 Who in a moment even with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
 If you forsake the offer of our love.

10

General. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter but by death;
 For, I protest, we are well fortified
 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee;
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
 This is the latest glory of thy praise
 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
 For ere the glass that now begins to run
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

20

30

[*Drum afar off.*]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

40

[*Exeunt General, etc.*]

Talbot. He fables not; I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

60

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

Enter a Messenger that meets YORK. Enter YORK with trumpet and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Messenger. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!

60

Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
 And I am louted by a traitor villain
 And cannot help the noble chevalier.
 God comfort him in this necessity!
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France!

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
 Never so needful on the earth of France,
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron
 And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
 To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
 Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

20

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
 Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
 So should we save a valiant gentleman
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
 Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

30

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
 We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
 All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
 And on his son young John, who two hours since
 I met in travel toward his warlike father!
 This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
 And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
 Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
 That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—

40

Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours are won away,
Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit, with his soldiers.*]

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss.

50

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Other Plains in Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his army; a Captain of TALBOT'S
with him.*

Somerset. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York and Talbo
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Captain. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

10

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Somerset. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot,
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions;
And whiles the honourable captain there

Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour, 20
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.

Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Somerset. York set him on, York should have sent him
 aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims ; 30
 Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
 Collected for this expedition.

Somerset. York lies ; he might have sent and had the
 horse.

I owe him little duty, and less love,
 And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
 Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.
 Never to England shall he bear his life,
 But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Somerset. Come, go ; I will dispatch the horsemen straight :
 Within six hours they will be at his aid. 41

Lucy. Too late comes rescue : he is ta'en or slain ;
 For fly he could not, if he would have fled.
 And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Somerset. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu !

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The English Camp near Bourdeaux.**Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son.*

Talbot. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
 That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd
 When sapless age and weak unable limbs
 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
 But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavoided danger.

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sudden flight; come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
 And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
 Dishonour not her honourable name,
 To make a bastard and a slave of me!
 The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
 That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Talbot. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Talbot. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly;
 Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my death the French can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
 You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
 But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,
 If the first hour I shrink and run away.

Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Talbot. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Talbot. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Talbot. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Talbot. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it. 40

John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?

Talbot. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that
stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Talbot. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not, if my father die. 50

Talbot. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die,

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Field of Battle.*

*Alarum: excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about,
and TALBOT rescues him.*

Talbot. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
 The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
 Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
 To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Talbot. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck
 fire, 10
 It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
 Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
 Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
 Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
 And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
 The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
 From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
 Of thy first fight, I soon encountered;
 And interchanging blows I quickly shed
 Some of his bastard blood, and in disgrace 20
 Bespoke him thus: 'Contaminated, base,
 And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
 Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
 Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy.'
 Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
 Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
 Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
 Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead; 30
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.
 By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
 'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay; 40
 All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
 And like me to the peasant boys of France,
 To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
 Surely, by all the glory you have won, 50
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Talbot. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus! Thy life to me is sweet;
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter old TALBOT led by a Servant.

Talbot. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
 O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
 When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience:
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none, 10
 Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clustering battle of the French;

And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Servant. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young TALBOT.

Talbot. Thou antic Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had Death been French, then Death had died to-day.—
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms.
My spirit can no longer bear these harms. — 30
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, and forces.

Charles. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bastard. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Pucelle. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid;'
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born 40
To be the pillage of a giglot wench.'
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Burgundy. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

Bastard. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Charles. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

50

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended; Herald of the French preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Charles. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Charles. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

60

70

Pucelle. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.

Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Pucelle. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Charles. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall
be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Charles. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.—
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*





ROOM IN THE PALACE (SCENE V.).

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. The Palace.*

Sennet. Enter KING, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

King. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Gloster. I have, my lord, and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your excellence

To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Gloster. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.

King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Gloster. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one.
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter WINCHESTER in Cardinal's habit, a Legate. and two
Ambassadors.*

Exeter. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
'If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;

And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France. 40

Gloster. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover, where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50

[*Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.*]

Winchester. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Winchester. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I
trow,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.—
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee. 60

I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

Exeunt.

SCENE II. *France. Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER,
LA PUCELLE, and forces.

Charles. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits.

'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alençon. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Pucelle. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Charles. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was 11
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Charles. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them,

Burgundy. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Pucelle. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine. 20

Charles. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before Angiers.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Pucelle. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*]
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.—

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accusom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

10

[They walk, and speak not.

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads.

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.—

20

[They depart.

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[Exit.

*Excursions. Re-enter LA PUCELLE fighting hand to hand with
YORK: LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast;
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

30

See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!

Pucelle. Chang'd to a worsèr shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Pucelle. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd 40
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

Pucelle. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in his hand.

Suffolk. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee. 50

Margaret. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suffolk. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me;
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend. [*She is going.*]

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.—
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes. 60

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak ;
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself ;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such, 70
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

Margaret. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suffolk. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?

Margaret. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I
pay?

Suffolk. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Margaret. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no. 80

Suffolk. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife ;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Margaret. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suffolk. There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling card.

Margaret. He talks at random ; sure, the man is mad.

Suffolk. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Margaret. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suffolk. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king ; tush, that's a wooden thing!

Margaret. He talks of wood ; it is some carpenter. 90

Suffolk. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too ;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

Margaret. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?

Suffolk. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much ;

Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.—

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

100

Margaret. What though I be enthral'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

Suffolk. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Margaret. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suffolk. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Margaret. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

Suffolk. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Margaret. I cry you mercy, 't is but quid for quo.

Suffolk. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose 110
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Margaret. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.

Suffolk. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Margaret. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suffolk. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Margaret. What? 120

Suffolk. His love.

Margaret. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suffolk. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?

Margaret. An if my father please, I am content.

Suffolk. Then call our captains and our colours forth.—
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.— 130

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

Reignier. To whom?

Suffolk. To me.

Reignier. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier and unapt to weep

Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suffolk. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord;

Consent, and for thy honour give consent,

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

140

Reignier. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suffolk. Fair Margaret knows

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reignier. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the walls.]

Suffolk. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reignier. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suffolk. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king.

What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

150

Reignier. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord,

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suffolk. That is her ransom, I deliver her;

And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reignier. And I again, in Henry's royal name, 160
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suffolk. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king.—

[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.—
So farewell, Reignier; set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes. 170

Reignier. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Margaret. Farewell, my lord; good wishes, praise, and
prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*]

Suffolk. Farewell, sweet madam; but hark you, Margaret,
No princely commendations to my king?

Margaret. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suffolk. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again; 180
No loving token to his majesty?

Margaret. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suffolk. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Margaret. That for thyself; I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*]

Suffolk. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay!
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise: 190

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
 And natural graces that extinguish art;
 Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
 That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
 Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shepherd. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
 Have I sought every country far and near,
 And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
 Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
 Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Pucelle. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
 I am descended of a gentler blood;
 Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shepherd. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 't is not so;
 I did beget her, all the parish knows: 11
 Her mother liveth yet, can testify
 She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

Warwick. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
 Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shepherd. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
 God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
 And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
 Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

Pucelle. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
 Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shepherd. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest
 The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.—
 Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
 Of thy nativity! I would the milk
 Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'st her breast,
 Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
 Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs afield,
 I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
 Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?—
 O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [Exit.

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
 To fill the world with vicious qualities. 30

Pucelle. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
 Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
 But issued from the progeny of kings;
 Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
 By inspiration of celestial grace, 40
 To work exceeding miracles on earth.
 I never had to do with wicked spirits;
 But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
 Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
 Because you want the grace that others have,
 You judge it straight a thing impossible
 To compass wonders but by help of devils.
 No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
 A virgin from her tender infancy, 50
 Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution!

Warwick. And hark ye, sirs: because she is a maid,
 Spare for no faggots, let there be enow;
 Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
 That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucelle. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides;
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!

Warwick. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

Warwick. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live,
Especially since Charles must father it.

Pucelle. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Pucelle. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

Warwick. A married man! that 's most intolerable.

York. Why, here 's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

Warwick. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee;
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucelle. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my
curse.

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode,
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!

[*Exit, guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, *attended.*

Cardinal. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter. 100

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?— 110
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

Warwick. Be patient, York ; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Charles. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester ; for boiling choler chokes 120
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Cardinal. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus :
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,

Of mere compassion and of lenity,
 To ease your country of distressful war,
 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown;
 And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
 To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
 Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

130

Alençon. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
 Adorn his temples with a coronet,
 And yet, in substance and authority,
 Retain but privilege of a private man?
 This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Charles. 'T is known already that I am possess'd
 With more than half the Gallian territories,
 And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king;
 Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
 Detract so much from that prerogative,
 As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
 No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
 That which I have than, coveting for more,
 Be cast from possibility of all.

140

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
 Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
 And, now the matter grows to compromise,
 Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
 Of benefit proceeding from our king
 And not of any challenge of desert,
 Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

150

Reignier. [*Aside to Charles*] My lord, you do not well in
 obstinacy

To cavil in the course of this contract:
 If once it be neglected, ten to one
 We shall not find like opportunity.

Alençon. [*Aside to Charles*] To say the truth, it is your
policy

To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility ;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

Warwick. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition
stand?

Charles. It shall ;
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*Charles and the rest give tokens of fealty.*]

So, now dismiss your army when ye please ;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *London. The Palace.*

Enter SUFFOLK *in conference with the KING, GLOSTER and*
EXETER following.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me.
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart ;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suffolk. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale

Is but a preface of her worthy praise ;
 The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
 Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
 Would make a volume of enticing lines,
 Able to ravish any dull conceit :
 And, which is more, she is not so divine,
 So full-replete with choice of all delights,
 But with as humble lowliness of mind
 She is content to be at your command,—
 Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
 To love and honour Henry as her lord.

20

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.—
 Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
 That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Gloster. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
 You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
 Unto another lady of esteem ;
 How shall we then dispense with that contract,
 And not deface your honour with reproach ?

Suffolk. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
 Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
 To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
 By reason of his adversary's odds.
 A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
 And therefore may be broke without offence.

30

Gloster. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that ?
 Her father is no better than an earl,
 Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suffolk. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
 The King of Naples and Jerusalem,
 And of such great authority in France
 As his alliance will confirm our peace
 And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

40

Gloster. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
 Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exeter. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suffolk. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.

50

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich;
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,

60

It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king.

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,

70

Will answer our hope in issue of a king;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,

Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve

As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords! and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that

80

My tender youth was never yet attain'd
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
 I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
 Agree to any covenants, and procure
 That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the seas to England and be crown'd
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
 For your expenses and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
 If you do censure me by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden execution of my will.
 And so, conduct me where, from company,
 I may revolve and ruminatè my grief.

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[*Exit.*

Gloster. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Exeter.*

Suffolk. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
 With hope to find the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[*Exit.*



NOTES.

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ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott** (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Pro., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



ORLEANS.

INTRODUCTION.

FOR the following sketch of the historical action of the play, with the extracts from Holinshed and Hall, we are indebted to Knight:

ACT I.—“The play opens with the funeral of Henry V. In this, as

it appears to us, there is great dramatic judgment. The death of that prince, who was the conqueror of France and the idol of England—who, by his extraordinary talents and energy, obliterated almost the memory of the circumstances under which his father obtained the throne—was the starting-point of a long period of error and misfortune, during which France was lost, and England torn to pieces by civil war. It was the purpose of the poet to mark most strikingly the obvious cause of these events; and thus, surrounding the very bier of Henry V., the great lords, to whom were committed the management of his kingdom and the guardianship of his son, begin to dispute, and the messenger of France reproaches them for their party conflicts:

‘Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions.’

This, indeed, was an anticipation; for it was two or three years after the accession of Henry VI. that the quarrels of Gloster and Beaufort became dangerous to the realm. In the same way, the losses of towns in France, the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims, and the defeat of Talbot at Patay, were all anticipations of events which occurred during the succeeding seven years. The poet had the chronicles before him in which these events are detailed, year by year, with the strictest regard to dates. But he was not himself a chronicler. It was his business to crowd the narrative of these events upon the scene, so as to impress upon his audience the general truth that the death of Henry V. was succeeded by disasters which finally overthrew the empire of the English in France. In the final chorus to Henry V., written some years after this play, the dramatic connection of these disasters with the death of this heroic prince is clearly indicated:

‘Fortune made his sword,
By which the world’s best garden he achiev’d,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown’d king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown.’

This is the theme of the three parts of Henry VI. and of Richard III.: and in this, the first of these four dramas, or rather the first division of this one great drama, the poet principally shows how France was lost, whilst he slightly touches upon the growth of those factions through which England bled. Previous to the loss of France there was a period of brilliant success, during which the Regent Bedford appeared likely to insure to Henry VI. the quiet possession of what Henry V. had won for him. But it was not the province of the dramatist to exhibit this aspect of affairs. In the first scene he prepares us, by a bold condensation of the narrative of events connected in themselves, but occurring at distant periods, for the final loss of France. In the second scene he brings us at once into the heart of the extraordinary circumstances in which the final discomfiture of the English commenced—the appearance of Joan of Arc before Orleans, and the almost miraculous success which attended that appearance. There was a real interval of nearly seven years be-

tween the events of the first scene and of the second. Henry V. died on the 31st of August, 1422; Joan of Arc entered Orleans in April, 1429. Here, then, commences the true dramatic action of this play. The preceding scene stands in the place of a prologue, and is the key-note to what is to follow.

“The narrative of Holinshed, and not that of Hall, has been followed by the poet in the second scene of this act:—

“In time of this siege at Orleans, unto Charles the Dauphin, at Chinon, as he was in very great care and study how to wrestle against the English nation, by one Peter Badricourt, captain of Vacouleur (made after marshal of France by the Dauphin’s creation), was carried a young wench of an eighteen years old, called Joan Arc, by name of her father (a sorry shepherd), James of Arc, and Isabella her mother, brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle, born at Domprin (therefore reported by Bale, Joan Domprin), upon Meuse in Lorraine, within the diocese of Thoule. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person strongly made and manly, of courage great, hardy, and stout withal, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastity both of body and behaviour, the name of Jesus in her mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the week. A person (as their books make her) raised up by power divine, only for succour to the French estate, then deeply in distress, in whom, for planting a credit the rather, first the company that towards the Dauphin did conduct her, through places all dangerous, as held by the English, where she never was afore, all the way and by nightertale* safely did she lead: then at the Dauphin’s sending by her assignement, from Saint Katherine’s church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she never had been and knew not), in a secret place there, among old iron, appointed she her sword to be sought out and brought her, that with five fleurs-de-lis was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought and did many slaughters by her own hands. In warfare rode she in armour, cap-à-pie and mustered as a man, before her an ensign all white, wherein was Jesus Christ painted with a fleur-de-lis in his hand.

“Unto the Dauphin into his gallery when first she was brought, and he shadowing himself behind, setting other gay lords before him to try her cunning from all the company, with a salutation (that indeed was all the matter) she picked him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallery, where she held him an hour in secret and private talk, that of his privy chamber was thought very long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let her say on. In which (among other), as likely it was, she set out unto him the singular feats (forsooth) given her to understand by revelation divine, that in virtue of that sword she should achieve, which were, how with honour and victory, she would raise the siege at Orleans, set him in state of the crown of France, and drive the English out of the county, thereby he to enjoy the king-

* Night-time. The word is in Chaucer:—

“So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slept no more than doth the nightingale.”

Tyrwhitt explains it as derived from the Saxon nightern dæl,—*nocturna portio*.

dom alone. Hereupon he hearkened at full, appointed her a sufficient army with absolute power to lead them, and they obediently to do as she bade them.'

"Our quotation is from the second and enlarged edition of Holinshed published in 1586-7; and by this quotation the fact is established, which has not before been noticed, that the author of the *First Part of Henry VI.* must have consulted that very edition. In the original edition of Holinshed, the first appearance of Joan of Arc at Orleans is treated in a very different manner:—

"While this treaty was in hand, the Dauphin studied daily how to provide remedy, by the delivery of his friends in Orleans out of their present danger. And even at the same time that monstrous woman, named Joan la Pucell de Dieu, was presented to him at Chinon, where as then he sojourned, of which woman ye may find more written in the French history, touching her birth, estate, and quality. But, briefly to speak of her doings, so much credit was given to her, that she was honoured as a saint, and so she handled the matter that she was thought to be sent from God to the aid of the Dauphin, otherwise called the French King, Charles, the seventh of that name, as an instrument to deliver France out of the Englishmen's hands, and to establish him in the kingdom.'

"In this passage the term 'monstrous woman' is taken from Hall, who says 'she as a monster was sent to the Dolphin.' Hall says she was 'a great space a chamberlain in a common hostery, and was a ramp of such boldness that she would course horses and ride them to water, and do things that other young maidens both abhorred and were ashamed to do.' The description of Joan of Arc by herself—

'Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter'—

is suggested by Holinshed:—'Brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle.' Of the choice of her sword 'out of a deal of old iron,' we have nothing in Hall, nor in the first edition of Holinshed, nor have we the selection of the Dauphin from amongst his courtiers in these earlier authorities.

"The third scene of this act hurries us back to London. The poet will not lose sight of the events which made England bleed, whilst he delineates those by which France was lost. The narrative of Holinshed, upon which this scene is founded, is almost a literal transcript from Hall. Both chroniclers give the complaint before the Parliament at Leicester of Gloster against Beaufort; of which the first article alleges that the Bishop incited Woodville, the Lieutenant of the Tower, to refuse admission to Gloster, 'he being protector and defender of this land.'

"The fourth scene is a dramatic amplification of a dramatic scene which the poet found both in Hall and Holinshed. We give the passage from the latter chronicler, as it differs very slightly from that of his predecessor:—

"In the tower that was taken at the bridge end (as before you have heard) there was an high chamber, having a grate full of bars of iron, by the which a man might look all the length of the bridge into the city;

at which grate many of the chief captains stood many times, viewing the city, and devising in what place it was best to give the assault. They within the city well perceived this tooting-hole, and laid a piece of ordinance directly against the window. It so chanced, that, the nine-and-fiftieth day after the siege was laid, the Earl of Salisbury, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and William Glansdale, with divers other, went into the said tower, and so into the high chamber, and looked out at the grate, and, within a short space, the son of the master-gunner, perceiving men looking out at the window, took his match (as his father had taught him, who was gone down to dinner), and fired the gun; the shot whereof broke and shivered the iron bars of the grate, so that one of the same bars struck the earl so violently on the head, that it struck away one of his eyes and the side of his cheek. Sir Thomas Gargrave was likewise stricken, and died within two days. The earl was conveyed to Meun on Loire, where, after eight days, he likewise departed this world.*

“The fifth scene, the subject of which is the entry of Joan of Arc into Orleans, follows the course of narration in both chroniclers; but it was in Hall that the poet found a suggestion for this passage:—

‘Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.’

The old historian is quaintly picturesque in his notice of the joy which this great event produced amongst the French:—

“After this siege thus broken up, to tell you what triumphs were made in the city of Orleans, what wood was spent in fires, what wine was drunk in houses, what songs were sung in the streets, what melody was made in taverns, what rounds were danced in large and broad places, what lights were set up in the churches, what anthems were sung in chapels, and what joy was showed in every place, it were a long work, and yet no necessary cause. For they did as we in like case would have done; and we, being in like estate, would have done as they did.”

ACT II.—“This is that terrible Talbot, so famous for his sword, or rather whose sword was so famous for his arm that used it; a sword with bad Latin* upon it, but good steel within it; which constantly conquered where it came, in .so much that the bare fame of his approach frightened the French from the siege of Burdeaux.”

“Such is the quaint notice which old Fuller, in his *Worthies*, gives of Talbot. He is the hero of the play before us; and it is easy to see how his bold, chivalrous bearing, and, above all, the manner of his death, should have made him the favourite of the poet as well as of the chroniclers. His name appears to have been a traditionary household word up to the time of Shakspeare; and other writers, besides the chroniclers, rejoiced in allusions to his warlike deeds. Edward Kerke, the commentator on Spenser’s *Pastorals*, thus speaks of him in 1579:—‘His nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oftentimes great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his

* Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos meos.

name: in so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh.' By a poetical license, Talbot, in this act, is made to retake Orleans; whereas in truth his defeat at the battle of Patay soon followed upon the raising of the siege after the appearance of Joan of Arc. The loss of this battle is attributed, in the description of the messenger in the first act, solely to the cowardice of Sir John Fastolfe; and in the fourth act we are witnesses to the degradation of this knight upon the same imputation of cowardice. There is scarcely enough in the chroniclers to have warranted the poet in making this charge against Fastolfe so prominent. The account of Holinshed, which we subjoin, is nearly a transcript from Hall:—'From this battle departed, without any strokes stricken, Sir John Fastolfe, the same year for his valiantness elected into the Order of the Garter; for which cause the Duke of Bedford took from him the image of St. George, and his garter, though afterward, by mean of friends and apparent causes of good excuse, the same were to him again delivered, against the mind of the Lord Talbot.' It is highly probable that Fastolfe, of whose private character we have an intimate knowledge from those most curious records of social life in the days of Henry VI., the *Paston Letters*, was a commander whose discretion was habitually opposed to the fiery temperament of Talbot; and that, Talbot being the especial favourite of his soldiers, the memory of Fastolfe was handed down to Shakspeare's day as that of one who had contributed to lose France by his timidity, he dying in prosperity and ease in England, whilst the great Talbot perished in the field, leaving in the popular mouth the sentiment which Fuller has preserved, 'Henceforward we may say good night to the English in France.'

"The Bastard of Orleans, who appears in this act, gave the first serious blow to the power of the English in France at the battle of Montargis.

"The scene in the Temple gardens is of purely dramatic creation. It is introduced, we think, with singular judgment, with reference to the purpose of connecting the First Part of *Henry VI.* with the Second and Third Parts. The scene of the death of Mortimer is introduced with the same object. Edmund Mortimer did not die in confinement, nor was he an old man at the time of his death; but the accounts of the chroniclers are so confused that the poet has not committed any violation of historical truth, such as it presented itself to him, in dramatizing the following passage of Hall (the third year of Henry VI.):—'During which season Edmund Mortimer, the last Earl of March of that name (which long time had been restrained from his liberty, and finally waxed lame), deceased without issue, whose inheritance descended to Lord Richard Plantagenet, son and heir to Richard Earl of Cambridge, beheaded, as you have heard before, at the town of Southampton. Which Richard, within less than thirty years, as heir to this Earl Edmund, in open parliament claimed the crown and sceptre of this realm.'

ACT III.—"It is here that Henry is first introduced on the scene. The poet has represented him as very young:—

‘What, shall a child instruct you what to do?’

He was, in truth, only in his fifth year when the contest between Gloster and Beaufort was solemnly arbitrated before the parliament at Leicester. But the poor child was made to go through the ceremonies of royalty even before this. Hall, writing of the third year of his reign, says, ‘About Easter, this year, the king called his high court of parliament at his town of Westminster: and coming to the parliament-house, he was conveyed through the city upon a great courser with great triumph: which child was judged of all men not only to have the very image, the lively portraiture, and lovely countenance of his noble parent and famous father, but also like to succeed and be his heir in all moral virtues, martial policies, and princely feats.’

“At the parliament of Leicester Bedford presided, and ‘openly rebuked the lords in general because that they, in the time of war, through their privy malice and inward grudge, had almost moved the people to war and commotion.’ This rebuke the poet has put into the mouth of Henry:—

‘Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.’

The creation of Richard Plantagenet as Duke of York has been dramatically introduced by the poet into the same scene. The honours bestowed upon Plantagenet immediately followed the hollow reconciliation between Gloster and Beaufort.

“The second scene brings us again to France. The stratagem by which Joan of Arc is here represented to have taken Rouen is found in Holinshed, as a narrative of the mode in which Évreux was taken in 1442. The scene of Bedford dying in the field is purely imaginary. The chronicler simply records his death in 1435, and that his ‘body was with all funeral solemnity buried in the cathedral church of our lady in Rone, on the north side of the high altar, under a sumptuous and costly monument.’

“The defection of the Duke of Burgundy from the English cause did not take place till 1434, and it was in that year that he wrote the letter to Henry to which Gloster alludes in the first scene of the fourth act. The English chroniclers are totally silent as to any influence exercised, or attempted to be exercised, by Joan of Arc, in the separation of Burgundy from the interests of England. The actual event, of course, took place after John’s death; yet it is most remarkable that the spirited dialogue between La Pucelle and Burgundy, in this act, is wholly borne out by the circumstance that the Maid, on the very day of the coronation of Charles at Rheims, in 1429, addressed a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, in which she uses arguments not at all unlike those of this scene of the play. The letter is published by Barante (*Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*, tom. iv. page 259). The original is in the archives of Lille; and Barante says it was first published in 1780. We can scarcely avoid thinking that the author of this play had access to some French chronicler, by whom the substance of the letter was given. We transcribe the original from Ba-

rante; for the characteristic simplicity of the style would be lost in a translation :—

“ Jhesus Maria.

“ Haut et redouté prince, duc de Bourgogne, Jehanne la Pucelle vous requiert, de par le roi du ciel, mon droiturier souverain seigneur, que le roi de France et vous fassiez bonne paix, ferme, qui dure longuement. Pardonnez l'un à l'autre de bon cœur, entièrement, ainsi que doivent faire loyaux chrétiens; et s'il vous plaît guerroyer, allez sur le Sarrasin. Prince de Bourgogne, je vous prie, supplie, et requiers tant humblement que je vous puis requérir, que ne guerroyiez plus au saint royaume de France, et faites retraire incontinent et brièvement vos gens qui sont en aucunes places et forteresses dudit royaume. De la part du gentil roi de France, il est prêt de faire paix avec vous, sauf son honneur; et il ne tient qu'à vous. Et je vous fais savoir, de par le roi du ciel, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur, pour votre bien et pour votre honneur, que vous ne gagnerez point de bataille contre les loyaux Français; et que tous ceux qui guerroyent audit saint royaume de France guerroyent contre le roi Jhesus, roi du ciel et de tout le monde, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur. Et vous prie et vous requiers à jointes mains que ne fassiez nulle bataille, ni ne guerroyiez contre nous, vous, vos gens, et vos sujets. Croyez sûrement, quelque nombre de gens que vous amenez contre nous, qu'ils n'y gagneront mie; et sera grand pitié de la grand bataille et du sang qui sera répandu de ceux qui y viendront contre nous. Il y a trois semaines que je vous ai écrit et envoyez de bonnes lettres par un héraut pour que vous fussiez au sacre du roi qui, aujourd'hui dimanche, dix-septième jour de ce présent mois de juillet, se fait en la cité de Reims. Je n'en ai pas eu réponse, ni onc depuis n'a ouï nouvelles du héraut. A Dieu vous recommande et soit garde de vous, s'il lui plaît, et prie Dieu qu'il y mette bonne paix. Écrit audit lieu de Reims, le 17 juillet.”

ACT IV.—“ The coronation of Henry VI. in Paris took place as early as 1431. In the scene of the play where this event is represented, Talbot receives a commission to proceed against Burgundy; and the remainder of the fourth act is occupied with the events of the campaign in which Talbot fell. Twenty years, or more, are leaped over by the poet, for the purpose of showing, amidst the disasters of our countrymen in France, the heroism by which the struggle for empire was so long maintained. We have already alluded to the detailed narrative which Hall gives of Talbot's death, and the brief notice of Holinshed. The account of the elder historian is very graphic, and no doubt furnished the materials for the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes of this act :—

“ This conflict continued in doubtful judgement of victory two long hours; during which fight the lords of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great company of Frenchmen, entered the battle, and began a new field; and suddenly the gunners, perceiving the Englishmen to approach near, discharged their ordinance, and slew three hundred persons near to the earl, who, perceiving the imminent jeopardy and subtle labyrinth in the which he and his people were enclosed and illaqueate,

despising his own safeguard, and desiring the life of his entirely and well beloved son the Lord Lisle, willed, advertised, and counselled him to depart out of the field, and to save himself. But when the son had answered that it was neither honest nor natural for him to leave his father in the extreme jeopardy of his life, and that he would taste of that draught which his father and parent should assay and begin, the noble earl and comfortable captain said to him, Oh, son, son! I, thy father, which only hath been the terror and scourge of the French people so many years,—which hath subverted so many towns, and profligate and discomfited so many of them in open battle and martial conflict,—neither can here die, for the honour of my country, without great laud and perpetual fame, nor fly or depart without perpetual shame and continual infamy. But because this is thy first journey and enterprise, neither thy flying shall redound to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory: for as hardy a man wisely flieth as a temerarious person foolishly abideth, therefore the fleeing of me shall be the dishonor, not only of me and my progeny, but also a discomfiture of all my company: thy departure shall save thy life, and make thee able another time, if I be slain, to revenge my death, and to do honor to thy prince and profit to his realm. But nature so wrought in the son, that neither desire of life, nor thought of security, could withdraw or pluck him from his natural father; who, considering the constancy of his child, and the great danger that they stood in, comforted his soldiers, cheered his captains, and valiantly set on his enemies, and slew of them more in number than he had in his company. But his enemies, having a great company of men, and more abundance of ordinance than before had been seen in a battle, first shot him through the thigh with a hand-gun, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lying on the ground, whom they never durst look in the face while he stood on his feet: and with him there died manfully his son the Lord Lisle, his bastard son Henry Talbot, and Sir Edward Hull, elect to the noble Order of the Garter, and thirty valiant personages of the English nation; and the Lord Molyns was there taken prisoner with sixty other. The residue of the English people fled to Burdeaux and other places; whereof in the flight were slain above a thousand persons. At this battle of Chastillon, fought the 13th day of July, in this year, ended his life, John Lord Talbot, and of his progeny the first Earl of Shrewsbury, after that he with much fame, more glory, and most victory, had for his prince and country, by the space of twenty-four years and more, valiantly made war and served the king in the parts beyond the sea, whose corps was left on the ground, and after was found by his friends, and conveyed to Whitchurch in Shropshire, where it is intumulate.”

ACT V.—“The circumstances which attended the capture of Joan of Arc are differently told by the French chroniclers. They all agree, however, that the event happened at Compiègne. The narrative which we find in the first edition of Holinshed is almost entirely taken from that of Hall. In the second edition we have an abstract of the details of the *Chroniques de Bretagne*. The poet has departed from the literal exactness of all the accounts. We give the passage from Holinshed:—

“After this the Duke of Bourgoyne, accompanied with the Earls of Arundel and Suffolk, and the Lord John of Lutzenburg, besieged the town of Compeigne with a great puissance. This town was well walled, manned, and victualled, so that the besiegers were constrained to cast trenches, and make mines, for otherwise they saw not how to compass their purpose. In the mean time it happened, in the night of the Ascension of our Lord (A. 1430), that Poyton de Saintreyles, Joan la Pucelle, and five or six hundred men of arms, issued out by the bridge toward Mondedier, intending to set fire in the tents and lodgings of the Lord Bawdo de Noyelle. At the same very time, Sir John de Lutzenburg, with eight other gentlemen, chanced to be near unto the lodgings of the said Lord Bawdo, where they espied the Frenchmen, which began to cut down tents, overthrow pavilions, and kill men in their beds; whereupon they with all speed assembled a great number of men, as well English as Burgoyinions, and courageously set on the Frenchmen, and in the end beat them back into the town, so that they fled so fast that one letted another, as they would have entered. In the chase and pursuit was the Pucelle taken with divers other, besides those that were slain, which were no small number.”

“The mode in which the author of this play has chosen to delineate the character of Joan of Arc, in the last act, has been held to be a proof that Shakspeare was not the author; but, however the dramatist may have represented this extraordinary woman as a sorceress, and made her accuse herself of licentious conduct, he has fallen very far short of the injustice of the English chroniclers, who, no doubt, represented the traditiory opinions of the English nation. Upon her first appearance at Orleans she was denounced by Bedford in his letter to the king of France as ‘a devilish witch and satanical enchantress.’ After the cruel revenge which the English took upon their captive, a letter was written in the name of Henry to the Duke of Burgundy, setting forth and defending the proceedings which had taken place at Rouen. The conclusion of this letter marks the spirit of the age; and Hall, writing more than a century afterwards, affirms that the letter is quite sufficient evidence that Joan was an organ of the devil: ‘And because she still was obstinate in her trespasses and villainous offences,’ says the letter of Henry, ‘she was delivered to the secular power, the which condemned her to be burnt and consumed her in the fire. And when she saw that the fatal day of her obstinacy was come, she openly confessed that the spirits which to her often did appear were evil and false, and apparent liars; and that their promise which they had made to deliver her out of captivity was false and untrue, affirming herself by those spirits to be often beguiled, blinded, and mocked. And so, being in good mind, she was by the justices carried to the old market within the city of Roan, and there by the fire consumed to ashes in the sight of all the people.’ The confession in the fourth scene, which is so revolting to us, is built upon an assertion which the dramatist found in Holinshed. Taken altogether, the character of Joan of Arc, as represented in this play, appears to us to be founded upon juster views than those of the chronicles; and the poet, without any didactic expression of his opinion, has dramat-

ically made us feel that the conduct of her persecutors was atrocious. That in a popular play, written two hundred and fifty years ago, we should find those tolerant, and therefore profound, views of the character of such an enthusiast as Joan of Arc by which she is estimated in our own day, was hardly to be expected. From her own countrymen Joan of Arc had an equally scanty measure of justice. Monstrelet, the French chronicler, does not hesitate to affirm that the whole affair was a got-up imposture. The same views prevailed in France in the next century; and it is scarcely necessary to observe that Voltaire converted the story of the Maid into a vehicle for the most profligate ribaldry. Long after France had erected monuments to Joan of Arc her memory was ridiculed by those who claimed to be in advance of public opinion.

“The narrative of the wooing of Margaret of Anjou by Suffolk is thus given by Holinshed:—

“In the treating of this truce, the Earl of Suffolk, extending his commission to the uttermost, without the assent of his associates, imagined in his fantasy that the next way to come to a perfect peace was to move some marriage between the French king’s kinswoman, the Lady Margaret, daughter to Regner Duke of Anjou, and his sovereign lord King Henry. This Regner Duke of Anjou named himself King of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem, having only the name and style of those realms, without any penny profit or foot of possession. This marriage was made strange to the earl at first, and one thing seemed to be a great hindrance to it, which was, because the King of England occupied a great part of the duchy of Anjou, and the whole county of Maine, appertaining (as was alleged) to King Regner. The Earl of Suffolk (I cannot say) either corrupted with bribes, or too much affection to this unprofitable marriage, condescended and agreed that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine should be delivered to the king, the bride’s father, demanding for her marriage neither penny nor farthing, as who would say that this new affinity passed all riches, and excelled both gold and precious stone. . . . But although this marriage pleased the king and others of his counsel, yet Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, protector of the realm, was much against it, alleging that it should be both contrary to the laws of God and dishonourable to the prince if he should break that promise and contract of marriage made by ambassadors, sufficiently thereto instructed, with the daughter of the Earl of Arminack, upon conditions, both to him and his realm, as much profitable as honourable. But the duke’s words could not be heard, for the earl’s doings were only liked and allowed. . . . The Earl of Suffolk was made Marquis of Suffolk, which marquis, with his wife and many honourable personages of men and women, sailed into France for the conveyance of the nominated queen into the realm of England. For King Regner, her father, for all his long style, had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably to the king her spouse.’

“In the fourth scene we find

‘That peaceful truce shall be proclaim’d in France.’

By this was probably intended the truce of 1444, which lasted till 1449.

It was in that year that Charles VII. poured his troops into Normandy, and that Rouen, 'that rich city,' as Holinshed calls it,—the scene of the English glory and the English shame,—was delivered to the French."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Dead March*, etc. "This is the stage-direction of the old editions, showing that the design was to represent a funeral procession entering the abbey, where, when the procession halted, the dialogue begins. It has been altered, without any obvious reason, in all the modern editions (until Collier's), thus: 'Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered lying in state, attended by the Dukes of Bedford, Gloster,' etc. But this seems much less appropriate than the original stage-direction to the dialogue, when 'this funeral' is spoken of, and the going 'to the altar,' etc. Besides, the old direction belongs to the history of the English stage when its humble accessories of scenery, etc., did not easily permit those displays now produced by the rising of the curtain on the opening of a scene, *discovering some spectacle*. Thus, for example, in *Lear*, instead of, as now, the *King*, etc., being *discovered* on his throne, we have in the old copies, 'Enter King Lear, Cornwall, etc.' Whatever alterations may be allowable in actual representation, the author's original intention should be preserved in the printed copy" (V.).

Earl of Warwick. "The author has carelessly brought on his scene two distinct historical personages bearing the same title, and in the same play, without distinguishing between them by some explanation. The present is the Earl of Warwick, Richard Beauchamp, who appears in *Henry V*. The 'Warwick' of the latter part of this play, and so conspicuous in the second and third parts, is the much more popular Richard Nevil, the magnificent and turbulent 'setter-up and puller-down of kings,' who became Earl of Warwick in right of his wife in 1449, twenty-seven years after the date of this opening scene. The distinction between the two personages is so marked in the books with which the author is familiar, that Ritson (who first pointed out the confusion of the two Warwicks) seems quite correct in attributing the circumstance to mere oversight" (V.).

1. *Hung be the heavens with black*. Alluding to the practice, in the poet's time, of hanging the upper part of the stage (technically known as the *heavens*) with black when a tragedy was enacted. Steevens quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*: "There arose, even with the sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing (as it were) a mournfull stage for a tragedie to be played on."

3. *Crystal*. Changed by Hanmer to "crisped." Warb. conjectured "cristed" or "crested." Steevens, however, quotes Lord Sterline, *Sonnet*: "those chrystal comets;" also an old song: "Yon chrystal planets shine all clear," etc.

5. *Consented unto*. Conspired for. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 297: "Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?" (that is, plan it together).

6. *King*. Omitted by Pope and H.

10. *His (beams)*. "Its" (Pope's reading); as often.

16. *Lift*. This old form of the past tense is not found elsewhere in S.; but it occurs several times in the A. V. Cf. *Gen.* vii. 17, xiv. 22, and *Ps.* xciii. 3.

27. *By magic verses*. Referring to the old notion "that life might be taken away by metrical charms" (Johnson). Steevens quotes Scot, *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen . . . will not sticke to affirme that they can rime either man or beast to death."

30. *His sight*. The sight of him. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 4. 54:

"upon their sight
We two in great amazedness will fly," etc.

See also on i. 2. 108 below.

49. *Moist*. The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "moistned."

50. *Marish*. Marsh. The folios have "Nourish;" corrected by Pope. Steevens shows that *nourish* was sometimes =nurse; as in Lydgate:

"Athenes whan it was in his floures
Was called nourish of philosophers wise."

Spenser has "nourice" =nurse; but the word seems out of place here. K. and W. retain it. Ritson quotes Kyd, *Spanish Tragedy*: "Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears;" and D. adds Smith, *Hector of Germanie*, 1615:

"Ere long Ile set them free, or make the soyle
That holds them prisoners, a Marsh-ground for blood."

56. *Or bright*—The blank is generally supposed to be owing to the inability of the compositor to make out the name in the MS.; and the editors have made sundry guesses at the missing word. Pope conjectured "Francis Drake;" Theo., "Cassiopeia;" Johnson, "Berenice" (which has been adopted by H. and others); Capell, "Alexander;" Mitford, "Orion," etc. The Coll. MS. has "Cassiope." Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, the speech is meant to be interrupted by the entrance of the messenger.

60. *Rheims*. The folios have "Rheimes," and the word may have been intended as a dissyllable. Pope reads "Champagne and Rheims and Orleans." Capell has "Rheims, Roan" (that is, Rouen). The folios have "Roan" in 65 below and elsewhere. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 167.

76. *A third*. The 2d folio has "A third man."

83. *Their flowing tides*. The folios have "her" for *their*; corrected by Theo. Malone takes "her" to be =England's; and he may be right.

88. *Intermissive*. Intermitted; "which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming among them" (Warb.).

92. *Dauphin*. The folios have "Dolphin," as regularly; and W. retains that form. In i. 4. 107 below there is a play on *Dauphin* and *dolphin*.

94. *Reignier*. "Reynold" in the folios.
109. *Circumstance*. The singular and the plural were used indiscriminately where now we use only the latter. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 181, etc.
116. *He wanted pikes*, etc. See on iii. 1. 102 below.
124. *Flew*. The folios have "slew;" corrected by Rowe.
126. *Agaz'd on*. Aghast at. See Wb. on *agaze* and *aghas*.
131. *Fastolfe*. The folios have "Falstaffe" or "Falstaff;" corrected by Theo. He was "a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the Duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter."
132. *Vaward*. Vanguard. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 178. Hanmer reads "re-ward." The meaning seems to be that he was usually in the van, but at this time was stationed in the rear; or, perhaps, that he was "at the head of his own division, which was behind the main body of the army" (Clarke).
149. *Hale*. Haul, drag. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 137.
156. *Make all Europe quake*. "To say nothing of *make* and *quake* in this line, the whole speech is fustian and rant much more worthy of the 'Ercles' vein' of dramatists than Shakespeare" (Clarke).
159. *Supply*. That is, supplies of troops, reinforcements; as in *K. John*, v. 3. 9, v. 5. 12, etc.
176. *Steal*. The folios have "send;" corrected by Sr. (the conjecture of Mason).

SCENE II.—1. *Mars his*. Cf. iii. 2. 123 below: "Charles his gleeks," etc. Gr. 217. See also *T. and C.* p. 179.

There is an allusion to the ancient difficulty in explaining the irregularities in the motion of Mars due to the eccentricity of his orbit. Steevens quotes one of Nash's prefaces: "You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the true movings of Mars, which to this day they could never attain to." Kepler's work on the motions of Mars was not published until 1609.

7. *Otherwhiles*. At other times; not found elsewhere in *S.*

14. *Wont*. Were wont; the past tense of the obsolete *won* or *wone* (=dwell). Cf. i. 4. 10 below. See also *C. of E.* p. 140.

19. *Fortorn*. Apparently referring to their former bad fortune. The Coll. MS. has "forborne." For the accent, see *T. G. of V.* p. 125.

30. *Olivers and Rowlands*. Alluding to the two most famous of Charlemagne's twelve peers (Warb.). Cf. the proverbial expression "a Rowland for an Oliver."

33. *Goliases*. That is, Goliaths or Goliaths. Cf. *M. W.* v. 1. 23. Hanmer reads "Goliaths now."

41. *Gimmers*. The 1st folio has "gimmors," the 2d "gimmalls." These are only different forms of the same name, which was applied to any curious mechanism or contrivance. See Wb. Some would connect it with *gimcrack*.

48. *Cheer*. Countenance. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 152.

56. *Nine sibyls*. Warb. thought that the poet confounded the nine Sibylline books with the Sibyls; but the number of the latter was variously given as three, four, seven, etc.

59. *Unfallible*. Changed by Rowe to "infallible;" but cf. *uncertain* and *incertain*, *unfortunate* and *infortunate*, *ungrateful* and *ingrateful*, etc. Gr. 442.

72. *A shepherd's daughter*. This is inconsistent with v. 4. 9 below, where she denies that she is the shepherd's daughter.

83. *Complete*. Accented on the first syllable because preceding a noun so accented. See *M. for M.* p. 139, or *L. L. L.* p. 131. Cf. *forlorn* in 19 above.

84. *Swart*. Swarthy, dark. Cf. *K. John*, p. 152.

86. *You see*. The reading of 2d folio; the 1st has "you may see."

91. *Resolve on this*. Be sure of this.

95. *Buckle with me*. Contend with me. Cf. iv. 4. 5 and v. 3. 28 below. See also 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 50.

99. *Five*. The folios have "fine;" corrected by Steevens (from Holinshed).

105. *Deborah*. See *Judges*, chap. iv.

108. *Thy desire*. Desire for thee. Cf. i. 1. 30 above.

117. *Thrall*. Bondman, slave; as in ii. 3. 36 below. See *Macb.* p. 225.

121. *Mean*. Moderation. There is a play upon the word in the reply.

131. *Expect Saint Martin's summer*. "That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun" (Johnson). St. Martin's day is November 11th.

133-135. *Glory is like*, etc. "The simile and poetical image in these three lines are more like Shakespeare's manner than any thing in the whole play; but it is worthy of observation that the passage included within the five lines has a remarkable air of irrelevancy, as if it were introduced by some other hand than the one that wrote the main portion of the scene" (Clarke).

138. *That proud insulting ship*, etc. The story is found in North's *Plutarch*.

140. *Mahomet inspired with a dove*. Dr. Grey quotes Raleigh's *Hist. of the World*, where we are told that Mahomet had a dove, "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice."

143. *Saint Philip's daughters*. "The four daughters of Philip mentioned in the Acts" (Hanmer). See *Acts*, xxi. 9.

145. *Reverently*. Changed by Capell to "ever." The Coll. MS. has "reverent."

148. *Orleans*. "Orleance" in the folios; changed by Capell to "hence."

SCENE III.—2. *Conveyance*. Dishonesty. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 160: "sly conveyance," etc.

13. *Break up*. Dr. Grey conjectured "break ope;" but *break up* is elsewhere = break open. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 22: "And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves." See also *M. of V.* p. 141.

Warrantize. Surety. Cf. *Sonn.* 150. 7: "such strength and warrantize of skill." In *Ham.* v. 1. 250, the 1st folio has "warrantize," the other early eds. "warranty."

20. *Commandement.* The spelling of the first three folios. The word is here a quadrisyllable. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 160, note on *Be valued against.*

29. *Humphrey.* The first folio has "Umphier," which the second turns into "Umpire;" corrected by Theo.

30. *Peel'd.* That is, shaven. The folios have "Piel'd," and some read "Pill'd," for which see *M. of V.* p. 135.

31. *Proditor.* Traitor, betrayer (Latin); here used for the jingle with *protector.*

35. *Indulgences to sin.* The public stews were formerly under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester (Pope). Cf. *T. and C.* p. 216, note on *Goose of Winchester.*

36. *Canvass.* The word meant sometimes "toss in a blanket;" and that is the sense in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 243:

"*Falstaff.* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, an thou darest for thy heart; an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets."

The verb occurs nowhere else in *S.* According to the *Edin. Rev.* for Oct. 1872, *canvass* was a name for a net used to snare wild hawks; and hence the verb came to mean to entrap, ensnare, catch in a net. The writer thinks that to be the meaning here, and that it was suggested by the netlike meshes of the strings attached to the cardinal's hat.

39. *Damascus.* It was an ancient belief that Damascus was near the spot where Cain killed Abel. Sir John Mandeville refers to the legend in his *Travels.*

42. *Bearing-cloth.* The cloth or mantle with which the child was covered when carried to church to be baptized. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 3. 119: "look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child!"

47. *Blue coats to tawny coats.* Blue was the common colour for the livery of servingmen. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 93: "their blue coats brushed," etc. On the other hand, *tawny coats* were the distinctive garb of the attendants on ecclesiastical dignitaries.

53. *Winchester goose.* A cant term for one form of a disease liable to be contracted in the places referred to in the note on 35 above. See the reference there to *T. and C.*

A rope! a rope! A cry often taught to parrots, in order to turn a joke against the passer-by. See *C. of E.* p. 141, note on *Like the parrot.*

56. *Scarlet hypocrite!* So Surrey calls Wolsey "thou scarlet sin!" in *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 255.

61. *Distrain'd.* Seized, taken possession of. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 131: "My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold."

62. *Gloster.* The 2d folio has "Gloster too." Here, as in several other lines, *Gloster* seems to be a trisyllable, as if *Gloucester.* Cf. 4 and 6 above. There is so much of this lengthening out of words in this play, that all these are probably instances of the kind. Many of the modern eds. print "Gloucester" throughout in place of the *Gloster* of the folios;

but of course the pronunciation is *Gloster* all the same—unless in the exceptional instances under consideration.

63. *Still*. Continually; as often. Cf. ii. 4. 104 below. Gr. 69.

70. *Rests*. Remains, is left; as in ii. 1. 75 below.

72. *As e'er thou canst*. The folio has "canst, cry;" but the "cry" is probably a stage-direction that has crept into the text. The Coll. MS. has "as thou canst cry." The Camb. ed. makes a separate line of "Cry."

80. *Break*. Broach; changed by Pope to "tell."

81. *Cost*. The 2d folio has "deare cost."

83. *Call for clubs*. "This was the outcry for assistance, on any riot or quarrel in the streets" (Whalley). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 204.

87. *Ere long*. The 3d folio reads "ere be long," and the Coll. MS. "off ere long."

89. *Stomachs*. Angry tempers; as in iv. 1. 141 below. Cf. also 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 55: "The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords." Rowe needlessly changes *these* to "that," which was often thus "understood."

90. *Year*. See *Rich. II.* p. 182, note on *A thousand pound*.

SCENE IV.—10. *Wont*. Are accustomed. See on i. 2. 14 above. Here the folios have "Went;" corrected by Steevens, at the suggestion of Tyrwhitt. Hanmer has "Watch."

16-18. *And even . . . no longer*. The 1st folio puts *Now do thou watch* in 17. The 2d has:

"And fully even these three dayes have I watcht,
If I could see them. Now Boy doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer."

Coll. and H. join *If I* to 16.

23. *On the turrets*. The old stage-direction, changed by Malone and others to "in an upper chamber of a tower."

27. *Duke*. The folios have "Earle;" corrected by Theo.

33. *Vile-esteem'd*. The folios have "pil'd esteem'd;" corrected by Pope and Malone. Capell has "pill'd esteem'd."

43. *Affrights our children so*. Clarke remarks that this use of *so* is "utterly un-Shakespearean."

47. *Grisly*. Grim, terrible; as in *R. of L.* 926: "grisly care;" *M. N. D.* v. 1. 140: "This grisly beast," etc.

53. *Shot*. Shooters, marksmen; as in *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 59: "a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot," etc.

64. *Opinions*. A quadrisyllable. Gr. 479. Cf. *gracious* in 85 below.

69. *Enfeebled*. Also a quadrisyllable; like *resembleth* in *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 84. See also *juggling* in v. 4. 68 below. Gr. 477.

95. *Like thee, Nero*. The 1st folio omits *Nero*; the 2d has "Nero like will." Pope reads "Nero-like." The text is Malone's.

99. *The noise*. Pope reads "this noise."

103. *Power*. Force, army; as often, both in the singular and in the plural. Cf. ii. 2. 33, iii. 3. 30, 83, iv. 3. 4, and v. 2. 5 below.

105. *Irks*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. i. 22: "And yet it irks me," etc.
 107. *Puzzel*. Drab, hussy. For *dolphin*, see on i. i. 92 above.
 111. *And then we'll try*. Steevens conjectures "Then try we," and Walker "And then try."

SCENE V.—5. *Devil's dam*. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 152.

6. *Blood will I draw*, etc. "The superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood was free from her power" (Johnson).

16. *Hunger-starved*. Starved with hunger; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 5. The folios have "hungry-starved;" corrected by Rowe. For the original meaning of *starved*, see *M. of V.* p. 158.

21. *Like Hannibal*. Alluding to "Hannibal's stratagem to escape by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, recorded in *Livy*, xxii. 16" (Holt White).

30. *Timorous*. The folios have "trecherous" or "treacherous;" corrected by Pope.

SCENE VI.—1. *Advance*. Lift up; as often. See *Cor.* p. 210.

4. *Astræa's daughter*. For the allusion to the goddess of justice, cf. *T. A.* iv. 3. 4: "Terras Astræa reliquit."

6. *Adonis' gardens*. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* ix. 440:

"Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
 Or of reviv'd Adonis or renown'd
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son;"

and Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 6. 39:

"Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
 That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
 Is wicked Tyme." etc.

Pliny, in his *Nat. Hist.* xix. 4, also refers to the gardens of Adonis and Alcinous. The *gardens of Adonis* mentioned by the earlier classical writers were nothing but pots of earth planted with fennel and lettuce, which were borne by women on the feast of Adonis in memory of the lettuce bed in which he was laid by Venus. See also p. 160 below.

11. *The bells*. The folios add "aloud," which was probably an accidental insertion; corrected by Pope.

16. *Play'd the men*. Played the part of men. Cf. *Temp.* i. i. 11: "Play the men." See also 2 *Sam.* x. 12.

21. *Pyramis*. The Latin form of *pyramid*. Cf. the plural *pyramides* in *A. and C.* v. 2. 61. For *pyramises*, see *A. and C.* p. 190.

22. *Rhodope's of Memphis*. The folios have "or" for *of*; corrected by D. (the conjecture of Capell). Rhodope was a famous courtesan of Greece who was said to have built a pyramid near Memphis with a part of the fortune she had acquired. According to Ælian, she afterwards married Psammetichus, King of Egypt.

25. *Coffer of Darius*. This is referred to by Plutarch, in his *Life of Alexander*. Malone quotes Pattenham, *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589: "the rich jewel coffer of Darius." Steevens was at first inclined to read "jewel-coffer" in the text.

28. *Saint Denis*. The patron saint of France. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 193, 220, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 87, etc. See also iii. 2. 18 below.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—3. *Apparent*. Manifest, evident; as in iv. 2. 26 and iv. 5. 44 below.

4. *Court of guard*. The guard-room, or the court adjoining it. Cf. *Oth.* p. 175.

8. *Burgundy*. The Duke of Burgundy, surnamed "Philip the Good." He became an ally of England in consequence of the treacherous murder of his father by the Dauphin at Montereau; and the alliance was strengthened by Bedford's marriage with Philip's sister in 1423.

11. *Secure*. Careless, unsuspecting (Latin *securus*). See *Ham.* p. 196. Cf. *Judges*, xviii. 7.

14. *Quittance*. Requite. Cf. the noun in *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 34, etc.

25. *Practise*. Plot. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 140. See also on iii. 2. 20 below.

29. *All together*. The folios have "altogether;" corrected by Rowe.

39. *Unready*. "Undressed" (Johnson); as in the preceding stage-direction. See *Macb.* p. 202 (note on 115), or *Cymb.* p. 183 (on *Is she ready?*).

68. *Her quarter*. That is, Joan's.

75. *Rests*. Remains; as in i. 3. 70 above.

77. *Platforms*. Plans, schemes.

80. *Loaden*. Used by S. interchangeably with *laden*. Cf. *Cor.* p. 270.

SCENE II.—19. *Muse*. Wonder. See *K. John*, p. 158, or *Macb.* p. 219.

41. *Lies*. Dwells; as in iii. 2. 129 below. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 185.

48. *Ne'er trust me then*. Hammer reads "Nay, trust me there."

SCENE III.—6. *Tomyris*. The queen of the Massagetæ, who, after her husband's death, marched against Cyrus, routed his army, and slew him with her own hand.

10. *Censure*. Judgment, opinion; as often. See *Ham.* p. 190. Cf. the verb in v. 5. 97 below.

20. *Aspect*. Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S.

23. *Writhled*. Wrinkled. Steevens quotes Spenser: "Her writhled skin, as rough as maple rind;" and Marston, *Sat.* iv.: "Cold, writhled eld," etc.

27. *Sort*. Select. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 2. 34: "To help me sort such needful ornaments," etc.

35. *Train'd*. Lured, enticed; as in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 45: "O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note," etc. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 198.

36. *Thrall*. See on i. 2. 117 above.

42. *Captive*. Made captive; as in v. 3. 107 below. For the form, see Gr. 342.

45. *Fond*. Foolish; as very often. See *M. N. D.* p. 163.
 57. *Merchant*. For the contemptuous use, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 153: "What saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?" and see our ed. p. 175.
 68. *Bruted*. Noised abroad. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* p. 150.
 79. *Cates*. Dainties. Cf. the play on the word in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 190: "For dainties are all Kates."

SCENE IV.—3. *The Temple Hall*. For a description of this fine old hall, still one of the "lions" of London, see *T. N.* p. 27.

Richard Plantagenet was son to the Earl of Cambridge who is detected in the plot against Henry in *Hen. V.* ii. 2; and nephew to the Duke of York, whose death is described in the same play, iv. 6. As his uncle had no son, he was his heir; and he was afterwards restored by Henry VI. to the rights and titles forfeited by his father, and made Duke of York.

6. *Or else*. Or in other words. Capell changes *error* to "right" (the conjecture of Johnson).

12. *Mouth*. Cry, bark; as in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 128: "match'd in mouth like bells," etc.

14. *Bear him*. Carry himself.

16. *Spirit*. Monosyllabic (= *sprite*), as often. *Gr.* 463.

17. *Quillets*. Subtleties, fine distinctions. See *Ham.* p. 262.

26. *Dumb significant*s. Mute tokens or indications. Armado calls a letter a *significant* in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 131.

32. *Party*. Part, side; as in 123 below. Cf. *K. John*, p. 133.

34. *Colours*. There is a play upon the word in the sense of pretences; as in *R. of L.* 476:

"But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,' etc.

42. *Yield the other in the right*, etc. Admit that the other is in the right, etc.

43. *Well objected*. "Properly thrown in our way, well proposed" (Johnson). Steevens quotes Goulard, *Admirable Histories*, 1607: "I objected many and sundry questions unto him."

44. *Subscribe*. Submit, yield. Cf. *Lear*, p. 178.

65. *But anger*, etc. "But for anger—anger produced by this circumstance, namely, that *thy* cheeks blush, etc." (Malone).

68. *Canker*. Canker-worm. See *M. N. D.* p. 150.

76. *Faction*. The folios have "fashion;" corrected by Theo. Pope reads "passion." *Faction* is favoured by 109 below.

Peevish = silly, childish, wayward. See *Hen. V.* p. 171.

83. *His grandfather was Lionel*, etc. As Malone points out, this is a mistake. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York; and his maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was the son of Philippa the daughter of Lionel. The duke therefore was his maternal great-great-grandfather.

85. *Crestless yeomen*. "That is, those who have no right to arms" (Warb.).

86. *He bears him*, etc. He bears himself, or behaves, thus on account of the privileges of the place; apparently meaning that the Temple grounds had the "privilege of sanctuary." But, as Ritson notes, this was not the case. The Coll. MS. has "braves" for *bears*.

91. *Executed*. Pope reads "headed," for the sake of the metre. Steevens conjectures "execute."

93. *Exempt*. "Excluded" (Warb.). Cf. *C. of E.* p. 122.

96. *Attached*. Arrested; a legal term. See *R. and J.* p. 217, or *Rich. II.* p. 186.

100. *Partaker*. Part-taker, confederate. Steevens quotes Marlowe, *Lucan*: "Each side had great partakers;" and Sidney, *Arcadia*: "his obsequies being no more solemnized by the teares of his partakers, than the blood of his enemies." See also *Ps.* l. 18.

102. *Apprehension*. "Opinion" (Warb.) or estimate of me. Some make it = "sarcasm, insulting conception;" and they quote *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 68: "how long have you professed apprehension?" but there it is simply = wit, as the answer shows. Theo. changes it to "reprehension" in the present passage.

104. *Still*. Ever. See on i. 3. 63 above. Cf. also 130 below.

108. *Cognizance*. In the heraldic sense of badge.

132. *Gentle sir*. The 1st folio omits *sir*, which the 2d supplies.

SCENE V.—*Enter MORTIMER*. The commentators have called attention to the fact that Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died in his own castle in Ireland in 1424; but the accounts in the chronicles are at variance on the subject, and the dramatist seems to have been misled by them. Mortimer's uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to escape in order to stir up insurrection in Wales.

3. *Haled*. See on i. 1. 149 above.

5. *Pursuivants*. Heralds. See *Rich. III.* p. 212.

6. *Nestor-like aged*, etc. "Made as old as Nestor by my age of care" (Clarke). The Coll. MS. changes *an age* to "a cage."

9. *Exigent*. Extremity, end. Steevens quotes *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600: "Hath driven her to some desperate exigent."

11. *Pithless*. Without strength. Cf. the use of *pith* (=strength) in *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 21: "pith and puissance;" *Oth.* i. 3. 83: "seven years' pith," etc.

16. *Witting*. Knowing. We still use *to wit*, *wittingly*, etc.

29. *Umpire of men's miseries*. That is, one who puts an end to them, as an umpire terminates a dispute. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 1. 63:

"Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire," etc.

44. *Disease*. That is, dis-ease, or uneasiness. See *Macb.* p. 249, note on 21.

49. *Obloquy*. "Here used for the reproach Plantagenet receives, and for the ground of reproach in his father's death" (Clarke).

53. *Alliance sake*. See Gr. 471.

64. *Nephew*. Changed by Rowe to "cousin;" but *nephew*, like *cousin* (see *A. Y. L.* p. 147, or *Ham.* p. 179), seems to have been used with some looseness. For instance, in *Oth.* i. 1. 112 it is = grandchild. Malone believes that S. supposed Richard to be Henry's nephew.

74. *Mother*. There is a mistake here which has not been pointed out by any of the editors or commentators, though they have found fault with *nephew* just above. *Mother* here should be *father* or *grandmother*, to be true to history. Cf. *2 Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 47, where York, referring to Anne, the *sister* of Edmund Mortimer, says:

"she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Phillipe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence."

This gives the true relationship of Edmund Mortimer the *younger*—the one speaking in the text—to Edmund Mortimer the *elder*. He was the *grandson* of his namesake, and got his title to the throne through his *father* Roger and his *grandmother* Philippa. The dramatist had in mind the fact that the title came through Philippa, and forgetting for the moment the intermediate link in the genealogical chain, wrote *mother* when he meant *grandmother*. Our attention was first called to the slip by Mr. Watson Gill, of Syracuse, N. Y.

75. *Third son*. He is sometimes spoken of as the *second* son of Edward, no note being taken of the real second son, William of Hatfield, who died in infancy. See *2 Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 10 fol.

79. *Haughty*. High-spirited, adventurous; as in iii. 3. 78 and iv. 1. 35 below.

80. *Labour'd*. Note the many instances in this play in which the final *-ed* of the past tense or participle is made a distinct syllable. This metrical peculiarity occurs far more frequently, we think, than in any of the undoubted plays of Shakespeare, even the earliest.

82. *Henry*. A trisyllable; as in *2 Hen. VI.* iv. 8. 36: "Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth?" Cf. Gr. 478.

88. *Levied an army*. "Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March" (Malone).

Weening = thinking; as in *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 136: "Ween you of better luck," etc.

96. *Thou art my heir*, etc. "I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw" (Heath).

113. *Be all*. Theo. reads "befall."

123. *Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort*. "Stifed by the ambition of those whose right to the crown was inferior to his own" (Clarke).

129. *Ill*. The folios have "will;" corrected by Theo. *Advantage* = occasion.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—I. *Deep-premeditated*. The hyphen was inserted by D. (the conjecture of Walker).

Malone remarks: "This Parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though the author of this play has represented it to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age."

16. *As*. That. This use of *as* is not unusual after *so* and *such*. Cf. v. 4. 115 and v. 5. 42 below. Gr. 109.

24. *Beside*. Used in this play oftener than *besides*. Cf. iv. 1. 25, 143, v. 1. 15, v. 5. 46 below. *Besides* occurs in iii. 3. 60.

37. *Because*. Some say that the word is here = "in order that;" but this is unnecessary. The obvious meaning is: It is because (from their point of view) no one, etc. We still use the word familiarly in the same way.

42. *Bastard*, etc. He was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt by Katherine Swynferd, whom John afterwards married.

48. *Patronage*. Maintain, make good; again used as a verb in iii. 4. 32 below. The word occurs nowhere else in S.

49. *Reverent*. The 3d and 4th folios have "reverend."

51. *Roam thither then*. Elsewhere *Rome* seems to be pronounced *Room*. Cf. the quibbles in *K. John*, iii. 1. 180, and *J. C.* i. 2. 156, and the rhymes in *R. of L.* 715, 1644. See *J. C.* p. 132. Pope changes *Roam* to "Go."

Lines 51-55 are arranged as by Theo. The folios join 52 to Warwick's speech, and give 53-55 to Somerset.

78. *The bishop*. Hanmer (followed by H.) has "The bishop's," which is what is meant; but the possessive inflection was sometimes omitted in the first of a pair of words. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 30: "Until her husband and my lord's return;" *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 62: "Shall be your love and labour's recompense," etc. Gr. 397.

81. *Contrary*. Accented on the second syllable; as not unfrequently. See *Ham.* p. 227.

82. *Pate*. Pope reads "pates." These petty meddlesome "emendations" which are copied in many of the modern editions must be noted, lest the uncritical reader should take the correct text to be a misprint.

92. *Peevish*. See on ii. 4. 76 above.

93. *Unaccustom'd*. "Unseemly, indecent" (Johnson). It may, however, be simply = unusual, extraordinary, strange.

99. *Inkhorn mate*. "Bookman" (Johnson), or bookish fellow. For the contemptuous use of *mate*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 134: "You poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate!" etc.

105. *Shall pitch a field*. Before a battle it was customary for the archers and other footmen to encompass themselves with sharp stakes firmly pitched, or stuck, in the ground, to prevent their being overpowered by the cavalry. We have a reference to this in i. 1. 116 fol.

131. *A kindly gird*. An appropriate hit, a rebuke suited to his char-

acter and calling. For *gird*, cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 58: "I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio." See also the verb in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 7: "men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me." For *kindly*=natural, see *Much Ado*, p. 154. Some make *kindly gird*=gentle reproof.

142. *Kind*. Pope reads "gentle," and Capell "kind, kind." The Coll. MS. has "and kind."

156. *I told*. That is, of which I told.

168. *Humble service*. Pope changes *humble* to "faithful."

170. *Reguerdon*. Reward, recompense. Cf. the verb in iii. 4. 23 below.

194. *Breed*. "Propagate itself" (Johnson).

199. *Should lose*. The 1st folio omits *should*, which the 2d supplies. Some make *Windsor* a trisyllable.

SCENE II.—7. *And that*. For this use of *that*, see Gr. 285.

10. *Mean*. In Elizabethan English *means* and *mean* are used interchangeably. For the play on *sack*, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 56.

13. *Qui est là?* The folios have "Che la." Rowe reads "Qui va là?" The text is Malone's.

14. *Paysans, pauvres*. The folios read "Peasauns la pouure;" corrected by Rowe.

20. *Practisants*. Confederates, fellow-plotters. For *practise*=plot, cf. ii. 1. 25 above. See also the noun in iv. 1. 7 below. Hanmer reads "partizans."

25. *To that*. Compared with that. See Gr. 187.

40. *That*. So that; as often. Gr. 283. For *pride*, Theo. reads "prize;" and Hanmer has "being prize." On *pride*, cf. iv. 6. 15 below, and *Henry V.* i. 2. 112.

44. *Darnel*. Steevens quotes Gerarde, *Herball*: "Darnel hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim, if it happen either in corne for breade, or drink;" and he adds: "Pucelle means to intimate that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem."

52. *All despite*. The Coll. MS. has "hell's despite."

57. *This*. Changed by Rowe to "his."

64. *Hecate*. Here trisyllabic, but elsewhere in S. a dissyllable. See *Macb.* p. 187.

68. *Muleters*. Changed by Rowe to "muleteers," but it is the only form in S. Cf. *A. and C.* p. 196.

83. *Cœur-de-lion's heart*. It was buried in the cathedral at Rouen, and is now in the Museum of that city.

95. *Pendragon*. The father of King Arthur. The story alluded to here is found in Harding's *Chronicle*.

122. *Familiar*. That is, familiar spirit, or demon.

123. *Charles his gleeks*. Charles's mocks or scoffs. For the form of the possessive, see on i. 2. 1 above; and for *gleeks*, cf. *R. and J.* p. 210.

124. *All amort*. "Quite dispirited; a frequent Gallicism" (Steevens). Cf. *T. of S.* p. 160.

126. *Take some order.* "Make some necessary dispositions" (Steevens). Cf. *Oth.* p. 206.

129. *Lie.* Changed by Pope to "lies." For the meaning of *lie*, see on ii. 2. 41 above.

SCENE III.—1. *Dismay not.* Be not dismayed.

3. *Corrosive.* Accented on the first syllable, like the noun in 2 *Hen.* VI. iii. 2. 403. These are the only instances of the word in S.

10. *Diffidence.* Distrust; as in *K. John*, i. 1. 65: "And wound her honour with this diffidence," etc. The modern meaning is not found in S. *Cunning*=skill.

21. *Sweeting.* Cf. *Oth.* ii. 2. 252: "All 's well now, sweeting," etc.

24. *Extirped.* Extirpated. The word occurs again in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 110. *Extirpate* is found only in *Temp.* i. 2. 125.

25. *Expuls'd.* Expelled; the only instance of the word in S. It is used by Ben Jonson and Drayton.

30. *Unto Paris-ward.* Cf. "to bedward" in *Cor.* i. 6. 32. See also *Ps.* xlv. 5, 1 *Sam.* xix. 4, *Eph.* iii. 2, etc.

47. *Lovely.* The folios have "lowly;" corrected by Warb. Johnson thought that *lowly babe* might mean "the babe lying low in death."

62. *Who.* Changed in the 2d folio to "Whom." Cf. *Gr.* 274.

72. *They set him free,* etc. "The Duke was not liberated till after Burgundy's decline to the French interest; which did not happen, by the way, till some years after the execution of this very Joan la Pucelle; nor was that during the regency of York, but of Bedford" (Ritson).

75. *With them will be.* That is, *who* will be.

78. *Haughty.* High-spirited, elevated. See on ii. 5. 79 above.

85. *Like a Frenchman.* "The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I have read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes" (Johnson). But, as Clarke notes, the sneer is out of place in Joan's mouth, and it is inconceivable that S. should have assigned it to her.

91. *And seek how we may prejudice the foe.* "We cannot think that S., even when a schoolboy, would have put forth so soddenly vapid a sentence" (Clarke).

SCENE IV.—12. *My God.* The Coll. MS. has "his" for *my*.

18. *I do remember,* etc. "Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never even saw him" (Malone).

20. *Resolved.* Assured, satisfied. Cf. i. 2. 91 above.

23. *Reguerdon'd.* Rewarded. Cf. the noun in iii. 1. 170 above.

29. *These colours.* Referring to the badge of a rose which he wears.

32. *Patronage.* See on iii. 1. 48 above.

38. *The law of arms,* etc. By the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. . . . And by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. xii. malicious striking in the king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual

imprisonment and fine, at the king's pleasure, and also with loss of the offender's right hand" (Blackstone).

39. *Present*. Immediate; as very often.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—6. *Pretend*. Intend, purpose. Cf. *Macb.* p. 202, note on *Pretence*.

19. *Patay*. The folios have "Poitiers;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell). The battle of Poitiers was fought in 1357, and the present scene is in 1428. According to Holinshed, it was at the battle of Patay that Fastolfe disgraced himself.

35. *Haughty*. High. See on iii. 3. 78 above.

38. *Most extremes*. "Greatest extremities" (Steevens). Hanmer changes *most* to "worst."

54. *Pretend*. Indicate, intimate; a sense not far from that in 6 above. Rowe reads "Portend."

70. *How say you, my lord?* Pope reads "My lord, how say you?"

71. *Prevented*. Anticipated. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 94: "But we are prevented," etc. See also *Ps.* cxix. 147.

94. *Repugn*. Resist, oppose (Latin *repugno*).

101. *Noble*. The Coli. MS. has "royal."

102. *Quaint*. Artful. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 141.

107. *Bewray'd*. Betrayed. See *Lear*, p. 199.

141. *Stomachs*. See on i. 3. 89 above.

145. *Toy*. Trifle. See *M. N. D.* p. 179, or *Ham.* p. 247.

167. *Digest*. The 2d folio has "disgest," for which see *Cor.* p. 199. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 47: "You shall digest the venom of your spleen," etc. In the present passage, however, *digest*=vent.

180. *Wist*. The folios have "wish;" corrected by Capell.

192. '*T is much*. "'T is an alarming circumstance" (Malone).

193. *Envy*. Malice, enmity; as often. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 172. *Unkind*=unnatural.

194. *There comes*. The 2d folio has "Then comes," and Walker conjectures "Thence comes."

SCENE II.—10. *Three attendants*, etc. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. prol. 7:

"and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment;"

and see our ed. p. 144.

14. *Our*. The folios have "their," which has been defended, but not satisfactorily. The emendation is Hanmer's.

22. *War*. Capell reads "death."

26. *Apparent*. Evident. See on ii. 1. 3 above.

29. *Rive*. Discharge; perhaps used, as Mason suggests, because "a cannon, when fired, has so much the appearance of bursting."

34. *Due*. Endue, deck, or grace (Johnson). The folios have "dew," which Steevens and Schmidt think may be right. Some print "'due."

43. *Peruse*. Scan, examine. See *Rich. II.* p. 194.

48. *In blood*. A technical term = in good condition. See *L. L. L.* p. 145.

49. *Rascal-like*. A *rascal* was a lean or worthless deer. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 58: "the noblest deer hath them [horns] as huge as the rascal;" and see our ed. p. 179.

54. *Dear deer*. For the quibble, cf. I *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 107, *Macb.* iv. 3. 206, etc.

SCENE III.—13. *Louted*. Treated as a lout, made a fool of. Cf. Harrington, *Orlando Furioso*: "where me they lout and scorn;" *Ralph Roister Doister*: "He is louted and laughed to scorn," etc.

16. *Miscarry*. Be lost, perish. Cf. *T. N.* p. 152.

25. *Cornets*. Cavalry. See *Wb.*

29. *Remiss*. Here accented on the first syllable. See on *complete*, i. 2. 83 above. Cf. *distress'd* in the next line.

33. *Long of*. Along of, because of. *Long* is commonly printed "long;" but see *M. N. D.* p. 168. The Camb. ed. has "long" here, but "long" in *Cor.* v. 4. 32, etc.

47. *Vulture*. Alluding of course to the story of Prometheus.

49. *Neglection*. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 127: "neglection of degree." In *Per.* iii. 3. 20, the quartos have "neglection," the folios "neglect."

51. *Ever living man of memory*. Man of ever living memory. *Gr.* 419a.

SCENE IV.—5. *Buckled with*. See on i. 2. 95 above.

13. *Bought and sold*. Betrayed. Cf. *K. John*, p. 176.

19. *In advantage lingering*. "Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post" (Johnson); or perhaps, as Malone suggests, "endeavouring by every means that he can, with advantage to himself, to linger out the action, etc." H. adopts Lettsom's conjecture of "disadvantage."

21. *Worthless emulation*. Unworthy rivalry. *Emulation* is generally used in a bad sense in *S.* Cf. iv. i. 113 above. See also *Æ. C.* p. 153.

31. *Host*. Hanmer reads "horse" (the conjecture of Theo.); but cf. "levied succours" in 23 above. The horse probably formed only a part of the *host*. The reply of Somerset seems to favour the change, but it cannot be said to make it necessary.

44. *Though*. Changed by Capell to "if."

SCENE V.—8. *Unavoided*. Inevitable; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 217: "All unavoided is the doom of destiny," etc.

9. *My*. Changed by Rowe to "thy." These impertinent little changes are hardly worth recording, except to show what the correct text is. See on iii. i. 82 above.

22. *Your regard*. "Your care for your own safety" (Johnson).

29. *Bow*. The Coll. MS. has "fly," and the Long MS. "go."

39. *Shame*. Walker conjectures "sham'd."
 44. *Apparent*. Manifest, certain. See on ii. 1. 3 above.
 52. *Son*. There is an apparent quibble on *sun* (Steevens). Cf. *V. and A.* 863, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 168, 171, *K. John*, ii. 1. 499, *Rich. III.* i. 3. 267, etc.

SCENE VI.—3. *France his sword*. See on i. 2. 1 above. Rowe reads "France's." *France* = King of France.

6. *Am I*. Rowe has "I am."

9. *Determin'd*. Terminated, ended. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 82: "Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me," etc.

13. *Spleen*. Ardour, impetuosity. Cf. *K. John*, p. 141.

32. *Wot*. Know; used only in the present tense and the participle *wotting*.

35. *Mickle*. Much, great. See *R. and J.* p. 169.

44. *On that advantage*, etc. Theo. reads, "Out on that vantage," etc.; and Hanmer, "Oh! what advantage," etc. Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "Before young Talbot fly from his father (in order to save his life while he destroys his character), *on*, or for the sake of, *the advantages* you mention, namely, preserving our household's name, etc., may my coward horse drop down dead!"

48. *Like*. Liken, compare; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 97 (quarto reading): "when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor," etc. Hanmer has "leave."

52. *It is no boot*. It is no use; as in *T. of S.* v. 2. 176: "for it is no boot," etc.

54. *Sire of Crete*. That is, Dædalus, the father of Icarus. Cf. iv. 7. 16 below, and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 21.

57. *Commendable*. Accented on the first syllable, as elsewhere in *S.* except *M. of V.* i. 1. 111.

SCENE VII.—3. *Smear'd with captivity*. "Stained and dishonoured with captivity" (Johnson).

9. *Guardant*. Defender.

10. *Tendering my ruin*. A strange expression, commonly explained as = tender of me in my fall, or watching me tenderly. We doubt, however, whether it has any connection with the adjective *tender*. Elsewhere we have the verb = have regard to, care for (see *A. Y. L.* p. 194, or *Temp.* p. 127), and that may be the sense here: caring for me, being heedful of me.

18. *Antic death*. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 162:

"Within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp."

See our ed. p. 191; and for *antic* (=buffoon), cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 63, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 69, etc.

21. *Lither*. Pliant, yielding. Steevens says it is "the comparative of the adjective *lithe*;" but see Wb.

35. *Raging-wood*. Raving mad. For *wood* or *wode*, cf. *V. and A.* 740:

"frenzies wood;" and the play on the word in *M. N. D.* ii. i. 192: "And here am I, and wode within this wood" (see our ed. p. 147). Rowe reads "raging brood."

36. *Flesh his puny sword.* Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* v. 4. 133: "Full bravely hast thou flesh'd thy maiden sword."

41. *Giglot.* Wanton; as in *Cymb.* iij. i. 31: "giglot Fortune." We find the noun in *M. for M.* v. i. 352: "Those giglots." It is also spelled *giglet*.

52. *To know.* Omitted by Hanmer.

60. *Alcides.* Hercules. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. i. 35, iii. 2. 55, *T. of S.* i. 2. 260, etc. Rowe reads "Where is," etc.

63. *Washford.* An old name of Wexford, in Ireland.

84. *Amaze.* "Confound, throw into consternation" (Steevens).

ACT V.

SCENE I.—5. *Concluded of.* Cf. *concluded on* in *Ham.* iii. 4. 201, etc.

7. *Affect.* Like; as in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 178: "Affect the untraded oath," etc. Cf. v. 5. 57 below. *Motion* = proposal.

13. *Immanity.* Ferocity (Latin *immanitas*).

17. *Kin.* The folios have "kmit," which the Camb. editors retain, believing it to be a carrying-out of the conceit in *knot*. The correction is Pope's.

20. *Dowry.* Walker conjectures "dower."

21. *My years are young.* "His majesty, however, was twenty-four years old" (Malone).

28. *Is my Lord of Winchester install'd,* etc. The writer seems to forget that he has been referred to as already a cardinal in i. 3. 36 (Edwards). In iii. 1 and iv. 1, however, he is only a bishop.

49. *Where inshipp'd.* The reading of the 4th folio; the earlier folios have "wherein ship'd" or "shipp'd."

54. *Grave.* The Coll. MS. has "brave."

SCENE II.—5. *Powers.* The later folios have "power."

12. *Parties.* Changed by Pope to "parts."

SCENE III.—2. *Periaptis.* Amulets (from the Greek *περιάπτω*). They commonly consisted of written charms, of which the 1st chapter of St. John's Gospel was regarded as especially potent. Malone quotes a story in point from *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "A cardinal, seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he had only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, serves St. John's Gospel? Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latin."

6. *Monarch of the north.* Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches, Amaimom (see *1 Hen. IV.* p. 168), Gorson, and Goap being the others. Reginald Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*,

gives a full account of them. Johnson remarks: "The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton, therefore, assembles the rebel angels in the north" (Johnson). Cf. *P. L.* v. 755.

11. *Regions.* Sr., D., and H. have "legions" (the conjecture of Warb.). "The *regions under earth* are the infernal regions" (Steevens). In the preceding line, the Coll. MS. has "call'd" for *cull'd*. The epithet *powerful* has been thought to be unsuitable to *regions*; but surely it is a common rhetorical liberty. We often speak of a country or city when we mean the people in it.

25. *Vail.* Lower, let fall. See *M. of V.* p. 128.

28. *Buckle with.* See on i. 2. 95 above.

37. *Proper.* Comely. See *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture*.

48, 49. *I kiss . . . side.* "Capell, and after him Malone and other editors, transpose these lines, making *them* refer to *reverent hands* in the line above; thus supposing Suffolk to handie Margaret before the audience, instead of kissing *her* hand and laying it gently back. But they may be right" (W.). The transposition is certainly very plausible, but not beyond question.

57. *Prisoner.* Changed in the 3d folio to "prisoners;" but *keep prisoner* and *take prisoner* are sometimes used of more than one object, after the analogy of *take captive*, etc. For *her* the 1st folio misprints "his."

62. *As plays the sun*, etc. "This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted but did not dazzle, which was bright but gave no pain by its lustre" (Johnson).

67. *Disable.* Disparage, undervalue; as in *M. of V.* ii. 7. 30, etc.

68. *Is she not here?* The 2d folio adds "thy prisoner?" which H. changes to "thy captive?"

71. *Makes the senses rough.* Not very clear, and probably corrupt; but Hanmer's "crouch" is a poor attempt at emendation; and "mocks the sense of touch" in the Coll. MS. is improbable and unsatisfactory. Schmidt thinks the original may mean "disturbs them like a troubled water, ruffles them."

75. *How canst thou tell*, etc. "This and other speeches which follow are marked by Pope and subsequent editors as spoken aside, but this is so obvious that we have not thought it necessary to encumber our pages with marginal directions" (Camb. ed.).

78, 79. *She's beautiful*, etc. These lines are found, with variations, in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 229, 330, and *T. A.* ii. 1. 82, 83. See *Rich. III.* p. 186. Steevens remarks that the second line seems to have been proverbial, and that it occurs in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585.

83. *I were best.* It would be best for me. Gr. 230, 352.

84. *A cooling card.* "A card so decisive as to cool the courage of an adversary; metaphorically, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant" (Clarke). The expression is found in B. and F. and other writers of the time.

89. *Wooden thing*. "An awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed" (Steevens); or, perhaps, a stupid thing, worthy of a block-head.

91. *Fancy*. Love; as very often.

107. *Captivate*. See on ii. 3. 42 above.

142. *Face*. That is, put on a false face, play the hypocrite.

154. *Country*. The folios have "country;" corrected by Malone.

179. *Modestly*. The 1st folio has "modestie."

183. *Taint*. Tainted. Cf. *attaint* in v. 5. 81 below. See on *lift*, i. 1. 16 above.

186. *Peevish*. Silly, childish. See on ii. 4. 76 above.

189. *Minotaurs*. Alluding to the fabled monster in the Cretan Labyrinth.

192. *And natural*. The 1st folio has "Mad" for *And*, and the other folios have "Made;" corrected by Capell. Pope reads "Her," and Coll. "Mid."

SCENE IV.—5. *Timeless*. Untimely; as in *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 5: "his timeless end," etc.

7. *Miser*. Miserable wretch; a sense of which Steevens gives several examples from old writers.

8. *I am descended of a gentler blood*. See on i. 2. 72 above.

17. *Obstacle*. "A vulgar corruption of *obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now" (Johnson). Steevens quotes Chapman, *May-Day*: "An obstacle young thing it is," etc.

18. *Collop*. Literally, a slice of meat. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 137: "my collop!" and see our ed. p. 154.

49. *Misconceived*. Mistaken ones. Changed by Capell to "misconceivers." Coll. and Clarke join the word to what follows, as the 4th folio does. For passive participles in an active sense, cf. Gr. 294, 374. *Mistaken* is =mistaking.

64. *Hale*. See on i. 1. 149 above.

68. *Juggling*. A trisyllable. See on i. 4. 69 above.

74. *Machiavel*. As Steevens remarks, the character of Machiavelli seems to have made so very deep an impression on the writers of this age that he is often prematurely spoken of, as here.

87. *Reflex*. Changed by Warb. to "reflect."

91. *Drive you to break your necks*, etc. "A line of bathos worthy to form a climax to the balderdash put into the mouth of the miserably drawn puppet-personage stuck up in this play as the representation of Joan of Arc" (Clarke).

97. *Remorse*. Pity; the most common meaning in S. See *M. of V.* p. 156.

114. *Severe*. Accented on the first syllable. Cf. *M. for M.* p. 145. See also on *complete*, i. 2. 83 above.

115. *As*. That. Cf. v. 5. 42 below, and see on iii. 1. 16 above.

121. *Prison'd*. The folios have "poyson'd;" corrected by Theo.

139. *With*. Changed by Rowe to "of."

150. *Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?* "Do you stand to com-

pare your present state, a state which you have neither right nor power to maintain, with the terms which we offer?" (Johnson).

152. *Of benefit.* "A term of law. The meaning is, be content to live as the beneficiary of our King" (Johnson).

153. *Challenge.* Claim.

175. *Entertain.* The Coll. MS. has "interchange."

SCENE V.—7. *So am I driven*, etc. "This simile is somewhat obscure; he seems to mean that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest" (Johnson).

31. *Triumph.* Tournament. See *Rich. II.* p. 212, and *T. G. of V.* p. 153.

42. *As.* That; as in 86 below. See on v. 4. 115 above.

47. *Where.* Whereas. Gr. 134. Pope reads "While."

55. *Marriage.* The 2d folio has "But marriage."

56. *By attorneyship.* "By the intervention of another man's choice, or the discretional agency of another" (Johnson).

57. *Affects.* Prefers, loves. Cf. v. i. 7 above.

60. *It most.* The folios omit *It*; corrected by Rowe.

64. *Bringeth.* The 2d folio adds "forth." *Contrary* may be a quadrisyllable. Gr. 477.

68. *Feature.* For the singular, see *T. M.* p. 156.

72. *Will.* Omitted by Pope.

80. *For that.* Because.

90. *To cross.* H. adopts Walker's conjecture of "Across."

97. *Censure.* Judge. Cf. the noun in ii. 3. 10 above. See also *J. C.* p. 164.

100. *From.* Away from. Gr. 158.

ADDENDA.

Adonis' gardens (p. 146).—Mr. J. D. Butler has noted (*Shakespeariana* for May, 1886, p. 231) that this allusion must have been suggested by Plato. See *Phædrus* (Jowett's translation):

"Would a husbandman, said Socrates, who is a man of sense, take the seeds, which he values and which he wishes to be fruitful, and in sober earnest plant them during the heat of summer, in some garden of Adonis, that he may rejoice when he sees them in eight days appearing in beauty? Would he not do that, if at all, to please the spectators at a festival? But the seeds about which he is in earnest he sows in fitting soil, and practises husbandry, and is satisfied if in eight months they arrive at perfection."

TIME-ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1877-9, p. 305) as follows:

"Time of this play eight days; with intervals.

" Day 1. Act I. sc. i.-vi.

Interval. Time for Bedford to arrive in France; *i. e.* if time was required for his journey, which is somewhat doubtful. At any rate, the interval must be short, for Salisbury has yet to be buried in the following scenes, and possibly Day 2 should only be supposed the morrow of Day 1.

" 2. Act II. sc. i.-v.

" 3. Act III. sc. i.

Interval, during which we are to imagine that the young king and his court arrive in Paris.

" 4. Act III. sc. ii.

" 5. Act III. sc. iii.

Interval. Talbot's march to Paris.

" 6. Act III. sc. iv., Act IV. sc. i.

Interval. Talbot prepares for and sets out on his new expedition. King Henry returns to England.

" 7. Act IV. sc. ii.-vii., and Act V. sc. i.-iii.

Interval, during which we may suppose Winchester journeying to France and Suffolk to England.

" 8. Act V. scs. iv. and v.

" Historic period, say from death of Henry V., 31 August, 1422, to the treaty of marriage between Henry VI. and Margaret, end of 1444."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

King Henry: iii. 1(41), 4(14); iv. 1(63); v. 1(26), 5(35). Whole no. 179.

Gloster: i. 1(24), 3(42); iii. 1(51), 4(1); iv. 1(36); v. 1(18), 5(11). Whole no. (183).

Bedford: i. 1(46); ii. 1(6), 2(10); iii. 2(14). Whole no. 76.

Exeter: i. 1(22); iii. 1(15); iv. 1(14); v. 1(6), 5(2). Whole no. 59.

Winchester: i. 1(15), 3(19); iii. 1(32); iv. 1(1); v. 1(11), 4(18). Whole no. 96.

Somerset: ii. 4(37); iii. 1(5); iv. 1(5), 4(17). Whole no. 64.

Plantagenet: ii. 4(45), 5(37); iii. 1(9); iv. 1(9), 3(27); v. 3(10), 4(47). Whole no. 184.

Warwick: ii. 4(27); iii. 1(26); iv. 1(4); v. 4(15). Whole no. 72.

Salisbury: i. 4(15). Whole no. 15.

Suffolk: ii. 4(11); v. 3(103), 5(60). Whole no. 174.

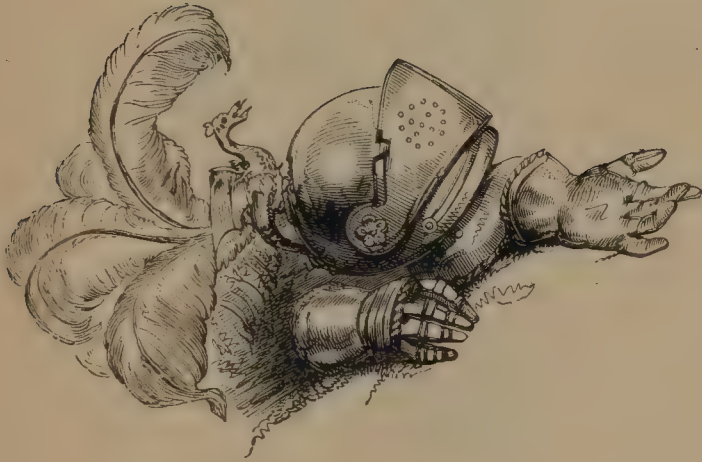
Talbot: i. 4(67), 5(32); ii. 1(20), 2(28), 3(33); iii. 2(56), 4(12); iv. 1(33), 2(29), 5(24), 6(41), 7(31). Whole no. 406.

John Talbot: iv. 5(31), 6(16). Whole no. 47.

Mortimer: ii. 5(88). Whole no. 88.

- Fastolfe*: iii. 2(4); iv. 1(4). Whole no. 8.
Lucy: iv. 3(20), 4(27), 7(30). Whole no. 77.
Glansdale: i. 4(1). Whole no. 1.
Gargrave: i. 4(2). Whole no. 2.
Mayor: i. 3(11); iii. 1(10). Whole no. 21.
Woodville: i. 3(5). Whole no. 5.
Vernon: ii. 4(11); iii. 4(8); iv. 1(10). Whole no. 29.
Basset: iii. 4(10); iv. 1(15). Whole no. 25.
Lawyer: ii. 4(4). Whole no. 4.
Charles: i. 2(48), 6(22); ii. 1(12); iii. 2(5), 3(12); iv. 7(11); v. 2(7), 4(16). Whole no. 133.
Reignier: i. 2(21), 6(4); ii. 1(4); iii. 2(6); v. 3(20), 4(4). Whole no. 59.
Burgundy: ii. 1(6), 2(12); iii. 2(9), 3(12); iv. 7(3); v. 2(2). Whole no. 44.
Alençon: i. 2(18), 6(2); ii. 1(8); iii. 2(1), 3(7); v. 2(2), 4(11.) Whole no. 49.
Bastard: i. 2(13); ii. 1(4); iii. 2(5), 3(3); iv. 7(4). Whole no. 29.
Master Gunner: i. 4(18). Whole no. 18.
Boy: i. 4(4). Whole no. 4.
1st Warder: i. 3(3). Whole no. 3.
2d Warder: i. 3(1). Whole no. 1.
1st Servingman: i. 3(4); iii. 1(5); iv. 7(1). Whole no. 10.
2d Servingman: iii. 1(2). Whole no. 2.
3d Servingman: iii. 1(10). Whole no. 10.
Officer: i. 3(6). Whole no. 6.
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1st Sentinel: ii. 1(4). Whole no. 4.
Soldier: ii. 1(5); iii. 2(3). Whole no. 8.
Captain: ii. 2(1); iii. 2(3); iv. 4(2). Whole no. 6.
Porter: ii. 3(1). Whole no. 1.
1st Gaoler: ii. 5(4). Whole no. 4.
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3d Messenger: i. 1(45). Whole no. 45.
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Countess: ii. 3(45). Whole no. 45.
Joan: i. 2(50), 5(7), 6(3); ii. 1(12); iii. 2(30), 3(57); iv. 7(16); v. 2(5), 3(34), 4(40). Whole no. 254.
"All": iii. 1(1). Whole no. 1.
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In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(177), 2(150), 3(91), 4(111), 5(39), 6(31); ii. 1(82), 2(60), 3(82), 4(134), 5(129); iii. 1(201), 2(137), 3(91), 4(45); iv. 1(194), 2(56), 3(53), 4(46), 5(55), 6(57), 7(96); v. 1(62), 2(21), 3(195), 4(175), 5(108). Whole number in the play, 2678.





RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF YORK.

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